

THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1822.

ART. I.—*An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay. Translated from the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, Eighteen Years a Missionary in that Country.* London. 3 vols. 8vo. 1821.

THE author of this work was an Austrian Jesuit, who was born in the year 1717, entered the company in 1736 while he was studying theology at Gratz in Styria, and in 1749 sailed from Lisbon for Buenos-Ayres, to enter upon the arduous duties of a missionary in Paraguay. There he remained till Spain, in evil hour, expelled the Jesuits from its dominions. In that most impolitic and inhuman deportation Dobrizhoffer was included; but he had not, like his Spanish fellow-sufferers, to pass the remainder of his life in unmerited and hopeless exile from his native land. Returning to his own country, he resided at Vienna, in the Jesuit college, till the extinction of his order, and afterwards as a secular priest. The Empress Maria Theresa is said to have taken great pleasure in conversing with him, and hearing him describe the manners of the savages among whom the latter part of his years had been past. In 1777 he communicated some remarks upon the Guarani and Abiponian languages to a journal printed at Nuremberg; and in 1784 he published, under the title of a \*History of the Abipones, a full account of the remarkable people among whom he had been stationed, and of his own adventures in a wild country, among wild men. He wrote in Latin, as a man who expected that his work would find fit readers, though few, in all countries, and in all succeeding times; perhaps also because, after long use of Spanish and barbarous tongues he could not have written his own language with the same facility and correctness. The work was translated into German the same year, and there is also a Spanish translation, which was offered for sale in London, among a collection of Spanish manuscripts, about three or four years ago. He died at Vienna in 1791, in a good old age.

Dobrizhoffer was a member of the company in its best age, and was stationed in that country where its efforts were most success-

\* The original title is *Historia de Abiponibus, Equestri, Bellicosaque Paraguarie Natione—locupletata copiosis Barbararum Gentium, Urbium, Flumium, Ferarum, Amphibiorum, Insectorum, Serpentium præcipuorum, Piscium, Avium, Arborum, Plantarum, aliarumque ejusdem Provincia, observationibus. Authore Martino Dobrizhoffer, Presbytero, et per annos duo de viginti Paraguarie Missionario.* T. iii. 8vo. Vienna. 1784.

fully and most meritoriously directed. The Jesuits were an order of men of whom, considering them at different times and in different countries, it would hardly be possible to speak worse or better than they deserved, so heinous were their misdeeds, and so great were their virtues. In one respect their history resembles that of their founder. Ignatius Loyola is perhaps of all the remarkable men whose lives have been largely recorded, the one who displayed most ability in discovering his own deficiencies, and most perseverance in correcting them: thus by the rare union of unwearied patience and consummate prudence, with perfect enthusiasm, he accomplished the object of his ambition, and lived to see a wider success than his boldest hopes could have anticipated. Something of this virtue descended to his followers: as he had amended his defects, so they cast the slough of their offences, abstained from treasons and rebellions, and gradually ceased to invent monstrous legends for imposing upon mankind. The reports of our own missionaries are not more free from falsehood and intentional deception than the publications of the last of the Jesuits, and they are not so free from alloy. These publications, the legacy which the last members of this company bequeathed to the world, form a larger and more valuable addition to the history of America (taking history in its widest acceptation) than had been made since the first discovery and conquest. Of these, Clavigero's History of Mexico is the one which is most known in this country; but the work before us is that which contains the most original and curious information. Perhaps there is no other which gives so full and picturesque an account of savage life; it has a liveliness, an originality, a freshness which makes even garrulity attractive. The good old man, well knowing that the knowledge which he had so painfully acquired was well worthy of preservation, delivers it with an honest confidence that he is addressing a benevolent reader, who, like Maria Theresa, will smile at his jests, listen with sympathizing good nature to the recital of his privations and hardships, and like him for the dangers he had past, and for the cheerfulness which had borne him through.

The book however is not a relation of his personal adventures; he has given it a more methodical and regular form. The first volume is filled with a preliminary account of Paraguay—(*Liber prodromus de Paraguarie Habitu.*) Under that name he includes the whole province of La Plata, and enters largely into its natural history, and the transactions of his own times, particularly the war of the Seven Reductions, and the calumnies and falsehoods which prepared the way for the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the total overthrow of their famous establishments in Paraguay. The second volume relates to the manners and customs of the Abipones; and



and the third to their history, and that of the attempts to civilize them in which he was engaged. The translator has, not injudiciously, curtailed the work by omitting controversial parts in defence of the calumniated order, an abundance of quotations which might well be spared, and a few passages of repetition, or of matter that appeared uninteresting. We observe also that the sentences have frequently been curtailed without any curtailment of their sense, a judicious mode of abridgement by which nothing is lost. In other respects the version is executed with great fidelity. It is not necessary to pursue the author's method in giving an account of his work; we shall attempt to do this upon a different arrangement, and draw upon other sources for a running comment.

The reinforcement of Jesuits which went out with Dobrizhoffer amounted to threescore. They had a most providential escape from shipwreck in the Plata, where their pilot, being utterly unacquainted with the navigation of that dangerous river, ran them upon the shoals. From Buenos-Ayres they set out for Cordoba, the capital of Tucuman, and the head-quarters of the company in that part of the world. The distance is between five and six hundred miles; and as at that time the equestrian tribes, and more especially the Abipones, were in great force, being in fact masters of the open country, it was a journey of considerable danger, upon which large and strong parties had frequently been cut off. The caravan or waggon-train consisted of somewhat more than an hundred waggons, of the form still in use at Buenos-Ayres at the commencement of the revolution in that miserable province. They were mounted upon two huge wheels, the sides were either of matting or of planks, the tilt covered with hides, which in a country that might properly be called Butcher-land, were applied to every possible use. No iron was used in their construction. The door was at what Dobrizhoffer calls the poop, and the ascent by a ladder; at the prow there was a window; but when the master of the waggon chose to drive, he sate in front, and managed the cattle by means of a long goad suspended beside him, and protruded like a ship's bowsprit. To accommodate these conveyances with seats would have been a refinement far beyond the people of that province, who, of all colonists, had retrograded farthest from all the habitudes of decent life. The poor Jesuit therefore travelled in a recumbent posture, stretched on a pallet; thus he had the benefit of the whole motion over natural roads, (for there were no others,) and Dobrizhoffer says the effect was such that, till after some days seasoning, they were as sick as they had been upon the voyage. Perhaps they scored down the suffering and inconvenience to their account of merits, otherwise they could hardly have overlooked the easy accommodation which a cot or a hammock

mock would have afforded. The wheels were never greased, they had music therefore wherever they went, and Dobrizhoffer reckons this among the miseries of the journey. Six pair of oxen were allowed to each waggon; they drew with four in fair ways; where the ground was marshy, with eight; the others were to relieve. This alone made twelve hundred oxen necessary for an hundred waggons: but many more were required,—not for baggage, the Jesuits carrying little, and the *Pecons* of La Plata none; but for wood, because no fuel was to be found upon those interminable plains, and even for water, which it was necessary to carry, as in the deserts, from one station to another. A numerous body of attendants was required for the care and management of so many oxen. All these men went on horseback: to perform a journey, or even an errand on foot would have been beneath the dignity of their complexion, if there was the slightest mixture of white in its composition; and several horses were thought necessary for each, it being a common practice to ride a beast till it foundered, and then turn it loose.

The usual mode of proceeding for such a caravan was in three divisions, about five hundred paces asunder, that, if any accident happened in the one body, it might not impede the other. They started at three in the morning. Two horsemen went at the head of each division as guards. At eight they halted, and each party drew up its waggons in a circle, partly for defence in case of an attack, and also that the cattle might be driven into the circle, and thus more easily caught when they were to be yoked. The cattle were of course turned to graze during the halt, upon the luxuriant pasture of the Pampas. A certain number were slaughtered; this is a work at which every peon is expert. Three fires were kindled to dress the food of the Fathers, of the waggon-train, and of the herdsmen. Three large tents were also pitched; the one served as a church, wherein the portable altar was set up, and mass daily performed; in the other two tables were spread, literally, folding boards being carried for that use. The Jesuits ate in the same order as in one of their own refectories, and the ceremony was observed of reading during the meal. They halted five hours, that the oxen might be spared the labour of draught during the heat of the day. At one o'clock the beasts were driven into the inclosure, and caught by the noose with that dexterity for which the natives are remarkable. The journey was then resumed and continued till sun-set, when they again encamped in the same order for the night. The Jesuits, according to their custom, made up their accounts between this world and the next, by an examination of conscience; a bell, as in their college,

college, gave warning at the accustomed hour, and then they retired to rest.

The way from Buenos-Ayres to Cordoba had never been so dangerous as when Dobrizhoffer first travelled it. Not a day past upon the journey without some alarm; traces of the savages were seen, or their whistling, or their pipes heard in the distance; a rampart was then formed with the waggons, and the caravan prepared for an attack. Happily all these alarms proved false, and the only accident was an adventure in which Dobrizhoffer himself, to his sorrow, bore the principal part. Thinking it pleasanter to proceed on foot over the green turf, than endure the jolting of the waggon, he and two of his companions were keeping pace with the caravan at convenient distance one fine evening, when they saw, and, being ignorant of its projectile means of defence, pursued that creature which the Spaniards call *Zorrillo*, or, according to his orthography, *Zorrino*, (the Yagouaré of Azara,) properly termed by the French, *Bête puante*, and *Enfant du Diable*. They admired the creature, and ran to catch it as eagerly as three school-boys would have done. *Colori nimium credidimus*, says poor Dobrizhoffer, whose ill fortune it was to outrun his comrades. The stinkard, who it seems is a sure shot at five feet distance, retreated leisurely, conscious of its means of escape, and stopt when the unhappy Jesuit drew nigh, like a tame animal willing to be fondled. Not altogether trusting this appearance, he touched it gently with a stick, '*nec mora*,' as he tells the story in his lively Latin, '*levato confestim crure Stygiam in me exonerat pestem. Maxillam sinistram liberaliter permingit undique, cursuque citatissimo fugam victrix capit. Quod oculis pepercerit meis id in beneficiis numerandum. Veluti Jovis ignibus ictus obstupui, mihi ipse repente intolerabilis.*' It was—

A stench which might disdain what Araby  
And all its odours could against it do.

If Paracelsus, he says, if Theophrastus, if all other chemists went to work with all their art, and all their laboratories and furnaces, they could not have compounded a more intolerable odour. The pain was very great, though the eyes\* had fortunately escaped. The cheek, he says, burnt like fire during the whole of the night. It was in vain that he stript off his clothes, and washed, rubbed, and scrubbed his face again and again; the infernal odour remained in full force, and carried with it a sentence of excommunication more instantly and certainly effectual, than a papal

\* Major Gillespie was in company with an English officer who, exposing himself in like manner to the Yagouaré, was blinded by it for several hours, and being near a river plunged into it, as if he had been on fire, to assuage the burning sensation.

interdict. He was not allowed to approach the tent of his companions, and if his waggon-driver had not, to their mutual comfort, totally lost the sense of smell, even the waggon would have been closed against him. His clothes were rendered utterly useless; there is no possibility of destroying the pungent and intolerable odour. *Si mihi sunt linguæ centum*, he proceeds, *immani graveolentis bestię odori explicando imparem me crediderim. Illā nocte a meo separari corpore optabam equidem*. Azara relates, on the testimony of an observer, to whom he gives entire credit, that when the pestiferous secretion is discharged in darkness, it is evidently phosphorescent.

Cordoba, whither the caravan was bound, was founded in 1573 by D. Geromimo Luis de Cabrera, and so called, because (according to Lozano) its situation resembles that of the city of the same name in Spain. Philip V. made it the capital of Tucuman; the episcopal see had been translated thither from Santiago del Estero, in the year 1700; the diocese, at that time, and till the recent revolution in those countries, was the most extensive in the world, Quebec alone, perhaps, excepted. But the *Colegio Maximo*, as it was called, was deservedly the boast of Cordoba. This splendid establishment was not more honourable to the Jesuits in the days of their prosperity, than it was every way useful to the country. It was endowed with five large estates, little inferior perhaps in extent to as many counties. But the wealth of the Jesuits was well bestowed. The reproach of wasteful and luxurious expenditure, which was made with so much justice against the lordly monks and clergy of the dark ages, never attached to the Jesuits. The Dean of Cordoba, D. Gregorio Funes, affirms that it will never be forgotten in that country, how truly they conformed in their lives to the strictest principles of the Gospel: and Major Gillespie, who was sent as a prisoner from Buenos-Ayres into the interior, declares that their surviving pupils speak of them still with tears of reverential love. The system of education which they followed had the faults which might be expected; there was a sad waste of time and intellectual labour in acquiring the subtleties of a captious logic, and in long courses of useless metaphysics; but the Latin classics were well taught, and men were bred there who did honour by their works to the last age of the Jesuits. Funes himself was one of their pupils; his \* history is the greatest work which has yet issued

\* *Ensayo de la Historia Civil del Paraguay, Buenos Ayres y Tucuman, escrita por el Doctor D. Gregorio Funes, Dean de la Santa Iglesia Catedral de Cordoba.* Buenos Ayres, 1816-17. Three volumes small 4to. A portrait of the author has been engraved at the expense of the English residents in Buenos-Ayres, in token of their respect for the benevolence and excellence of his character.

from the press in South America, and perhaps it may be added, the only good which the revolution in those provinces has hitherto produced.

One of our divines has well pointed out, as a peculiar glory of true Christianity, 'that it does not only save, but civilize its real professors.' This has never been better exemplified than by the Jesuits in these provinces. To them the inhabitants were indebted, not alone for whatever learning existed among them, but for every thing beyond the mere necessary arts of life, for whatever comforts and refinements they possessed. Major Gillespie learnt that all mechanical improvements in that country were introduced by the Jesuits: 'wherever,' he says, 'their footsteps can be marked, the loom and the distaff are exclusively among the appendages of the meanest hut.' No body of men was ever recruited with finer subjects, not even the Mamalukes, the Janizaries, nor the King of Prussia's grenadiers. They received into their order men of all countries and all professions, and availed themselves of the peculiar talents and attainments of each to the fullest extent. They were expert also in discovering whatever aptitude or cleverness a novice or a slave possessed; and they put every man to his proper use. Their college, therefore, was as much the school of industry and art, as of Latin and logic; and their church exhibited that splendour of decoration by which the Romanists have so well known how to impress the minds of the multitude. The wealth and splendour of a place of worship, says the good Dean of Cordoba, belong not less to the poor than to the rich; it is only in the temple of the Lord, before whom all men are equal, that poverty partakes of the full enjoyment of opulence; the poor man beholds it there without envy, for there he participates in it. If the pomp of worship, he adds, does not bring us nearer to the Creator, at least it comes in aid of our weakness and elevates us above ourselves.

A curious fact in natural history, relating to the city of Cordoba, is mentioned in an account of the Diocese of Tucuman, published many years ago at the end of a Lima Almanack. The river Pucara, upon which the city stands, formerly abounded, it is there said, with many kinds of fish; but they were all, except one species, destroyed by a tremendous hail-storm. The calamity was accounted for, *more Catholico*, by the sinfulness of the Cordobans, who, though they had so prolific a river, had persisted, almost generally, in eating forbidden food upon meagre days. The fact is worthy of notice here, because something similar occurred while Major Gillespie was in that country. In the middle of March there was a dreadful thunderstorm, accompanied with hail-stones of unusual size; and on the following morning the

banks of the river, on both sides, were strewn with fish, some far above, and others level with the water, the destruction being so entire, that the fishing, in which he and his fellow-prisoners till then had found excellent sport, was from that day at an end. Fish could not be cast ashore by any storm, however violent, unless they were brought to the surface of the water by sickness or death. By hail-stones alone, of any magnitude, they could not have been injured,—against them, indeed, the water was as effectual a protection as against rain. If the effect were electrical, instances would surely be more common; but no third example has occurred in our reading. Is it possible that the convulsion in the atmosphere may have been connected with any subterraneous discharge? Baron Humboldt would bring to the consideration of such a fact, an extent of knowledge scarcely less surprizing than the excursive and intuitive intellect which renders the whole of his acquirements available. One who is ignorant of physical science, may yet be serviceable to science in thus relating facts for the consideration of those who are able to reason upon them. And there is a singular phenomenon at Cordoba, which shows that more is going on under ground in those parts, than is known upon the surface. A subterranean sound is frequently heard in that city, which Dobrizhoffer describes as dull and heavy, like the sound of a wooden pestle and mortar, or of a pavior's rammer, to which latter the common people compare it, and therefore call it *el pison*. During a residence of two years he heard it but once; but he speaks of it as a well known phenomenon, and as if it occurred by night only; and he says that the sound passes from street to street, *surdus hic, et nescio quid triste sonans, strepitus ex alia in aliam plateam excurrit*. The vulgar, he says, believe it to be the tramp of some spectre-horseman riding through the city. His own explanation, with which he declares himself perfectly satisfied, is, that it is a subterranean wind roaring in the caverns of the earth, and endeavouring to find an issue; for in the hollows and crevices of the ground he thought he could discern unequivocal vestiges of frequent earthquakes. In the Lima Almanack the sound is likened to the rattling of wheels over a paved way, and supposed to be produced by a subterranean river, in a rocky and hollow part of its course; and a traditional prophecy of S. Francisco Solano is referred to, that such a river would one day swallow up the city. Dobrizhoffer also notices rock-thunders among the cliffs of this neighbourhood; he heard them distinctly on a fine night, when the air was still and the sky clear, and he compares the sound to the discharge of cannon, saying he could have sworn that some fortress was cannonaded. He was then a few leagues from Cordoba, on the Pucara, at a place where lime was burnt; the

the inhabitants assured him that these sounds were peculiar to the rocks about them, and that they occurred almost daily; and he observes, that often as he had travelled among what he calls the Cordoban Alps, he had never heard any thing of the kind elsewhere. Lewis and Clarke, in their journey, heard precisely the same kind of sounds among the Rocky Mountains.

When Dobrizhoffer had acquired a competent knowledge of the Guarani tongue at Cordoba, he was stationed in one of those Reductions where the Jesuits had realized their fair ideal of a Christian Commonwealth. *Le meilleur de tous les gouvernemens, says the Abbé Raynal, s'il étoit possible qu'il se maintînt dans sa pureté, seroit la théocratie: mais il faudroit que la religion n'inspirât que les devoirs de la société; n'appellât crime que ce qui blesse les droits naturels de l'humanité; ne substituât pas, dans ses préceptes, des prières aux travaux, de vaines cérémonies de culte à des œuvres de charité, des scrupules à des remords fondés. Il n'en étoit tout-à-fait ainsi au Paraguay. Les Missionnaires Espagnols y avoient beaucoup trop porté leurs idées, leurs usages monastiques. Cependant, peut-être ne fit-on jamais autant de bien aux hommes avec si peu de mal.* And in another place he says of this famous Jesuit Commonwealth: *C'est la seule société sur la terre, où les hommes aient joui de cette égalité, qui est le second des biens; car la liberté est le premier.* The Abbé Raynal employed the latter years of his life in correcting his *Histoire Philosophique*, and in weeding out from it those erroneous opinions which he had disclaimed in his old age, with far more danger than he had avowed them in his youth. It is to be regretted that the work, thus amended, should not have been published; for that work, notwithstanding all its inaccuracies and errors, is worthy of preservation. Raynal was a man of great talents; his eloquence is, in its kind, only inferior to that of Rousseau, and the feelings which he expresses are always those of a humane and generous heart. In the amended copy we should expect to find, that both his praise and censure of the Guarani Reductions would be modified. Upon looking more accurately at the economy of those extraordinary societies, he would have found nothing more extraordinary than that the Jesuits should have introduced so few of those usages and notions which are so closely interwoven with the corruptions of the Romish Church. The system of the Reductions was cenobitical, but there was nothing monastic about them. On the other hand, the equality which he praises was the dead level of servitude; infinitely better indeed than that equality which he lived to see and to deplore in his own country, but which kept the inhabitants improgessive in the lowest stage of civilization. That wherein they most differed from any other existing state in  
society,



society, was in the enjoyment of order, without which, as Raynal himself found by bitter experience, liberty itself ceases to be a blessing. The order of a Reduction was as perfect in its kind as that of a bee-hive or an ant-hill.

The number of converted Indians under the Jesuits' government, when Dobrizhoffer began his office as a missionary, amounted to about 120,000 in thirty Reductions; the largest containing not quite 8,000 inhabitants, the smallest not less than 2,500. The population, though increasing in some of these settlements, was on the whole declining, and that greatly. The state of society might seem the most favourable to population that could be devised; early marriages being not merely encouraged, but enjoined; subsistence plentiful, the climate good, spirituous liquors unknown, and the people enjoying a more absolute exemption from cares of every kind, than could have been attained under any other form of society. The evil however is explained by some physical and some moral causes. Visitations of small-pox were frequent and most destructive; many of the men perished while upon military service; drought sometimes produced famine; they were not a prolific race; and perhaps their marriages were premature. How large a portion of the evils which afflict mankind may be removed or alleviated! When the principle of community was established, there could have been no difficulty in providing (as Joseph did in Egypt) for years of scarcity during years of plenty; and had the Reductions lasted only a generation longer, they would have been delivered by vaccination from their most destructive scourge. Reinforcements were from time to time brought in from the woods, but of these new converts a large proportion always died in seasoning: the total change of habits, diet, and external circumstances, and perhaps the strong mental excitement, being more than they could bear. The Jesuits were far from regarding this mortality as an evil.

New converts made, and duly shriven,  
Are always sure to go to Heaven;

when so many make shipwreck of their souls upon the voyage of life, the best thing which they could desire for those under their charge, was to see them safe into port. And the wild Indians apprehended no such consequence when they were allured to leave the forests by the expectation of protection from their enemies, plenty of food, and aid in sickness.

Dobrizhoffer was frequently employed to discover and bring in some of these hordes. He relates a beautiful story of a solitary family, whom he found in the woods upon the river Monday, the last remains of a tribe which had been cut off by the small-pox. The family consisted of the mother, a son, and daughter; they accompanied

accompanied him gladly to his Reduction, and there, in the course of a few months, all three died, in full expectation of a happy immortality. In the whole annals of Paraguay there is not a more singular and impressive tale than this in all its circumstances. On another occasion he found three hordes in the forest of Mbaevera, whom it was not so easy to persuade, because they were proud of their strength and courage. Dobrizhoffer, however, who spoke their language fluently, and knew how to deal with them, succeeded in his object, by adapting his conduct and discourse to such people. He approached their chiefs with an air of friendly confidence, as one who came for the purpose of conferring benefits upon them. A rude and somewhat menacing reception he took with pleasantry, and allayed their ill humour by an application of that flattering unction which is a specific in so many cases. He played to them upon a stringed instrument, and was regarded as another Orpheus; for snakes are not more susceptible of the power of sweet sounds than savages. He began a discourse upon religion; the boys laughed when he mentioned hell as the punishment of their heathenism; but he was listened to attentively, and the old men assented to the morality of his discourse. He then spoke of the direct temporal advantages which he had to offer. Numerous as they were, he said, looking round him as he spoke, he saw but very few among them that were advanced in years, and the cause was evident,—the hardships to which they were exposed brought on sickness, infirmity, and premature death. For want of raiment they suffered cold, and their huts afforded them little protection against the weather. If they were not successful in the chase, they had to traverse the woods like famished wild beasts. They were in danger from beasts, from serpents, and of being eaten by their enemies. They lived in a damp unwholesome country, swarming with insects, and sure to generate diseases; and in sickness there was none to heal them: for they to whom they looked for help were jugglers and impostors, utterly ignorant of the healing art. How different was the lot of their brethren, who lived in the Reductions according to the commandments of God, and the direction of the priests! Many were to be seen there who had attained to a good old age; and well they might, where none of the means for prolonging life were wanting. Every family had its separate dwelling there, and every dwelling was snug and sheltered. Their own land supplied them with grain, fruit, and culinary herbs; and beef was served to them every day, gratuitously, by the priests. Every year they had new clothes given them. They never wanted beads, knives, or axes; and if they were sick, skilful physicians attended them day and night. The Indians their brethren, whom they saw in his company, could bear testimony to the truth of what he

he said. Look at them, said he, and question them. The greater number of them were born and brought up in the woods, like yourselves. They have been what you are now, and you have it in your power to be what they now are. With open arms we will receive you as friends receive friends, and adopt you for our fellow-townsmen. This rhetoric was enforced by a distribution of knives, scissors, fishing-hooks, axes, looking-glasses, rings, ear-rings, and necklaces, things more efficacious in winning their good-will than the most eloquent discourse. He had also an ox in reserve, with which he made a feast for them next day; and then *omne tulit punctum!* An appeal to the understanding might have failed, but he knew that there was a sure way to the heart of the savage, through the stomach. An old cacique showed his gratitude by offering the Jesuit his daughter, and expressing a great desire to have him for a son-in-law.

The enterprize which began thus auspiciously had an unhappy termination. Some of the horde returned with him, and were so well pleased with the condition of their brethren in the Reductions, that the old cacique, upon their report, resolved to put himself and his people under Dobrizhoffer's care; and measures were accordingly taken for forming a new settlement. The Provincial approved the plan, and the Governor would have done so, but before his approbation could arrive, the cacique was poisoned for the sake of the treasures which the Jesuits had given him; and a Paraguay dealer in the *Matté* or *Caà*, the tea of that country, hearing of this horde, endeavoured to seduce them into his service, that he might use them instead of negroes. But the very attempt filled them with such fear, that they set fire to their huts, and removed to such a distance, that Dobrizhoffer, though he took infinite pains in seeking them, could never discover whither they had retired. They had good reason for their alarm. The mines were not regarded with more horror by the wretched natives of Hayti or Peru, under their Spanish oppressors, than this tea-trade by the tribes of Paraguay. It was in collecting, preparing, and transporting this herb, as it is called, that the *Encomenderos* consumed the Indians who were at their disposal. They were sent into the marshy region where the *Caa* trees grew, to work at a task, not in itself laborious or unwholesome, but rendered destructive by the severity of task-masters, and by an intolerable plague of insects, from which it is not surprizing that the task-masters should have been impatient to escape. No care was taken for their subsistence: the *Encomenderos* regarded them as cattle who cost nothing, and whose lives were not worth a care; they were to live upon what they could find. Many were destroyed by the jaguars, (Montoya mentions that not less than sixty were devoured by these fierce animals in one season,) and many

many foundered, and broke down under the enormous weights which they were compelled to carry, before oxen and mules were common enough to be in use; not a few fell over the precipices on the way; and Montoya declares that he had seen the woods strewn with their bones. The Jesuits, a little before their expulsion, succeeded in raising these trees from seed, after many ineffectual attempts, and not till they listened to the Indians, who assured them that the seed would not germinate unless it were eaten and voided by the birds. Giving ear to this, and imitating as far as they could the natural process, by steeping the seed in warm water, and cleansing it from a viscous substance with which it is covered, they at last raised young plants, and prepared the tea upon their own estates.

The want of better food will make men devour whatever is edible, and use will reconcile them to any thing: blubber and train oil are eaten and relished by the Greenlanders; and the Orinoco savages even find aliment in clay. The cockchaffers, when they first appeared in Ireland, came like one of the plagues of Egypt, and devoured every thing before them; but the Irish found out a method of dressing them, which seems the most extraordinary discovery ever made in eating, and actually lived upon them as food. In considering the subject of animal food, the only thing which is difficult to explain is, why that which is thought a delicacy by one people should be rejected by another in the same stage of civilization. But the discovery of many or most artificial beverages is among those things which it is difficult or impossible to trace: that of the Paraguay tea is one of these obscure questions; there seems to have been no analogy which could have led the savages to make trial of the leaves, or hit upon the manner of preparing and using them: no necessity could have driven them to it, no accident have shown them the properties of the tree.—There is reason to believe that they were not acquainted with it when the Spaniards first settled in the country. It is not mentioned by any writers of the first age of the conquests, and the Indians themselves referred its discovery to a later time. Montoya, whose history was published in 1639, says that he had made careful inquiry into this point among Indians of eighty and a hundred years of age, and had ascertained that in their youth the use had not been known among them; but that the devil, that is to say a spirit of whom they stood in fear, instructed a great Payé, (one of their juggling priests,) to prepare the beverage, and drink of it when he wished to consult him; other Payés learnt it from him, and thus it spread to the people. The Caá, when taken in excess, injures the digestive organs, and occasions many forms of disease. Used in moderation, it is exhilarating and wholesome. Our officers who were captured at Buenos-Ayres, and sent into the interior, though

though they thought it unpleasant at first, preferred it at last to any other beverage; and were fully convinced that its virtues as a stomachic are very great.

Dobrizhoffer would have had little difficulty with these hordes if he could have succeeded in hiving them. They were Guaranis, and when once under tuition would have proved as docile as their countrymen. He was soon appointed to discipline a very different race, and under circumstances so unfavourable, (if indeed they might not be called absolutely hopeless,) that nothing but that implicit and devoted obedience which is as much the duty of a religionist as of a soldier, could have induced him to undertake the service. The people among whom he was sent to labour were the ABIPONES, a brave and terrible people who had taken vengeance upon the Spaniards of Tucuman and Paraguay for the wrongs of the Indians. The Spaniards brought this evil upon themselves in consequence of their systematic tyranny. They had taken possession of a tract of country belonging to the Calchaquis, shortly after the marriage of Philip II. with our Mary, of bloody memory; in honour of which event they named the province New England, and founded a city there which they called London. The infant settlement was destroyed, and the name soon perished. In the wars which ensued, one circumstance occurred worthy of relation, because facts which do honour to human nature are always worthy of record, and are peculiarly uncommon in the history of the Spanish conquests. The Spaniards had succeeded in winning the pass to a mountain-settlement of the Calchaquis, who had relied upon the strength of their situation: but hope having failed, the men of the horde ordered the women and children to secure themselves by flight, and determined to sacrifice themselves for the purpose of covering their retreat. The conquerors had pitched their camp, meaning presently to pursue their success, and complete the work, when an alarm was given, and they ran to arms, —to their astonishment, it was a troop of sixty boys, the children of the horde, the eldest not fifteen years of age. Hearing of the danger to which their fathers were exposed, they had broken away from their mothers, resolving to assist them in battle, and live or die with them. The Spaniards, bad as they were, were not so bad as to be unmoved at this; and their hearts being once open to humanity, overflowed with it. They caressed the boys, and loaded them with gifts; rapacity on their part, and resentment on that of the Calchaquis, gave way to gentler feelings; the Indians were soothed and reconciled, and the invaders departed as friends, and left the valley in peace which they had come to lay waste.

This tract of country, however, continued still to be an object of cupidity to the Spaniards, because it was supposed to contain  
mines;

mines; and in the latter part of the seventeenth century they carried on a war against the inhabitants with such success, that some of the tribes submitted to the yoke of servitude; and one, consisting of not fewer than 11,000 persons, entered into a treaty for abandoning their country to the invaders, stipulating only that lands should be allotted to them elsewhere, where they might live in freedom. How far the most important part of this stipulation was observed is not related, but the hordes who had submitted were divided, and sent to remote parts, some of them as far as Buenos-Ayres, and given in *encomienda* to the Spaniards, that is, they were consigned to slavery under another name. One horde resumed their arms in indignation, and fled to the strongest recesses of their own country: they were pursued by an indefatigable and unrelenting foe, and when they found that it was impossible to escape from bondage, many of the women dashed their children against the rocks. The people who were thus expelled from their own land, and, in consequence, exterminated, (for the whole race is extinct!) spoke a dialect of the Quichua tongue, (the language that the Incas extended with their empire,) and retained among them many vestiges of a civilization from which they had degraded. They were succeeded and revenged by a ruder but more enterprising race, who did not permit the Spaniards to enjoy a territory which they had purchased at the price of so much injustice and misery. The Abipones were their avengers.

The Abipones, Mocobios and Tobas were kindred tribes, speaking the same language, with no other difference than what arose from the custom of abolishing the name of every person who died, which was a cause of extensive and perpetual mutation. For as every person took his name from some visible object, a new name for that object was to be substituted when the appellation of the deceased was proscribed, and of course all the derivatives were subject to the same rule. The languages of the three nations therefore were continually becoming more unlike each other; and in a few generations little other similitude would have been left than that of the general construction. It is by such strange customs that the prodigious number of languages in South America, bearing no affinity to each other, must be explained. Another effect of such customs was that they aided that tendency towards dissociation which characterizes savage life, and produces constant deterioration. Had the Abipones, and the tribes who branched from the same stock, remained an united people, they might have established themselves as a nation of conquerors in the heart of their continent; but to have done this they must have been like the Tartars, in the barbarous, not in the savage state.

Where they came from when they first entered the province of Chaco

Chaco is not known; their own traditions did not reach back so far. One of their chiefs who was looked upon as most learned in the history of his nation, affirmed that their ancestors came into their country over a wide tract of water, and that they came upon an ass. If we may deal with this learned Theban's account as Jupiter sometimes dealt with a prayer—take half of it, and leave the rest to the winds, it would lead to the inference that they had crossed the annual inundation made by the Paraguay and its confluent, and marked in old maps as the Lake of the Xarayes. This, if it be so, would be an exception to the general fact, that the course of migration among the South American tribes, as far as has been hitherto ascertained, has been towards the North. It is certain that, as early as the year 1641, they were an equestrian people. Pérouse in his journal noticed the prodigious change which the introduction of the horse had effected upon all the tribes from Santiago to the Straits of Magellan. Their old customs, said he, are laid aside; they no longer feed on the same fruits, nor wear the same dress; but bear a more striking resemblance to the Tartars, or to the inhabitants of the banks of the Red Sea, than to their ancestors who lived two centuries ago. But the change had produced far greater effects in Tucuman than to the south of the Plata and in Chili. In the Magellanic country it had only changed the habits of tribes who had an open and dolorous country to themselves; but on the side of Tucuman and the Chaco, the savages obtained, by means of the horse, greater superiority over the Spaniards, than the Spaniards had ever possessed over them by means of the same animal. For these tribes became completely an equestrian people.

There are no parts of history more interesting than those which relate to the transitions from one stage of society to another. When nations are progressive, every step of the progress has some advantages—some virtues peculiar to itself; something which, while it delights us, excites something like regret that it should have passed away. A beautiful example of this is that picture of colonial manners, just in their happiest age, which Mrs. Grant has given in her manners of an American Lady, with a truth and feeling that cannot be too highly estimated. But in that part of South America of which we are now treating, the transitions were not for the better: among the Indians, the change was from one mode of savage life to another; among the Spaniards, from a bold and adventurous to a stagnant brutality. The Indians obtained a tremendous accession of power, without any increase of wisdom and virtue; and power in the hands of the ignorant and ferocious can only be the means of evil. The Spaniard of Paraguay and the Plata was also a horseman, and a most expert one: but war had

ceased



ceased to be his pursuit: whereas the savages had now no other; and they brought to it the activity, the power of endurance, the strength, the craft, and the instincts of savage man. During the few generations which had elapsed after a conquest achieved with marvellous exertions but with merciless barbarity, the soldierly qualities of the conquerors had rusted in inaction. The ferocity of their character remained, but it spent itself in petty insurrections, and broils and murders; discoveries were at a stand, there was an end of all enterprize, and the military spirit was lost. In most parts of the New World they had degenerated, but no where was the degeneracy so great as in Paraguay; and it was precisely when they were thus degraded that the Indians acquired the use of the horse, which was as if the wings of an eagle had been given to their revenge.

The Spaniards had reduced the Chaco to a desert: it appears by the testimony of their own writers, that, in that country, no less than seventy-three Indian settlements had been either destroyed by them, or deserted by the inhabitants, who fled before their relentless oppressors. Ample vengeance was now taken by the equestrian tribes. The Abipones alone made themselves masters of the whole country, from the Paraguay to Santiago del Estero, not indeed to possess it, for which they had neither numbers nor disposition, but to overrun it and lay it waste: to destroy all the scattered farms and smaller towns of the Spaniards, to cut off the communication between Buenos-Ayres and the interior, and to annihilate the trade between Paraguay and Peru. Wide as the region was, and inconsiderable as they were in actual numbers, they seemed, like Kehama, to be in all places at once; the rapidity of their movements gave them a kind of dreadful omnipresence; wherever there was booty to be gained or blood to be shed, there they were sure to be. They knew every defile, every path in the woods, every pass in the morasses. Even the Paraguay, at its confluence with the great Parana, was no barrier against them, as the wretched inhabitants of Corrientes often-times felt to their cost, when the dead bodies of their countrymen were brought in carts, and piled, like stacks of fuel, at the church door, till a trench was dug wide and deep enough to contain them, and one burial-service sufficed for all. Over a country where the traveller formerly proceeded from one habitation to another, along the direct road, and where women might have journeyed without alarm, armed caravans and escorts could not now pass without imminent danger; and instead of farms and dwellings, ruined walls and garden fruits growing wild, and innumerable crosses, were all that was found. 'Grass,' says Dobrizhoffer, '*now grows where Troy town stood*'; and, for a full hundred leagues, there is not a single hovel.' The victorious savages more than once entered

tered the city of Santa Fè, and killed those whom they found in the streets; the slightest resistance would have driven them away: for, deeming discretion the better part of valour, they never braved death, and always avoided danger when they could. But so panic-stricken were the Spaniards, that whole families passed the night in the churches, trusting in the Saints for protection; and in the very city the inhabitants suffered themselves to be butchered, while they were following an image in procession, instead of facing their enemies and dying with harness on their backs. If the Indians had regarded their own lives less, or had there been any principle of union among them, they might have exterminated the Spaniards of Tucuman and Paraguay.

That a race of such undoubted courage as the Spaniards of those provinces both before and since have displayed, should have appeared thus pusillanimous, will appear less incredible, when it is considered upon what unequal terms they carried on the war. There is in the romance of *Morte d'Arthur*, a knight who, when he was upon adventures, went always invisible, and was 'the marvellous knight that was then living,' and slew many better men than himself. The savages, now that they were become horsemen, were like this treacherous knight Garlon, every where to be feared, and no where to be found. To make war upon them with any hope or chance of success, it was necessary to become as *ferine* as themselves: that is the word which best expresses the qualities required for such warfare, in which no man was fit to engage unless he could live like a wild beast, and swim like a water-fowl. Expeditions were frequently undertaken, from the impulse of shame, and of blind anger. The country of Cordoba alone could raise twelve thousand men; and in the spirit of vengeance, they sometimes mustered, and set forth in such numbers, and with such din of preparation, that, says Dobrizhoffer, you would have thought that Troy was about to be besieged again. But they set out in a very different manner from what their fathers had done under Ribera and Yrala, when the country was first explored and conquered. Those desperate adventurers carried with them nothing but what their miserable Indian slaves, when they had any, could bear on their backs; they waded for days together over a flooded country: when it was possible to make a fire, they boiled their food in their iron hats, and when it was not, they ate it undressed. But their descendants required a long train of saddle horses, and waggons, and large droves of cattle, that they might never be without beef. Again and again these rash attempts were made: the savages retired into the wilds of the Chaco, which were impervious to such pursuers; came near enough perhaps to carry off their cattle; suffered them to exhaust their means and their strength, and enjoyed all the

fruits

fruits of victory without incurring the slightest danger or inconvenience,—or striking a blow, unless it could be done with sure and terrible effect. A river at any time gave them perfect security, for none of the Cordoban soldiers could swim. The wreck of an army has more than once returned from such an expedition, without having seen an enemy. Repeated failures had at length completely cowed them, and they fancied themselves as little able to contend against the Abipones as against lightning, or pestilence. The only hope was, that a people whom it was not possible to conquer might be converted.

The want of good government and good feeling also, was such in this part of Spanish America, that one Spanish town would gladly make a separate peace with the savages, not merely for the sake of security, but for the enormous profit which they derived from purchasing the spoils; in this manner these traitorous wretches sometimes obtained treasure taken in its way from Peru, in exchange for iron, to be employed in war against their countrymen, and eventually against themselves, when by accident or caprice the insecure treaty should be broken. The town of Santa Fè had made a peace of this kind with the Mocobios, and some hordes of that formidable tribe pitched their tents near the town, and frequented it for the purpose of buying and selling. The Jesuits had a college there, where two of the Caciques, by name Aletin and Chitalin, visited and became familiar. There are few hearts which may not be reached by genuine benevolence, and that the benevolence of the Jesuits towards the native Indians was disinterested and pure, was not doubted even by those savages who despised their instructions. The two Mocobios were men of great reputation in their tribes, and one of them so remarkable for his sagacity and acuteness, that his Jesuit preceptor thanked God his talents had not been cultivated by regular education, for that he would have been clever enough to deceive the whole human race. It may be inferred that in the process of catechizing, the catechumen had sometimes propounded questions which the good Father did not find it easy to answer: but the stronger his intellect, the more plainly and directly he must have come to this conclusion, that the religion which made the Jesuits what they were, must needs be good; and that a settled life was better than an erratic one. They consented to receive instruction from these teachers. A settlement accordingly was formed for them and their followers; and a severe defeat, which the Spaniards of Santiago, the only people in that part of South America who were formidable to the Indians, gave one of their hordes, about this time, brought a large accession of settlers: the Spaniards, on their part, regarded the conversion of this tribe as a measure of such importance to their

own security, that they provided for their wants with a liberality which it would have been well if they had exercised in other cases. The work went on prosperously. The children were taught to read and write, and the joy which the parents expressed at seeing them thus raised above their own condition, evinced that they themselves were rising above the savage state in which their better faculties had hitherto lain dormant. Those who possessed the requisite ear or voice were instructed in music, and they proved such apt scholars that their reputation spread through the province, and they were sent for to perform in the churches at Buenos-Ayres. Two other Reductions were soon formed from the same nation; and the Abipones were induced, by their example, to consent that the Jesuits in like manner should receive them under their paternal care.

This nation was divided into three tribes, the Riikahes, who preferred the open country; the Nakaiketergehe, who were the Boschmen, or Wood Indians of the race; and the Yaaukanigas. It was a chief of the former tribe, by name Ychamenraikin, who made conditions for his countrymen with the governor of Santa Fè. The Fathers, he said, might instruct the young people in their religion if they pleased, but the elders were not to be forced to learn it. We, said he, who have grown old in our own way, must be allowed still to live and believe as we please. There was no hesitation in acceding to this demand, and a Reduction was accordingly formed in a site chosen by the chief himself: the situation had some disadvantages, but these he disregarded, because a river and surrounding marshes secured it from any surprize by the Spaniards, of which he had a latent fear. Still there was one important point to be settled, whether the peace which the Abipones had made at Santa Fè was to be a separate or a general one; and upon this, what in North American language would be called a Talk, was held in the new colony, the chiefs of the three branches being present, and F. Joseph Brigniel acting for the Spaniards. Many were of opinion that the treaty should be limited to the right bank of the river Paraguay, and that the people of Corrientes, Asuncion, and the whole opposite country should still be considered enemies, and their property fair spoil. If they made peace with all, they said, there would be an end of the use of arms, an end of that military glory which had been the pride of their fathers. Their especial care ought to be to make themselves feared. One province of the Spaniards they must have as a field for war and for booty; they should get more from them as enemies than as friends, and it was better to be dreaded by them than loved. On the other hand, it was urged by one of the most distinguished chiefs, Ychoalay, that there was no want of enemies among hostile tribes, and that

their

their dexterity in the use of the bow and the spear was in no danger of being lost, while there were birds and beasts to pursue. Peace with all the Spaniards was a boon to be received with open arms. They might then sleep on both ears, and live no longer upon the watch as they had hitherto done, with so much uncertainty and discomfort. No one could think that he advised this for fear of the Spaniards; he, who during so many years, had neither spared them nor himself. It was their own benefit that he consulted. His opinion prevailed, and the chiefs undertook to see that the treaty should be observed by their nation, each within a certain district assigned to his keeping; something, says Dobrizhoffer, as the Marcgraves in Germany were formerly appointed to protect their borders.

Ychoalay, by whose influence with his countrymen the general peace was effected, was a man whose natural endowments might have raised him to distinction among the Greeks or Romans; but he could scarcely have been a more interesting character under any circumstances. He was of the Riikabe branch, and related to Debayakaikin, the chief of it, and the man of most power and renown in the whole nation. The people of Santa Fè having in his youth made a separate peace with his tribe, he went to that town, and entered into the service of Joseph Benavides, a Spaniard, whose name he took, and was so generally known by it among the Spaniards, that by that name he is called in Muriel's history. His business was to break in horses and guard the cattle; but the desire of learning the Spanish language was the motive which induced him to leave his countrymen; and because the opportunity for this was not what he desired, he engaged with another Spaniard, who was going with goods to Chili. This person he served as a driver on the journey, and settled with him afterwards at Mendoza, as a vine-dresser. After some years servitude, during which Ychoalay retained the courage and activity of his nation, he returned to Santa Fè, when some resentment against the Spaniards arose, because his master had behaved unjustly towards him concerning his wages; and soon afterwards he learned, that a Spaniard of Cordoba intended, for some unexplained motives, to murder him. Burning with rage at this discovery, he rejoined his tribe, who were then infesting the district of Cordoba, and speedily made his name as terrible to the Spaniards, as it was dear to his countrymen. Happy were they who could serve under a leader who was sure always to conduct them wisely, and to return rich with spoils! Yet he forbore from all hostilities in the territory belonging to Santa Fè, as if he felt that there would be a sort of moral treason in making war against a people, among whom he had once been domesticated, and with many of whom he had

lived in habits of familiarity and kindness. Nor would he suffer his followers to offer any injury to the Missionaries; once he rescued a Franciscan, and once a Jesuit from their hands, saying that these men were not the enemies of the Abipones, but, even in his judgment, were innocent.

It was the district of Cordoba which he had most infested, and in which he had pledged himself to see that the peace was observed by his nation; but he conceived his own honour, and that of his nation, was equally pledged to its observance in all other parts. The territory of Asumpcion was under the surety of Debayakaikin, who belonged to the Nakaiketergehe branch: (it is fortunate that the names of the men are not quite so portentous as that of the tribe:) but notwithstanding this, a small horde of that branch, under Oaherkaikin, annoyed it with frequent incursions, and the other caciques, if they did not connive at this breach of faith, made no effort to prevent it. Ychoalay alone declared that the wrong done to the Spaniards was not greater than the reproach which was brought upon the Abipones, and that both must be atoned for; and he set off to punish the aggressor, with a force quite equal to the party which he expected to encounter. But to his shame and indignation, when on the point of attacking Oaherkaikin, he found that Debayakaikin and his people sided with the offender. A conflict ensued, from which, being overpowered with numbers, the Riikahes hardly escaped by flight, Ychoalay and two of his comrades losing their spears—a loss esteemed as dishonourable among these people as the loss of a shield by the Spartans. The quarrel thus begun led to a war of twenty years between these kindred tribes. Dobrizhoffer requests his readers not to smile because he compares it with the Trojan war. To him indeed it was of much more consequence, involved as he was in its evils.

Oaherkaikin, the author of this mischief, Dobrizhoffer, in his characteristic manner, begs leave to compare to Achilles. His name, though it be harder than 'Colkitto or Galasp,' is worse in signification than appearance; for he assumed it when he took what may be called their degree of nobility, and in plain English the title might be rendered Lord Liar,—*nomine suo dignissimus*, says the Jesuit. There was nothing in this man to mitigate the savage character: but he had all the requisites for a savage warrior in perfection. In this character he did not excel Ychoalay, but he rivalled him, and Ychoalay could not brook a rival for military fame. He was therefore always anxiously devising either how to baffle the stratagems and attacks of a most artful and intrepid foe, or how to take him at advantage and deliver himself from a competitor, and the Riikahes from a dreadful enemy. Though he was deemed sufficiently

ficiently instructed to receive baptism, and was not averse from it, all persuasions to undergo the baptismal rite were unavailing while he was intent upon such designs. When Brigniel urged him, as he often did, upon the subject, he would reply, 'Father, let me think of killing Oaherkaikin. My head is full of the cares of war. When peace is brought about, then I shall be at leisure to hear you discourse of religion.' He had to guard against Debayakaikin also, a chief of more power than the Lord Liar, and not inferior to him either in courage or cunning, and who at this time had formed an alliance with a horde of unreclaimed Mocobios. There were at this time two Reductions of the Abipones, that of St. Hieronymo, in which Ychoalay resided, and that of Concepcion, forty miles distant, under a chief called Alaykin. Debayakaikin instructed some of his people to spread a report that the latter place would soon be attacked by the Mocobios, but that he had no intention of attacking Ychoalay's settlement. He knew that the report would prevent the Abipones of Concepcion from going to the assistance of their countrymen at St. Hieronymo, and he hoped also that some Christian Mocobios, who had been sent to secure that Reduction against him, would be dismissed, when it was heard that he no longer entertained any hostile intentions.

The Jesuits at St. Hieronymo happened at this time to send to their brethren at Concepcion for two hundred head of cattle. A Spanish herdsman with six Abipones went for the beasts, and Dobrizhoffer, who was stationed at Concepcion, accompanied them on their return. Alaykin would have dissuaded him from the journey, saying the Mocobios were coming to attack them that evening, and he would fall in with them on the way: but Dobrizhoffer knew to how little credit such reports were commonly entitled, and proceeded, as he had expected, without molestation;—not altogether in safety, for he had at midnight to cross the river Rey and an inundation which it had caused, in something scarcely wider than a coracle, formed of a single hide, in which he had to keep his balance, while the Spaniard swam and drew it by a rope. Luckily for himself, and for those who are interested in the history and manners of savage men, he landed in safety, and was joyfully received by two of his brethren. Brigniel and Ychoalay had gone to Santa Fè. No danger was apprehended, and as the Mocobios consumed more beef, salt, tobacco and Paraguay tea, than could be afforded from a colony scantily supplied, they were dismissed. Debayakaikin's stratagem was thus completely successful. He was awaiting its effect in the near woods. The Mocobios departed in the morning, and at evening, when he knew they were advanced too far to be recalled, he debouched in sight of the Reduction, but on the opposite side of the river, into the plain where the cattle were



feeding. The poor herdsman was surprized in his hut, and sacrificed to the vengeance of a savage, whose father had fallen in the former action; some of his Indians effected their escape and gave the alarm; the others were made prisoners; and all the cattle, with about two thousand horses, became the prey of the invaders. The place was ill provided for defence. A great number of the men were gone upon a hunting party to catch wild horses, and there were only about fourscore remaining in the Reduction, and these at the time busily engaged in singing and drinking with Ychamenraikin, the chief of the horde, who was a thorough drunkard. Drunk, however, as they were, the alarm sobered them. They prepared themselves for war by smearing their faces in their frightful fashion, some with white, some with the purple juice of urucu; but black, from their pots and kettles, was the prevailing colour, as that which made them appear most hideous, and therefore in their estimation most terrible. They sounded their instruments of martial music, if those instruments may be called musical which are intended only to produce loud and alarming sounds—horns, and flutes made of the leg-bones of the larger birds, and of beasts, and a sort of trumpet made of the shell of the armadillo's tail, which was of all these the loudest. Dobrizhoffer, who must have been an honest punster, for he never spares, even in Latin, a play upon words if it can be brought in, says of these trumpets, *non aures modo, sed omnem latissime auram complent fragore horribili*. Then, mounting their horses, they set off, spear in hand, to deter the enemy from crossing the river, or prevent them from landing if the attempt were made. Debayakaikin was too practised a leader to expose himself at any such disadvantage; and the demonstration on both sides concluded for the day with an agreement, that during the night there should be a cessation of hostilities, but that on the morrow the lot of war should be tried.

This agreement was more in the manner than in the spirit of chivalrous times. The Abipones had none of that courage which shows itself in seeking and braving danger, and they had as little of that honour which elevates and ennobles the military character. The Rijkahes could not trust Debayakaikin's word; their scouts therefore were abroad all night, keeping up an incessant din with horns and trumpets, that the enemy might know they were on the alert. It was a tremendous night of thunder and lightning, wind, and heavy rain. The women and children had crowded for safety within the palisade of the Jesuits' house, relying on the protection which two bad fowling-pieces could afford them; the ground whereon they stood was deluged with rain, and Dobrizhoffer, who saw them only by the momentary light which the lightning spread over the whole scene, compared them to frogs in a marsh. All their

their household goods and treasures they had deposited in the Jesuits' hut, filling it so that the poor fathers could scarcely find room to stir; and, for their further comfort, the choicest pieces in the collection were Spanish skulls, preserved as the trophies of their former victims, and used as drinking cups. It is not strange that poor Dobrizhoffer should have reckoned this among the most disturbed and uncomfortable nights he ever passed in America. The storm abated towards morning, and with the earliest dawn he went abroad to see the state of things. The Riikaes were hastening to their posts; few as they were in number, their own arithmetic did not extend so far, and they desired him to count them; asking, as if to derive confidence from an affirmative reply, if they were not a great many? No enemy appeared; and after a few hours it was ascertained, to their great satisfaction, that Debayakaikin had kept his word as little as they expected. Satisfied with having killed a Spaniard, captured a few Guarani herdsmen, and taken the cattle, he had decamped during the night with his booty. The body of the poor Spaniard was brought to the Reduction a shocking spectacle,—it was the same man who had accompanied Dobrizhoffer on his journey, and drawn his coracle over the river; and the very hide of which that coracle was formed served now as a bier for carrying him to the grave.

Ychoalay, when he learnt what had occurred during his absence, panted for revenge. A first expedition was frustrated by the floods, and he returned from it with a disease which the Spaniards call the blind small-pox. A second terminated more perilously; for, while hardly yet recovered, going against Oaherkaikin, the Lord Liar wounded him with two arrows, one in the arm, one in the back part of the head, where the bone-point entered the skull, and broke in it. The bow of the Abipones is a most formidable weapon: in length it is just of a man's height, and so elastic is the wood, that when not bent to the string it is straight as a staff. The string is made either of fox-gut, or of a thread spun from the fibres of a species of palm, and of extraordinary strength. The arrow, like that of our archers in old times, is in length a 'full cloth yard and more;' and headed either with iron, wood, or bone; a fox's leg-bone being preferred for this purpose. The wooden point makes a worse wound than the iron, occasioning more pain and inflammation, as if the wood itself were in some degree poisonous (for the Abipones never poisoned their weapons); but the bone shaft was far the most dangerous, for upon attempting to extract it, it broke like glass in the wound, and it was frequently armed with three or four barbs. The point broke in Ychoalay's skull, and neither his own people nor the Jesuits could extract it; he suffered dreadfully, and his life was in imminent danger;

danger; but he betrayed no sign of suffering, for to have appeared sensible of pain was what he would have considered worse than death. He was removed to Santa Fè, to be under the care of a Portuguese Franciscan, in great repute for his surgical skill; and a tremendous operation, which he endured with characteristic fortitude, saved him.

In a subsequent action he wounded Debayakaikin, and would have slain him, if he had not been rescued from his hands. That chieftain now began to dread the issue of a contest with such a foe; and, for the sake of security, went with his whole horde to the Reduction of S. Fernando, thinking that under the protection of his countrymen, the Yaaukanigas, who were settled there, and of the Spaniards at Corrientes, on the opposite shore of the Parana, he should be safe. But Ychoalay followed him there, at the head of a strong force, and defied him to battle. The Jesuits and the Governor of Corrientes interposed, and by their interference peace was made, upon terms which Ychoalay dictated. He obtained first, as the point wherein his honour was most nearly concerned, restitution of the three spears which he had lost in the first action; the herdsmen who had been made prisoners were to be delivered, and Debayakaikin and his horde were to remain settled in the Reduction; if he left it the war was to be renewed. The conditions were not faithfully observed. The Nakaiketergehes were too much accustomed to rapine to endure a life of inaction. They spoiled and slew the Spaniards whenever opportunity could be found; and as such things could not be kept secret, Debayakaikin, who was in daily fear of being called to account by Ychoalay, removed to the Reduction of Conception, to be farther from him. Here his people resumed their old habits, and falling in with a party of the St. Hieronymites, on their return from horse-hunting, beat them, and robbed them of the horses. When this complaint was carried to Ychamenraikin, a force of three hundred men, many of whom were Mocobio converts, was immediately raised; and Ychamenraikin and Ychoalay set out in quest of the enemy. Their superiority of numbers made them on this occasion act with unusual temper; for instead of falling upon them, they sent messengers, and quietly demanded restitution of the horses. But on the enemy's part a sense of inferiority seems to have made it a point of honour to act desperately; though they were only twenty men, they returned an answer of defiance, blew their trumpets, and prepared for battle; and, by a chance as singular as it was unfortunate for them, the first arrow that was discharged killed Ychamenraikin. Dreadful vengeance was taken for his death. The Nakaiketergehes with desperate courage stood their ground, and to a man fell where they stood. But the conquerors were not

yet

yet satisfied. The Mocobios, a more cruel race than the Abipones, pursued the women and children who had fled into the woods, butchered forty of them, and made many more prisoners.

The news of the victory and of Ychamenraikin's death was brought by a messenger with all haste to the Reduction. Such a success, under any other circumstances, would have excited general and riotous joy; but all other thoughts were overpowered by grief for the loss of their chieftain. He was especially lamented by the women, because he had a great many wives, and frequently changed them; and therefore, says Dobrizhoffer, many of the weaker sex had always their eyes upon him. A second messenger followed with tidings, that on the ensuing evening the bones of Ychamenraikin would be brought home,—the flesh, according to their custom, when any one died far from home, had been separated from the skeleton and buried. Preparations were immediately made for the solemn reception of the remains. The ceremony was directed by the two most distinguished *Keebets*, or conjurors of the horde, who went out twelve miles with all the women to meet the dead. The two Keebets then led the way on horseback, the horses hung with bells, and properly ornamented with trappings and with the plumes of the Nandu, or American ostrich. Each carried a spear, with a small brass bell at the end, and they preceded the procession, not as forming part of it, but galloping here and there, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another; sometimes as if they were about to charge the train. The women followed, all having shorn their hair, that being the form of general mourning for a cacique. The widows of the deceased wore a mourning garment of black and red; it covered the head, shoulders, and breast, and the form was like that of a capuchin's habit. They came in a long and well ordered train, but with a loud and unremitting din of rattles, tambours of all sizes, and lamentations, or rather ululations, which, says Dobrizhoffer, seemed to fatigue the very air. Their grief however was real, and they wept profusely. Next in the procession came the remains of the cacique, borne on a horse's hide, under a rich mantle, which six Abipones supported on their spears, like a canopy. His people followed on horseback, armed with bow, quiver, and spear, all shorn, and bearing unfeigned sorrow in their looks. The prisoners, consisting wholly of women and children, came last, all on horseback. A hut, more spacious than their ordinary habitations, had been prepared for the obsequies: at one end there was a sort of raised scaffolding, constructed of reeds, where the skeleton was placed upright, dressed, and with a hat upon the skull, there to remain nine days, the men drinking to his honour, and the women bewailing him, during the whole time.

time. *Et vero, potaturne liberalius a viris, num pertinacius ploratum sit a fœminis, arduum fuerit statuere*; so says the good German Jesuit, who was present, and taking little part in the grief, and none in the potatoes, calmly and soberly beheld the whole. When the novaine was ended, the bones were carried some days journey to the family burial-place, and there deposited. Among these savages the graves of their forefathers are sacred places,—a feeling, of which, congenial to the human heart as it is, and salutary for it, large cities and crowded burial-grounds have deprived us. The Greeks of the Homeric age were not more anxious to secure the bodies of their friends who fell in battle. If at the time they could not bear away the corpse, they never rested till they had returned, and effected their desire; and these poor savages have often carried the bones of their friends eight hundred miles, to the appointed resting-place. These places, however distant, were never forgotten by them; and though there was no monument to denote the spot, certain marks upon the trees, a direction which was handed down from father to son, sufficed for finding it.

Though Debayakaikin's people had been the aggressors, and that wantonly too, on this occasion, the merciless vengeance which had been taken for Ychamenraikin made them feel like the injured party. The Reduction of the Concepcion was in an uproar at the dreadful news, and the Jesuit who directed it was in imminent danger of his life. To appease them, and prevent mischief to the Spaniards, from a quarrel between two hordes, who were both in alliance with them, a messenger was sent by the governor of Santiago, to request that the prisoners might be restored. Ychoalay would readily have consented, but the Mocobios refused. They had then to expect an attack, and after some weeks watchful expectation, Debayakaikin, with his usual policy, appeared at a time when he supposed their vigilance would be wearied out. On this occasion also he had succeeded in dividing his enemies by threatening both; so that the Mocobios, who expected to be assailed themselves, did not venture to come to Ychoalay's assistance. He arrived at night, and his people spent it in slaughtering the kine of the Riukahes, and driving away their horses; having done this, they sent messengers in the morning to defy them to an appointed place of battle. Ychoalay replied that horses, and not will, were wanting for them to accept the challenge. Debayakaikin had got the horses, and might use them to approach the town; then he would be ready to meet him. The Riukahes, in full expectation that the attack would now be brought home to them, prepared for battle; courage was not wanting, but Dobrizhoffer saw with alarm how inferior in number they were to the enemy; and knowing well that Ychoalay was in far greater danger than any other

other

other person, because his life would be aimed at by all his opponents, would fain have secured his salvation, (according to his belief,) by baptizing him before he went into action. The incongruity of the proposal to the act in which Ychoalay was employed when it was made, was felt by both parties, for he was whetting the head of his spear at the time, and greasing the iron, that it might enter an enemy's body more smoothly, and pierce deeper. The Jesuit however, who had a true regard for Ychoalay, thought it his duty to make the proposal; and the Indian, who knew and respected his motive, but retained his own saner opinion of the state of mind which was required for that ceremony, made him no reply.

From sun-rise till noon they remained in this state of expectation, till at last a messenger arrived from Debayakaikin, saying he certainly should not give battle in sight of the Reduction, where, he doubted not, there was plenty of fire-arms; and under that impression he withdrew his forces. The very error of their enemy made the Riikahes more sensible that this ought to have been the case, and an angry feeling that it was not so arose against the Spaniards, who had left them to their own means of defence. Dobrizhoffer and his comrade Father Brigniel had little leisure to enjoy their escape from the morning's danger. In the evening Ychoalay came to them with a countenance overcast, a thing unusual with him; 'Ho Father! (said he) our people are tired of this place, and of the friendship of the Spaniards; and, for my part, I cannot blame them. For the sake of the Spaniards, we have engaged in war against our own countrymen, and we have been their best defenders against Debayakaikin, Oaherkaikin, and their followers. For this cause we have so often been spoiled of our cattle, so many of us have been wounded, and so many have been slain: the Spaniards know all this, and look on, without sending us that assistance which they had promised us to afford in time of need. Enemies we cannot call them, but neither can we call them friends; and therefore my tribesmen think of forsaking this place. For old friendship's sake, I advise you, without delay, to write to the Governor of Santa Fè, and ask him for a guard, who may convoy you to a place of safety, before it comes into the head of these Indians, exasperated as they are with the recent loss of their horses, to put you to death; for I am not able to defend you. Do this while it is time, and I will provide a man to carry your letter.' The stern and lowering countenances of the people plainly evinced that there was good reason for what he said.

A lucky accident changed the aspect of affairs when there appeared no reasonable hope. Just at this time a horde of marauding Abipones had been discovered in a situation where the

Governor

Governor of Santa Fè deemed it necessary to attack them: a Spanish force was ordered for this service, and messengers were now on the way, requiring Ychoalay with his people, and with the Mocobios, to take part in the expedition. Such an invitation coming at this crisis set all to rights; the Riikahes were flattered, because their services were required, and they were delighted by the prospect of vengeance which was thus afforded them. No time was lost in procuring horses from one of their hidden pastures, (they had always such in reserve,) and they joined the Spaniards without delay. When they came to the spot the enemy had decamped. Ychoalay was desired to guide the pursuit; he traced them where a less experienced eye would have discovered no vestiges. The horde was surrounded, surprized, and every person taken without resistance, and carried prisoners to S. Hieronymo, the whole success being ascribed, as was due, to Ychoalay. In wars of this kind, and in all contests where passion rather than interest is concerned, injury provokes injury, and thus the evil is perpetuated. The Nakaiketergehes thirsted for vengeance, and a cruel one was taken by Oaherkaikin's people upon a party of Ychoalay's, mostly women and children, whom they murdered upon a journey. Roused by this wrong, Ychoalay summoned his tribe to arms, and set forth to seek the enemy. His way lay by the Reduction of S. Fernando, whither Dobrizhoffer had been removed, after residing two years at S. Hieronymo. The Jesuit admired their appearance and their excellent order; they were armed with iron spears, they wore hats, and their horses were equipped with Spanish trappings, so that they rather resembled a body of Spanish than of Indian horsemen. Arriving at noon, they chose a position for the night upon an eminence, secured in the rear by a wood, and by marshes on both sides; with a wide and open plain below for their horses, in full view. As usual on these expeditions, they pitched no tents, but encamped in the open air, in the form of a crescent; some kept watch with the horses, others beside the watch fires; the rest slept upon the ground, the saddle serving for a pillow, and the horsecloth for a wrapper, and every man had his spear fixed in the ground beside him. Thus the slightest alarm would have found them ready, and in their place.

On any other occasion this would have been a welcome visit to Dobrizhoffer, an event to enliven a life which stood in need of something to cheer it amid its anxieties and discomforts. The Riikahes were his old acquaintances, some of them his old friends; all had been under his care, and that care had upon many of them been well bestowed. The letters which they brought from Brig-niel informed him, that a great number of them had been, by Ychoalay's desire, baptized before they began their expedition; and they

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they themselves were eager to acquaint him with their Christian names. Dobrizhoffer and Ychoalay loved and esteemed each other, and their meeting was one of those occurrences which we look back upon as one of the sunny hours of life. The Jesuit again pressed upon him affectionately the propriety of receiving baptism, and with more fitness now than when he had been greasing his spear, he himself having recommended it to his followers. But the Indian still declared that he was not in a proper state of mind: his thoughts were bent wholly upon war, he said; they were not what they ought to be to render him worthy of that rite. When Dobrizhoffer represented, and in the hope of giving weight to the representations, exaggerated the danger to which he was about to expose himself, he treated it lightly, relying upon his numbers, his prudence, and his fortune. 'Pitying his blindness, (says the Father,) I commended him to God, good man as he was in all other things.' Dobrizhoffer's exertions among the people of his own Reduction were of more avail: he warned them not to assist the Lord Liar at this time, directly or indirectly, telling them that Ychoalay did not require or want their aid, but that he would not suffer them to aid his enemy, and the enemy of the Spaniards. His arguments or his authority proved effectual. Oaherkaikin had but a handful of men with him, for the greater part of his people were marauding in the Spaniards' country. He was strongly posted, with a wood behind and on both sides, and a marsh in front. Ychoalay, with his wonted intrepidity, alighted, entered the marsh on foot, and gained a spot from whence to reach the foe with his arrows; but only a few of the younger Riikahes followed him: the elders declared it imprudent to attack a foe so strongly posted, and remained on horseback like unconcerned spectators. They who were engaged were made by this desertion more eager for success, and they did not retire from the contest till Oaherkaikin had received three severe wounds, and almost all his people were hurt. Ychoalay carried off the cattle of the horde, and returned with his spoils to S. Fernando. Dobrizhoffer's colleague, F. Klein, had in the mean time arrived there with the governor of Corrientes, and at their entreaty Ychoalay consented to make peace with his enemy, provided Oaherkaikin and his people would settle in this Reduction, and cease from their evil courses. The Lord Liar consented to what he dared not refuse; true to his appellation, and to that only, with a determination to keep his word no longer than it suited him.

The whole of the Abipones were now collected in three Reductions. Little progress had been made in their conversion, and less in their civilization; but the first great step toward both was secured, and the Jesuits were not impatient. They

They had folded the savages, and with time and prudence every thing else might be accomplished. These fair and certain prospects were interrupted by that fatal treaty between the courts of Madrid and Lisbon, in which seven of the most flourishing Guarani Reductions were ceded to the Portuguese; an act of the greatest injustice and cruelty, but committed in ignorance of its real nature. The history of that unhappy transaction has lately, for the first time, been fully and faithfully related. So flagrant was the iniquity, that, little compunctious as the Spaniards of America were, many men of Santa Fè refused to serve against the injured Indians. It may easily be imagined what effect it would produce upon a people like the Abipones, who had not yet laid aside their suspicion of the Spaniards, hardly indeed their enmity, and who were moreover quick-sighted, and gifted with a keen perception of natural justice. Poor Dobrizhoffer, almost heart-broken himself at the consequence of a measure so inconsiderate and inexcusable, overheard some old Abipones discoursing of the news. 'Remember, (said one of them,) how we used to hear these Guaranies praised when we were boys. All of them suffer the priest to wash their heads (the phrase which they used for baptism); they went daily to church; they worked at many employments, and even delighted in their work. If the governors required their services, they spared neither the sweat of their brow, nor their life's blood. They obeyed the priests perfectly, they offered injury to none; but by the testimony of all men were full of kindness to all. And yet they are turned out of their towns and houses! What then, think you, will the Spaniards do with us,—with us, who have refused to let our heads be washed, who hate the church, who neither use the axe nor the plough, and will not cultivate the ground; and, though most of us abstain, indeed, from killing the Spaniards, steal horses even from those who are our friends? If they have not spared the Guaranies, who are their best friends, how will they deal with us, who are not yet good ones? And while we are gathered together, here we are at their mercy!'

As soon as the Captain of Corrientes marched with his troops to join the allied armies of the Spaniards and Portuguese, Oaherkaikin, whom their neighbourhood had hitherto restrained, withdrew from S. Fernando with all his people, and resumed his old habits of predatory life. Many, in like manner, left the other Reductions. Ychoalay himself was deserted by not a few of his tribesmen; and his old enemies, in the hope of sure triumph, exultingly declared that he could now neither assist the Spaniards, nor be by them assisted. A large party of these depredators, who had been found by some Mocobios and Vilelas, drove away a numerous collection of horses and a great number of sheep from a grazing

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grazing station belonging to the Reduction; and carried off the women as prisoners, except one old woman, whom they sent with an insolent message to Ychoalay, that if he liked to look after his cattle, and try to recover them, they would wait for him on the banks of the river Ychimaye. They had soon cause to repent the insult. It roused him and his faithful followers. Without delay they hastened to the place, surprized the enemy, who expected no such speedy answer to their bravado, fell upon them with complete success, and nearly destroyed the whole. Unpropitious as the circumstances of the times were in all other respects, they brought Ychoalay into full action, and gave him at length an opportunity of having his heart's desire upon his old enemy Debayakaikin. That chieftain was at the head of the marauding hordes; the Spaniards had made an expedition against them without success, and they were daily becoming more adventurous and formidable. Ychoalay, taught by experience that any auxiliary force of Mocobios or Spaniards was less to be relied on than his own tried followers, declined all assistance, and set out from S. Fernando in quest of them. After some days journey he came near the place where they were encamped; and then, to the surprize of his people, he proposed to turn back. A certain apprehension, he said, he knew not what, had come over him. They well knew that it was an unusual thing for him to fear, even in extreme danger. Unusual as it was, he was sensible of that emotion now; it was an ill omen, and therefore they had better return. Well known and proved as his courage had been, he risked no reputation by the confession of this state of mind. His people, like himself, looked upon it as an indication which ought not to be disregarded, and they were returning, when one of them proposed that, rather than return empty-handed, they should drive away the enemy's horses, which a noted marauder, Pachieke by name, was tending in some neighbouring pastures. Pachieke saw them while thus employed, galloped to the encampment, and gave the alarm; and Debayakaikin hastened to the rescue. The battle which Ychoalay would fain have avoided was thus brought on, and it was desperately fought; both parties, as was their custom, alighting to fight on foot. Debayakaikin fell by Ychoalay's hand; and the victory would have been pursued to the destruction of all his people, if the conqueror had not again withheld his tribesmen, telling them to spare men, who did not deserve death for obeying their chief.

Debayakaikin was a kinsman of Ychoalay's, and had taught him in his childhood to ride; but a long series of hostilities, with many injuries and insults on his part, had effaced all kindly feelings even from so generous a heart. The heads of the fallen Cacique and of four other chiefs were carried home in triumph and suspended

from a gallows, erected for that purpose in the square of the Reduction, and there, on his triumphant entry, Ychoalay addressed the inhabitants, and boasted of his exploits as honestly now as he had lately confessed the unaccountable emotion of fear with which he had been oppressed. 'Behold,' said he, pointing to the heads, 'the punishment of a faith so often violated! Behold the proof of our valour! Feed your eyes there with the spoils of our capital enemies, who for so long a time never suffered us to breathe in peace, for whose sake we have past so many watchful nights, and performed so many arduous marches, and endured so many painful wounds! Long as these wars have continued, and often as Debayakaikin met us in battle, he never could subdue us; nor could we ever subdue him, till this one great day has put an end to a contest which had hitherto been various and doubtful. Much, if you please, you may ascribe to fortune, but you must allow that more is due to our own valour; for you yourselves bear testimony that I had no reason to repent of the warriors whom I had chosen to be my comrades, nor they to be ashamed of their leader. He who so often threatened your lives, has lost his own by this spear; he is no longer to be dreaded, neither is he to be deplored, being altogether unworthy of tears which are willingly paid to others. For although connected with us by blood, he was ever hostile in mind towards us. His hatred, his cunning, his rage were all directed against us. There hangs the head in which so many treacheries were devised! The enemies who remain are not worthy of our fear, now that the bravest have fallen. The stream ceases when the springs are dry. When the head of the serpent is cut off, the body may wriggle for awhile, but it is harmless, and soon becomes putrid.' Dobrizhoffer says it must not be supposed that he has made this oration for Ychoalay; eloquence, he says, is far more common among the Indians, than it is with us in common life. The truth is, that most persons are eloquent when they speak under the influence of strong feeling: the matter of what he thus delivers is no doubt genuine, but it has lost its character in being transferred, from a compound and figurative American language, to good Latin.

Being thus delivered from that state of anxious and exasperated feeling in which, while Debayakaikin lived, he was kept, partly by apprehension of his rival's design and partly by jealousy of his reputation, Ychoalay declared himself ready to receive baptism. The governor of Santa Fe was then in the Reduction, and requested him to postpone it till the ceremony could be performed in the most public manner at Santa Fe. Though this was intended as a mark of honour, it offended Ychoalay. It probably disturbed his mind; it had often and earnestly been represented to him that there

could

could be no salvation for him unless he received this expiatory rite; delay, he had always been assured, in a matter of such moment, was infinitely dangerous, but either they were less solicitous in reality for his eternal welfare than they had always professed themselves to be, or the rite itself was of less consequence, and might safely be postponed. So he seems to have received it, and his faith apparently was shaken, for it was not till some years after that he would listen to any further persuasions; then he was baptized at Santa Fe—the governor was his sponsor. A feast was made upon the occasion, and all the honours shown him which could then be bestowed. He deserved indeed the utmost gratitude from the Spaniards, to whom he had shown himself as faithful and as zealous in alliance, as he had once been terrible in war.

Ychoalay was free from all the ordinary vices of a savage. He attached himself to one wife during his pagan state, he abhorred drunkenness, and never would be present at a drinking party, except when it was held as a council of war, and duty required his presence; he was a declared enemy to the jugglers and all their craft; and watched over his people with the vigilance of a good magistrate and the tenderness of a father. Often when with incredible exertion he had succeeded in recapturing the cattle of the Spaniards which the marauders had driven far away, he refused all reward, saying, they knew he was their friend, and ought not to take him for an hireling. He restrained his people from killing calves and cows in preference to other meat, convincing them that they were preparing scarcity for themselves; and he advised them not to make themselves dependent upon certain comforts which the Jesuits gave them in reward for their labour, such as the Paraguay tea, till they were sure that by their own means they could supply themselves with it.

Such a man was worthy to take his place in civilized society; and, undoubtedly, by his example and influence the Abipones might have been brought up to the highest standard of civilization that Paraguay afforded, if the whole superintendence of these, as of the Guaraní Reductions, had been left to the Jesuits; or if the civil authorities, within whose jurisdiction they were placed, had acted more wisely and less penuriously. But the governors, taking upon themselves the merit of founding these colonies and thereby securing the peace of the country, represented their own services in dispatches to the court of Spain, and left the Jesuits to contend with all the difficulties of new establishments, almost unsupported, for the Jesuits were acting under their direction. Had they been acting according to their own system, they would have chosen their situations well, and provided all means for the security and well-being of the new settlers, so that for whatever was wanting, the

Fathers, under whose care they were placed, might have looked to the old Reductions. And even this was not more important than the exclusion from the colony of runaway Spaniards, who, whenever they found a savage horde, brought with them the vices of corrupt society, and if they did not act as deadly enemies to the Jesuits, still by their conduct made the religion, which had profited them so little, contemptible to the Indians. There were many of these in the Abiponian colonies, and many Abipones who had been slaves among the Spaniards, and learnt only to hate them and to depreciate a faith which produced so little effect on the lives of its professors. The Jesuits, in their own land of Missions, were in no want of conveniences, nor of such comforts as the country afforded; and they stood in a relation of acknowledged superiority to the Indians, who loved them as their tenderest friends, and regarded them as a superior race of beings, living under them in a state of filial and almost infantine dependence. It was far otherwise in the Abiponian Reductions. The Jesuits there underwent every kind of privation, and were neither secure from within nor from without. Poor Dobrizhoffer, when he was first ordered to this station, had a woeful sample of the kind of life which he was likely to lead there.

The Abipones, under their chief Alaykin, had deserted Concepcion, and Ychoalay (as we mentioned in a former passage) had saved the Jesuit of that Reduction, Father Joseph Sanchez. The Governor of Santiago, a man of more than ordinary energy and talents, had brought back the fugitives and re-established the father. Upon his departure, he left several bales of cloth, with which the herdsmen were to be paid their wages, for as there was no money of any kind current in Paraguay, all transactions were carried on by barter. Those Abipones who had lived among the Spaniards, and who were always intent upon mischief, persuaded their countrymen that this cloth was for them, and they determined accordingly to kill the Jesuit unless he distributed it. Sanchez, whose life had more than once been threatened by his flock of wolves, gave it up; a concession which, like all concessions made in fear, rendered them more insolent and ungovernable than before. A few days after, Dobrizhoffer arrived with an escort of fifteen Mocobios, to be his colleague. He was not a little surprized to see the Abipones, who came out in crowds to meet him, gaily drest in this cloth, and the rudeness of their demeanour was any thing rather than encouraging: but the sight of Sanchez was far worse; his dress was worn till it would have been difficult to say what its colour had once been; and neither razor nor scissors had for a long time approached his chin. The ghastliness of his looks was in perfect keeping with this costume. He ran into Dobrizhoffer's arms, and by way of salutation said, I should lead a more tolerable life among  
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the Algerines, than among these savages! The Abipones followed them into the hovel, and when Dobrizhoffer opened his portmanteau to take out the bishop's letters for Sanchez, it was only the fear of his escort that prevented them from seizing on the contents. An alarm, however, that the wild Mocobios were about to attack them, operated as a seasonable diversion, the women began to howl, the men prepared, with their usual din of noisy instruments, for battle, and the evening just at this time closed with a storm of thunder and lightning. See, said Sanchez, this is my daily life: and this is what you must be accustomed to, however you like it!

The accommodations of this residence were as choice as the society. Their joint dwelling consisted of a mud hovel, thatched with grass; there was a hole in place of a window, which might be closed at night by a wooden shutter, and there was a door without any means of securing it; a plank served for table, and a hide suspended from four posts for a bed; the floor was the natural soil, with plenty of ant-holes. The mud-walls were full of cracks which not only allowed the winds of heaven to visit them too freely but let in the dust and the rain also, with as many toads and serpents as chose to take the opportunity. Their food was beef, beef, beef;—bread, he says, was not to be dreamt of, and if they had a pumpkin, it was a feast! For drink there was the river. With such comforts did Dobrizhoffer enter upon his service among the Abipones, and in this school of patience he past two years. Such a life, he says, is hard for an European, and might almost be deemed intolerable; yet use reconciled us to it, and the thought that it had been voluntarily chosen for the love of God, made it even pleasurable. The situation of the settlement however was advantageous, the soil being fertile, and the woods abounding with game; and the Jesuits would in time have procured themselves such comforts as were within the reach of their own industry and ingenuity. But they were not suffered to remain long enough for this. The Spanish governors in America, from the earliest times, seem to have thought less of removing a town, than an Englishman does of changing house. Poor as the towns were which could thus be transplanted, whatever labour had been bestowed upon them was rendered vain: but because it had so often been done, the evil consequences were overlooked or disregarded; and the fatal cession of the Uruguay Reductions was made under the erroneous persuasion that the inhabitants might shift their habitation as easily as the savages remove their tents. Disputes had arisen between Ychoalay and the people of Concepcion, and to prevent the war which would have ensued, the Governor of Santiago determined to remove the Nakaiketergehes, eighty leagues farther into his own jurisdiction, to a situation on the bank of the river Salado, where they would be



nearer his controul, and removed from all occasion of offence with Ychoalay. Alaykin the chief, one of the better-minded savages himself, but whose son had been the main cause of the mischief, refused his consent, objecting with much reason to the proposed situation, because the waters were at all times brackish, and in dry seasons so salt and bitter that the very cattle would not drink them. Another chief was so enraged with his wife for approving the intended migration, that he stabbed her. Two other chieftains were however persuaded by means of presents.

It was at the worst season of the year, during the rains. Barreda and his soldiers, on their way from Santiago, when they came to assist in the removal, were obliged to roost in the trees at night, the ground not affording a dry spot on which they could lie down : and when they boiled water for the Caá, to which they trusted for warmth and refreshment, (as European soldiers to ardent spirits,) the crust, or artificial stone of the termites nest, served them as a hearth, which they fastened among the boughs, and kindled a fire upon it. It had rained a month without intermission when they set out on their migration : and during one-and-twenty days they rode with the water mid-leg deep, and sometimes up to their knees. The Abipones were once on the point of changing their minds and turning back ; but Barreda persuaded them to proceed, by exaggerating the advantages which they would derive from being nearer Santiago, and by liberal promises, which Dobrizhoffer and Sanchez heard with grief, and not without indignation, knowing how far short the performance would fall, and with what justice they should be reproached for the insincerity of the Spaniards. He was eager to return, and when they reached the spot would hear of no objection to it, though the Jesuits who were condemned, and the Indians who were allured to it, agreed in pronouncing it unfit for a settlement. One hovel of stakes and long grass was hastily constructed for Dobrizhoffer, another for his colleague, and a third to serve as a church : the Abipones were to lodge in their tents of matting, till they made habitations for themselves. And then, says poor Dobrizhoffer, ' we were left in this wide wilderness to the savages, to misery, and to the daily danger of our lives, so that the considerate Spaniards who saw us, said that we were victims of obedience and miracles of patience. If there had been as many hands to help us as there were eyes to wonder at us, well had it been for us and well for our Abipones.' There however they were left, while Barreda returned to Santiago with his men, and obtained credit with the Governor of Tucuman, with the Viceroy of Peru, and with the King of Spain, for having founded a new town ! After residing here seven miserable months, Dobrizhoffer was removed to Ychoalay's town ; the inconvenience of the situation was found intolerable ; and Sanchez had to shift,

shift, with his colony, again and again, till after no fewer than fourteen changes, a good position was found upon the Rio Dulce.

When Dobrizhoffer had remained about two years at S. Hieronymo, he was removed to the Reduction of S. Fernando, nearly opposite Corrientes, a place so unwholesomely situated that it had invalidated all the Jesuits who were stationed there. He was told that he would not be able to live there three months, and seasoned as he was to all the privations and miseries incident to new settlements, the prediction had nearly been verified. The place was surrounded with lakes, marshes, and woods, the former breeding an Egyptian plague of winged insects, the latter preventing a free circulation of air. The water was from a pool at which the cattle drank, and which was rendered turbid by their feet, and impure by the filth of the settlement, and which abounded with leeches. The torment of the gnats was intolerable; the only preservation against them was kindling, in his own apartment, a fire of cow-dung, but this suffocated him as well as the insects; and by pacing up and down in the open air at night, to breathe more freely, and escape in some degree this torment, he brought on a habit of insomnolence and a loathing of food: his life was in danger, and was only preserved by being removed to one of the Guarani missions, where he enjoyed a wholesome climate, rest, and comparative comfort. It was however his ill fortune, after some years, to be ordered once more to a station among the Abipones, and under more unpromising circumstances, if worse were possible, than any of his former cures.

A horde, consisting of runaways from the other Reductions, the most incorrigible savages of their race, standing in fear of the Guaranis and the Spaniards, whom they had provoked by their robberies, and still more of Ychoalay, sent messengers to Asuncion desiring that they might be settled in a colony under the King's protection. The wiser people of that city represented to the Governor, that these Abipones were in reality nothing better than criminals, who sought the privilege of the sanctuary: for had they been desirous of living peaceably, as they professed, under religious instruction, they would not have deserted from their own town. Fuentes, the Governor, however, wished to have the credit of founding a colony. One of those popular meetings, which the Spaniards call *Cabildo Abierto*, was convoked, and a subscription was made for setting up the proposed settlement, in sheep, kine, horses, tools, and Paraguay-tea; for these and such things large engagements were made, which shrunk sadly in the performance. Dobrizhoffer was sent for, from a distance of nearly 300 leagues, and the Governor complimented him by saying, that had the choice been left to him, there was no other Jesuit in the province whom he should so willingly

have selected. The founder contributed nothing to his colony except a silver chalice, *quo minorem nusquam terrarum vidi*, says Dobrizhoffer; the college gave an alb, an old missal, and an image of Our Lady; he himself cast a leaden crucifix. The Abipones themselves, as had in the first instance been done with all their former colonies, were allowed to chuse the site of the intended settlement, and they fixed upon a spot about seventy leagues below Asumpcion, on the right bank of the Paraguay, called *La Herradura*, because the river in that part incloses an island shaped like a horse-shoe. They chose it, in spite of many natural disadvantages, because it was difficult of access; and the Spaniards approved the choice, because it was precisely at this point that the wild Mocabios and Tobas crossed the river when they made an incursion into Paraguay, and they hoped thus to establish a barrier against them. Yegros went in person with four hundred soldiers to see the foundations laid.

Many Jesuits have laid down their lives in Paraguay, but there are few who have been placed in such forlorn and inauspicious stations as Dobrizhoffer. After reconnoitring the ground he told the Governor, with a groan, that it produced no good pasture, and that altogether it was a better situation for frogs than for men. But it was he and not the Governor who was to bear the inconvenience. A dwelling-house, if that name may be applied to the sort of human sty which it proved to be, was begun for the Jesuit, the soldiers constructing it. They, as well as Yegros, were impatient to return, and therefore did their work hastily and ill. The natural soil was left for the floor. The roof was composed of canes thatched with long grass, the grass being first rolled, and afterwards plastered with mud, lest the hostile Indians, by means of arrows, should set fire to it, a danger which the first settlers at Buenos Ayres had severely experienced. Not a single hut was erected for the savages, they kept aloof in their wigwams. Yegros, however, could affirm in his dispatches to the court that he had founded a town, which he called *Colonia del Rosario y S. Carlos*: the St. Charles was added in compliment to the King of Spain; there was nothing royal about it, says poor Dobrizhoffer, and for its other appellation it might have been far more fitly named from thorns than from roses. It was well for him that he had a temper which could discover matter for a jest in his own misery, and better that, being in the discharge of his duty, he had a firm reliance upon Divine Providence. *Hispanis omnibus cum Gubernatore dilapsis, Abiponum et quotquot in vicinia vagantur, barbarorum hostilium voluntatibus relinquebar, nunquam tamen tutior, quia solo solius Dei optimi maximi præsidio fretus*:—thus he expresses that pious trust which in the worst emergencies affords sure comfort. He had need of it at this time.

Yegros

Yegros had departed so precipitately and under such manifest impressions of suspicion and fear, that the savages were alarmed, and believed he was gone to prepare a stronger force and fall upon them as soon as they should be collected in the new settlement. This opinion would hardly have been removed if Dobrizhoffer had not understood their language and their manners well, and also been well known by character among them. A grazing farm, on the opposite side of the Paraguay, was assigned for the use of the Reduction, but it was poorly stocked, and under the care of a rogue who secretly destroyed the best beasts that he might sell the tallow, and at last ran away, fearing the just punishment of his dishonesty. The Governor supplied his place by a madman, who perpetually tormented Dobrizhoffer with stories that wherever he was, by day or by night, stones were thrown at him by an invisible hand. The situation of the farm on the opposite side of so wide a river was no little inconvenience. The cattle were first to be caught by means of the noose, their horns were then tied to the boat, so as to support the head, and in this manner they were towed across. The river abounded with seals and capibaras, but fish were very scarce for that reason, and also because of the crocodiles with which it swarmed. The crocodile is not formidable in Paraguay. Though the Abipones, children as well as adults, bathed in rivers, ponds, and lakes, which these creatures frequented, Dobrizhoffer never heard of any person being injured by them; as they approach a temperate climate they lose their ferocity. He indeed ascribes less to the climate than to the fact that the crocodiles are not pursued by the Indians for food,—*illos equidem a crocodilis potissimum offendi existimo, a quibus hi fuerint offensi. Parcunt sibi parcentibus.* But he himself, who sailed among them in his leathern coracle in perfect security, had certainly no claim to be included in this sort of alliance, for he ate crocodiles and thought them excellent. And by his own account it appears that the Payaguas, a tribe who lived upon the Paraguay, ate them, and that the Abipones themselves killed them, for the sake of their bones and their teeth. The glands, which secrete a musky substance in this animal, were in request among the clergy in that country, and kept in the *custodia* to preserve the wafer from those insects which would otherwise have bred in it.

Unpromising as the subjects were for whom the colony was founded, they were not altogether indocile; a great number of them, partly in fear of the hostile savages, and partly to better their place of abode and way of life, crossed the river to the grazing estate, and there employed themselves very usefully in tending the cattle, the women shearing the sheep, spinning the wool, and weaving from it a coarse cloth. The small-pox broke  
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out among them, and every person in the settlement, one alone excepted, took the disease. It is well known how fatal this disease has generally proved among the Indians. In the Guaraní Reductions it raged like a pestilence whenever it appeared. Many tribes, upon its first appearance, used to forsake the sick, however near in blood, and fly; and believing that the plague pursued them, they thought to baffle and escape it by winding and doubling in their flight. Dobrizhoffer affirms that it is much more fatal among the pedestrian than the equestrian tribes, which he accounts for by the greater activity and strength of the latter; the solution seems insufficient, because men in middle life, who were the strongest subjects, suffered most from it. Most of the Abipones fled, many to a considerable distance; they, however, did not forsake the sick, and very few died; this he reasonably accounts for by their exposing themselves freely to the air, as their feelings indicated; for he had seen how fatal an opposite treatment proved among the Guaranies. A chief of the Tobas, Keebetavalkin by name, was, with his wife and two daughters, in the colony, for the double purpose of discovering where and how it might be best attacked, and of practising upon the sick, he being esteemed the greatest practitioner in the Chaco. He was an old man, and having duped so many, had probably at last become the dupe of his own pretensions; for without any fear of contagion, he went through the usual routine of his practice, breathing upon the sick to blow away the morbid principle, and applying his lips to different parts of the patient's body, that he might suck it forth and spit it out. But his confidence did not preserve him; he took the disease, it proved fatal, and Dobrizhoffer had the satisfaction of baptizing him before he died. The conversion cost him little trouble at the time, but he foresaw the danger which he should incur by it, and he paid dearly for it in the end.

The unconverted Indians supposed baptism to be a ceremony which produced death, because whenever opportunity offered, the Jesuits administered it to dying infants, and adults in the last stage of disease.—Keebetavalkin's death therefore was imputed to this cause,—not to the small-pox. His wife and daughters buried the flesh in the woods, put the bones on horseback and returned with the skeleton to their tribe, by whom it was determined to take vengeance for the deceased. They alarmed and infested the settlement so much that some of the Abipones went to Asumpcion, and solicited the governor to assist them in an expedition against them. Yegros, who held the government by the demise of a former governor till a successor should be appointed, was desirous of distinguishing himself and having some services to plead, and went with forty horsemen upon this business. The Abipones in his company

company found a horde of Tobas, whom they surprized, and as usual used their victory cruelly,—they cut the wife and daughter of Keebetavalkin to pieces, though these women had dwelt for a time among them; and they brought home many women and children prisoners, to the great regret of Dobrizhoffer, who abhorred the cruelty for itself, and dreaded the consequences of that just hatred which it would kindle in the enemy: the Abipones themselves, as soon as Yegros had left them, and the brutal joy of their success had subsided, began to fear reprisals which their old women also loudly predicted, and they lived in continual alarm. The ague at this time became endemic among them, and Dobrizhoffer was brought by it to the very brink of the grave; he was without medicine of any kind, without any of those comforts which are required in sickness, and when he had scarcely strength to stand, was obliged to keep watch leaning upon his musket as a staff, and the Indians every day lamented over him, and told him he would soon die; the doubt was whether the ague would put an end to his life before the savages came, or if the savages would arrive soon enough to cut short the work of disease; one or the other he thought must happen, and was prepared, he says, for either, thinking death better than such a life. He sent, however, letters to the governor, describing his own danger, and the perilous situation of the place, and requesting that men might be sent to protect the settlement, and a priest to perform those duties which he was no longer capable of performing. The governor's reply was that he could neither spare priest nor men till after Easter: the three days preceding Easter were devoted to religious ceremonies, prayers, processions, and self-flagellations, and he did not think it right to deprive the men of their share in these edifying performances. Dobrizhoffer relates this in perfect good humour; but he remarks that the governor would have given proofs of sounder piety and prudence, if he had made no delay in sending soldiers to a colony which was threatened by the enemy, and a priest to a dying man.

Easter being over, Father Cosme de la Cueva was deputed to succeed Dobrizhoffer, if he should find him dead, otherwise to send him to Asumpcion, and officiate for him during his absence and recovery. F. Cosme, though a Jesuit, had never been upon active service as a missionary,—his life had been past in colleges, lecturing upon philosophy and theology. It was with the greatest joy that he found Dobrizhoffer alive and better, and with the most sincere desire of contributing to his recovery, that he bestowed upon him, from the provisions which he brought from the city, every thing which he thought comfortable and nourishing: for he presently perceived that his own life depended, almost as much

as the patient's, upon the issue; so intolerable to him were the perpetual alarms which disturbed the colony, and the privations of every kind to which he must there have been subjected. Dobrizhoffer was a high-spirited man, long accustomed to such miseries, and in reality attached to the savages, for whose sake he had so long endured them;—there was also no trifling support in the belief that all these privations and sufferings, being religiously and cheerfully endured, were real and substantial merits in the sight of that God to whose service he had devoted himself: he therefore let Cosme return after a few days, but even that short experience of his habitual hardships had nearly proved fatal to a man accustomed to a sedentary and quiet life. He took to his bed when he reached Asumpcion, and did not recover till after twelve months.

Dobrizhoffer had just cause to complain of the manner in which he was treated. The king's public letters, which he had seen himself, enjoined that in every new colony five-and-twenty able Spanish soldiers, chosen by the missionaries themselves, should be stationed for their protection: and he was left with four miserable invalids. The chief Oahari soon received private intelligence that the Tobas, Mocobios and Guaycurus, were preparing for an immediate attack: this chieftain had behaved with great inhumanity in the expedition against the Tobas, and thinking it better to be out of the way of danger, set off under pretence of a hunting-party, in spite of all Dobrizhoffer's remonstrances: so many followed him, that among those who remained there were only four men whose courage and fidelity could be relied on; and nothing then prevented the Jesuit from abandoning a colony in which he was so completely deserted by the Spanish governor, but a sense of pride which came in aid of duty, and a determination to show the Spaniards that the Germans were never wanting in intrepidity.

Just at this time, by good fortune, eight Abipones arrived from an expedition, all tried men. With these, with his fire-arms, and above all, with the help of one piece of cannon, he hoped to withstand an enemy, who, desirous as they were of destroying their adversaries, were still more desirous of preserving themselves. He had only eight rounds of powder for this gun, and one iron shot; but he had made great use of that shot. It was at hand whenever he had any wild visitors, to be produced as a sample of his military stores; and when they handed it from one to another, and remarked what a dreadful weapon it was, and what a wound it would make, that impression was of as much use as a formidable military display. It was now known that the enemy were near, the smoke of their fires had been seen, and even some of their scouts distinguished from a sort of watch-box which Dobrizhoffer had erected upon high posts. After pacing the area himself till two in the morning, he had ventured



tured to get a few hours sleep; the Spaniard who relieved him, finding the night air cold, crept into a corner of the house and fell asleep, and presently both were awakened by the howl of the savages, six hundred in number, who had approached the palisade unseen. The palisades were so thickly set, that though the invaders standing close to it could discharge their arrows through the interstices, it was of no use to fire at them, unless the muzzle of the gun were in like manner placed near the aperture. Dobrizhoffer knew what impression a shot would produce upon the whole party if it took effect, and how dangerously their spirits would be exalted if they heard a report, and found that no mischief followed it. He had four pistols in his belt, and a musket in his hand, and in the determination that these should not be fired in vain, he was advancing to the palisades and was within ten steps when an arrow struck him on the right arm, near the shoulder, and fastened his arm to his side. He returned into his hovel to have it extracted by one of the Spaniards. It was an arrow with five barbs, and the mode of extracting it was by twirling it between the hands like a chocolate mill, so as to open a way for it; the extreme anguish of such an operation, he says, no person can imagine who has not felt it. As soon however as the dart was extracted, he returned to the palisade. It was broad moonlight, and the sight of his gun and pistols had already been sufficient to send away this party of assailants,—so readily will even the most courageous and fiercest savages fly from the slightest danger, where it is not a point of honour to brave it. They got on horseback and still hovered near; the piece of cannon was brought out, and fired; it had been loaded with a number of leaden bullets, not the formidable ball. This sent them away full gallop,—they rallied in the adjoining wood, and endeavoured to decoy Dobrizhoffer and his handful of Abipones within their reach, but he stood by his gun, and resisting all the importunities of the women, who never ceased calling upon him to fire it again, kept the lighted match in his hand. In this manner they continued for several hours, the savages menacing him, and yet not daring to approach within reach of the cannon; till at length they retreated with the horses and kine, which they drove off without molestation.

Dobrizhoffer's first business was to dress the wound of one of his Abipones; he had then leisure to look to his own, which he washed with warm wine, and then bound up. Every night he anointed it with pullet's fat, liquified over the candle, and with these remedies the wound healed in sixteen days; but one of the muscles continued swoln for some time, and it was five months before he could move the middle finger. The arrow and the bloody sleeve of his garment he sent to Asumpcion, where he was first deplored

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as a martyr, and when his recovery was known, lauded as a confessor, inasmuch as what he had suffered was in consequence of his having baptized Keebetavalkin. The good old man always looked back upon the adventure with allowable pride, and in his latter years, when what remained of life could only be sorrow and pain, with something like regret that he had not obtained the palm of martyrdom when he underwent its pains. That consummation he had always wished for. So he affirms, and they must be indeed mere worldlings who can doubt his affirmation, however they may think his zeal and his abilities were misdirected. What is remarkable in this missionary is, that no trace of superstition or enthusiasm appears in the whole account which he has given of himself. The life which he led must have been intolerable, if he had not been supported by a firm belief that it was meritorious; thoroughly sincere he was, and like the rest of his order never doubted that the eternal bliss of a savage, and even of a poor infant, depended upon the chance of their receiving baptism. But he never looked for miracles, he neither fancied nor feigned them; and in a situation which would have driven weaker minds mad, and where weaker bodies would have sunk, he retained his good sense and his cheerful temper to the last. The Governor required from him once an account of the Abipones under his care, which was to entitle him to the salary allowed by the King to the missionaries. Dobrizhoffer replied, I have no right to ask for that allowance which his Catholic Majesty has assigned for the support of the missionaries, for in this colony I have not *catechumens* but *energumens*. But I affirm that I am fully entitled to military pay, and that there is not in this province colonel or captain who, for any pay, would undergo for one month the perpetual danger, watching, fatigue, and misery, which now nearly for two years I have endured every day in defending this colony against the savages. But neither as missionary nor as soldier did he receive any thing from the crown for his services. Even his strength, aided as it was by his unconquerable good spirits and good temper, proved at last unequal to the demand upon it; and at the end of two years he desired to be recalled, being wasted to the bone, and crippled in the right hand, in consequence of his wound. He recovered in the Guarani Reductions, and was then appointed to the cure of St. Joachim, where he was usefully and happily employed, till the expulsion of his order.

In the year 1805, a book was published in this country under the title of 'Letters from Paraguay,' which pretended to describe the state of the Reductions at that time. It was said in the title-page to be by John Constance Davie, Esq. and in a prefatory advertisement it was stated that the Letters were addressed to his half-brother — Yorke, Esq. of Taunton Dean, in Somersetshire. This latter

latter name was fictitious, no such person being known there; and the book was, in fact, one of those fabrications, which, as they endeavour to pass for what they pretend to be, cannot be too severely stigmatized. The real history of the Reductions is, that after the expulsion of the Jesuits, they went rapidly to ruin. The seven Uruguay towns were taken possession of by the Portuguese in 1801, and retained by them upon the plea that no mention of them was made in the treaty of peace; and that the court of Rio de Janeiro had resolved upon adding the rest to its enormous territory, and making the Paraguay its boundary, appears, by the *Corographia Brazilica* of P. Manoel Ayres de Casal, printed at the Rio in 1817, wherein, under the title of the Province of Parana, the whole of Paraguay is included. This object would, with little difficulty, have been effected, if the Brazilians had escaped the endemic revolutionary fever. But they have taken the disease, and are now, it is to be feared, to learn by miserable experience, that a bad government is infinitely better than none.

This very singular and interesting book is worthy to be placed beside Mr. Mariner's account of the Tonga Islands. We have dwelt chiefly upon the personal adventures of the author. That portion of his work, however, which relates to the manners and opinions of the savages, is not less curious,—it is, perhaps, the most complete and extraordinary description of savage life that has ever yet been published. It contains, also, many remarkable facts in natural history, and much incidental information concerning the state of the Spanish inhabitants,—who had certainly not improved in any respect when Azara wrote his account of the country, forty years afterwards. That country affords, at this time, an important subject for consideration. It is yet to be seen whether the civilizing influence which Buenos-Ayres, as a great and free commercial city, may exercise over the interior, will be able to counteract the tendency of barbarous independence. As long ago as the days of Philip de Comines, the evils of revolution, even of such revolutions as extend only to a violent change of rulers, were clearly perceived by all wise men. That sagacious writer says :—*aucune mutation ne peut estre en un royaume qu'elle ne soit bien douloureuse pour le pluspart : et combien qu' aucuns y gagnent, encores en y a-il cent fois plus qui y perdent : et faut changer mainte costume et forme de vivre à celle mutation.* This is certain, that all the miseries which Spanish America has suffered during the last ten years, might have been spared. If the colonists could have had patience to await the course of events in the mother-country, they would immediately have enjoyed the commercial advantages of independence; and the separation which has already cost so many crimes, and produced such extensive ruin, would now have been taking place without a struggle.

ART. II.—*A Vindication of 1 John, v. 7. from the Objections of M. Griesbach: in which is given a new View of the External Evidence, with Greek Authorities for the Authenticity of the Verse, not hitherto adduced in its Defence.* By the Bishop of St. David's. London. 1821.

WE must confess that, when we read an advertisement announcing the publication of a work which promised to give 'Greek authorities for the authenticity of 1 John, v. 7, not hitherto adduced in its defence,' we felt no slight degree of surprize and curiosity. After the labour bestowed by so many learned and ingenious men as have written on this controverted verse, nothing seemed to remain for future disputants but to re-state, and place in new lights, the facts which had been transmitted to them. When, therefore, we saw new authorities promised, we were anxious to know by what singular felicity the Right Reverend Prelate had been led to the discovery of evidence which had escaped the researches of all preceding inquirers.

The result of the controversy between Professor Porson and Archdeacon Travis—the last regular controversy on the subject of 1 John, v. 7.—had proved in a very high degree unfavourable to the opinion of the genuineness of that passage. The great majority of learned men, whatever were their sentiments respecting the important doctrine of the Trinity, agreed in pronouncing the verse to be spurious. Within these few years, however, some persons of distinguished talents and learning have re-asserted its claims to a place in the sacred text. Among others, Mr. Nolan, of whose principal argument on the subject we shall hereafter have occasion to speak, maintains its genuineness, in his *Inquiry into the Integrity of the Greek Vulgate*; and the Bishop of St. David's, in the publication now before us, enrols himself in the number of its advocates. In expressing our candid opinion of the arguments employed by the Right Reverend author, we shall be anxious not to be thought to violate the respect due to his exalted station and his literary character. To say the truth, we are induced to offer the following remarks to the consideration of our readers, not merely because we think those arguments inconclusive, but also because we have serious objections to the *mode* of argument which has been sanctioned by his lordship's authority. We apprehend that it may have a tendency to excite, in many minds, something like a feeling of uncertainty with regard to the sacred text in general. Beyond doubt, in the estimation of the Bishop of St. David's, it cannot have that tendency: for, if it had, we are quite certain that he would be one of the last persons living to adopt it. Of the purity,

purity, indeed, of his lordship's intentions, and of the zeal and ability with which he has for many years defended the orthodox faith against its opponents, we are fully sensible; and having long ago taken the field—as, we trust, our readers cannot fail to recollect—in the same good cause, we feel pain and grief when recourse is had to a plan of warfare in which we find it impossible to co-operate.

The first chapter of the Bishop's tract is occupied in showing that 'the judgment which Mr. Griesbach has passed on the controverted verse of St. John, is precipitate, partial, contrary to his own rules of criticism, and untenable.' Even if this position had been fully established, although Griesbach's authority would have been destroyed, yet we think that the learned prelate would have made but little progress towards his main object—the proof of the genuineness of 1 John, v. 7. To vanquish one opponent, while so many remained in array against him, could give but small hopes of final victory. Professor Porson's formidable objections to the verse would be still untouched. But let us examine the arguments by which the Bishop has endeavoured to prove that Griesbach's judgment is untenable.—Griesbach affirms that the seventh verse was first quoted by Vigilius Tapsensis, in the fifth century. To this assertion, his lordship opposes some remarks of Mr. Porson; who says, in one place, that 'the whole labour of supporting the verse is devolved upon Cyprian;' and, in another, that 'the chief support of this contested verse, is the authority of the Vulgate.' 'Here,' observes the Bishop, 'we ascend to the end of the second century, the age of Tertullian, who appears from his writings to have found the verse in his copy of the Latin version.' The fair inference from this statement of his lordship appears to be, that Mr. Porson admitted the verse to have been quoted by Tertullian and Cyprian; whereas, in one of his letters to Archdeacon Travis, he takes great pains to show that neither of them has quoted it. Whether, indeed, the verse has really been quoted by Eucherius, or by Cyprian, or by Tertullian, is a disputed point: and, therefore, before the Bishop pronounced Griesbach's opinion 'untenable,' it was incumbent upon him, distinctly to prove that the verse had been so quoted.

Griesbach has asserted that the verse in question is found only in one Greek MS. and that a MS. of the 15th or 16th century. To this assertion, the learned prelate opposes the opinion of Dr. Adam Clarke, who conceives that 'the MS. is more likely to have been the production of the 13th, than either of the 11th (as Mr. Martin imagined) or the 15th century.' For our own parts, if we may judge from the fac-simile prefixed to the present tract, we should

be inclined to assign to the MS. a very recent date. As, however, there is reason to believe that, in the 13th century, the seventh verse was extant in a majority of the copies of the Latin Vulgate, a Greek MS. of that age may easily have been interpolated from those copies. The Bishop proceeds—'if the verse has not yet been found in any other Greek MS. it may hereafter. The *hymn to Ceres* had been lost for sixteen centuries, when it was discovered in a manuscript at Moscow, and that manuscript written as late as the end of the fourteenth century.' We are here obliged to confess, which we do with great reluctance, that we cannot perceive the slightest resemblance between the circumstances of the hymn to Ceres, and those of 1 John, v. 7. In order to make out a case similar to that of the Moscow manuscript, we ought to suppose that a Greek father, of the second or third century, had quoted a passage from the first epistle of St. John, of which epistle no MS. had been discovered till the fourteenth century; when one was found, purporting to be the Epistle of St. John, and containing the passage quoted by that father. This would, indeed, be a case exactly similar to that of the hymn to Ceres. But because the hymn to Ceres, of the existence of which we were assured on the authority of respectable writers of antiquity, has, after a lapse of centuries, been discovered in a MS. at Moscow, are we therefore to deem it probable that a MS. may be discovered containing the disputed verse in St. John, though all the known Greek MSS. excepting one, which appears under very suspicious circumstances, omit that verse?—What hidden things the revolution of ages may bring to light, we pretend not to conjecture. Should such a MS. at length appear, it will certainly add much to the weight of testimony in favour of the disputed verse; but, until it is actually produced, we suspect that little importance will be attributed to the supposition of its existence. The argument may be placed in a somewhat different point of view. That the hymn to Ceres had once existed, was evident from the quotations of ancient authors. Where then lay the improbability that a MS. of it might at last be discovered? But thence to infer the probability that a Greek MS. containing the controverted verse will hereafter be found, is to take for granted the point in dispute, and to assume that the verse actually proceeded from the pen of St. John.

After these preliminary remarks, the object of which is rather to weaken the authority of Griesbach than to establish the genuineness of the verse, the Right Rev. Author proceeds to the main question; and is met at the outset by what we had always considered a very serious difficulty:—'if the verse be genuine, how is its absence from the Greek MSS. to be accounted for?' But, to our surprise, the

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the Bishop answers—'it is not at all necessary that the defenders of the verse should be able to account for its absence; nor would such inability be any proof of want of evidence in its support.' Surely the defenders of the verse may fairly be expected to assign some plausible reasons at least, for its absence from the Greek MSS. Were not the MSS. we now have, transcribed from MSS. of an earlier date; and those from others, till we ascend to the autograph of St. John?—and is not the absence of the verse from our MSS. a strong presumptive evidence that it was wanting also in those earlier MSS. and consequently in the original Epistle?—The truth is that, notwithstanding this opinion of the learned prelate, other defenders of the verse have thought it necessary to give what they considered to be a probable account of its omission. Some have had recourse to the *disciplina arcani*; of which Mr. Porson very properly observes that 'it is a dangerous hypothesis; and if admitted, instead of strengthening particular passages, would weaken the authority of the whole New Testament.' Mr. Nolan supposes that the verse was suppressed by Eusebius, in the edition of the New Testament which he revised under the sanction of Constantine the Great. As this supposition is, we believe, entirely new, and is, in fact, the principal support of Mr. Nolan's system, it may be worth while to enter into a somewhat minute examination of the arguments by which it is maintained.

In the life of Constantine, by Eusebius, (lib. iv. cap. 36.) we find a letter addressed by that Emperor to Eusebius, then Bishop of Cæsarea; in which, after stating that, in consequence of the vast accession of converts to the Christian faith, he had given orders for the fitting up of additional churches, the Emperor proceeds as follows:—*πρέπον γὰρ κατεφάνη τὸ δηλῶσαι τῇ σῇ συνέσει, ὅπως ἂν πενήτοντα σώματα ἐν διψήραις ἐγκατασκευοῖς, εὐανάγνωστά τε καὶ πρὸς τὴν χρῆσιν εὐμετακόμιστα, ὑπὸ τεχνιτῶν καλλιγράφων καὶ ἀκριβοῦς τὴν τεχνὴν ἐπισταμένων, γραφῆναι κελεύσεις· τῶν θείων δηλαδὴ γραφῶν, ἃν μάλιστα τὴν τ' ἐπισκευὴν καὶ τὴν χρῆσιν τῷ τῆς ἐκκλησίας λόγῳ ἀναγκαῖαν εἶναι γινώσκεις.* We must confess that we are utterly at a loss to conceive what support this passage affords to Mr. Nolan's assertion that Eusebius was commissioned by the Emperor to prepare a new edition of the sacred scriptures, with a discretionary power of selecting such parts of them as he might think necessary for the edification of the church. Constantine directs Eusebius to prepare, with as much speed as possible,\* (an injunc-

\* *ἢ γὰρ ὡς τάχιστα τὰ γραφέντα σωμάτια κατασκευασθῆναι, τῆς σῆς ἐπιμελείας ἔργον τοῦτο γινέσθαι.*



tion not very consistent with the supposition that he was to revise the text) fifty copies of the scriptures, in order that they might be read in his new churches. As to the power of selection, which Mr. Nolan finds in the last clause of the sentence above quoted, the words certainly appear to convey no such meaning. The following is Dr. Cave's translation :—' It seemed good to me to intimate to your wisdom that you cause fifty copies of the holy scriptures, the use whereof you know to be absolutely necessary to the church, to be fairly transcribed in parchment, by antiquaries accurately dextrous in that art ; such as may be easily read, and carried up and down for that purpose.' The words in *italics* correspond to the last clause of the quotation ; and, in our opinion, represent its meaning with accuracy. Mr. Nolan's translation of the same clause is—' namely, of the sacred scriptures, whereof chiefly you know the preparation and use to be necessary to the doctrine of the church.' In order to obtain, even from his own translation, the meaning which he wishes to establish, by the expression 'the sacred scriptures,' we must understand 'those parts of the sacred scriptures,' which Eusebius might deem the most useful. We are inclined to think that few Greek scholars will agree with Mr. Nolan in his interpretation of the passage. But allowing it to be correct, the power vested in Eusebius could only be that of selecting such books of scripture as he considered the best fitted for general use ; not that of omitting such passages in those books as appeared to militate against his peculiar notions. Yet on so slight a foundation does Mr. Nolan build his charge against Eusebius of expunging 1 John, v. 7. from the sacred text.

Had Eusebius committed the fraud of which Mr. Nolan accuses him, it is scarcely possible that some notice should not have been taken of it, by the defenders of the orthodox faith. If Mr. Nolan's supposition be correct, all the MSS. of St. John's epistle, of a date previous to this edition of Eusebius, contained the *disputed verse*. What then are we to think of the vigilance of the maintainers of the Homoïusian doctrine ; who allowed so important a text to be withdrawn from the sacred volume, without exclaiming against the mutilation ? Where was Athanasius ? He must have been conversant with MSS. which contained the perfect text ; and if the edition of Eusebius was circulated with the rapidity which Mr. Nolan pretends, must also, in his travels, have met with copies of that edition. Would he not have eagerly seized the opportunity of denouncing Eusebius as a falsifier of scripture ? Would Jerome, who calls Eusebius the standard-bearer of Arianism, have overlooked a fraud of so deep a dye ? Again, Eusebius was condemned at the second council of Nice : was the charge of mutilating the scriptures

scriptures then advanced against him?—Never, surely, was so serious an accusation supported by evidence so unsatisfactory.

But Mr. Nolan refers to a passage in the Ecclesiastical History of Socrates, (lib. vii. cap. 37.) in which the historian asserts, that some persons, who wished to separate the divinity of Christ from his humanity, had corrupted 1 John iv. 3. He at the same time gives the true reading, as it was found in the ancient MSS.; which coincides precisely with the reading of the Vulgate.\* If, then, the Vulgate has preserved the true reading of 1 John iv. 3., why may it not also have preserved the true reading of 1 John v. 7.? But the latter verse, according to Mr. Nolan, is not less adverse than the former, to the opinion of those who would separate the human and divine natures of Christ. If, therefore, Socrates had been aware of any corruption of 1 John v. 7., is it not highly probable, is it not certain, that he would have mentioned it? His silence under such circumstances affords the strongest presumptive evidence that he was ignorant of any such mutilation. Of this, at least, we may be very sure, that he did not suspect Eusebius of having corrupted 1 John iv. 3.; for he immediately subjoins a passage from the Life of Constantine, by Eusebius, in which the union of the divine and human natures is affirmed in as explicit terms as language can furnish. Οὕτω γὰρ καὶ ὁ Παμφίλου Ἐυσέβιος ἐν τῷ τρίτῳ λόγῳ τῷ εἰς τὸν βίον Κωνσταντίνου, κατὰ λέξιν ταῦτα φησί· καὶ γὰρ καὶ γένησιν ὑπομένειν ὁ μὲν ἡμῶν θεὸς δι' ἡμᾶς ἡνέσχετο· παλὶ τόπος αὐτοῦ τῆς ἰσάρεως γενήσεως ὀνομαστὶ παρ' Ἐβραίοις ἡ Βηθλεὲμ ἐκκερύνετο. (*Socrat. Eccl. Hist. lib. vii. cap. 32.*)

But to return to the author of the tract under review. After some remarks upon the supposed quotation by Cyprian, to which we shall hereafter call the reader's attention, his lordship proceeds to consider the internal evidence for the verse; the point on which he seems disposed to lay the greatest stress. Our opinion is, that, whether we insert or omit the seventh verse, the passage presents considerable difficulties. Bishop Horsley says, that the sense absolutely requires the insertion of the seventh verse: Sir Isaac Newton, that the connexion is best preserved by expunging it. Here we find great names opposed to each other. A late commentator† suggests, that the sense would be rendered more perspicuous by the omission both of the seventh and eighth verses. The fact seems to be, that in pronouncing upon the internal, writers have been determined by the view which they have taken of the external evidence.

If the seventh verse be omitted, the language, according to the

\* Mr. Gibbon was inclined to think the reading of the Vulgate the true reading, (vol. viii. p. 270. ed. 8vo.): but Mr. Porson pronounces his opinion to be very uncritical, (p. 388.)

† *Slade on the Epistles, in loco.*

learned prelate, is solœcistical: three neuter nouns being connected with a masculine participle. Is then the solœcism removed by the insertion of the seventh verse? No: 'but in the seventh verse, we have the three witnesses, already recorded by St. John in his gospel, and at the same time, language of legitimate construction. For *πνῦμα* being by signification masculine, though by form neuter, and being one of the three *μαρτυροῦντες* in verse 7, retains its construction in the eighth, and associates with it the other neuter nouns, which follow its construction.' (p. 24.) Or, according to Mr. Nolan, 'by the insertion of *ὁ πατὴρ καὶ ὁ λόγος*, to the masculine adjectives *τρεῖς ὁ μαρτυροῦντες* are ascribed suitable substantives; and by the figure *attraction*, which is so prevalent in Greek, every objection is removed to the structure of the context.' (p. 260.) Until, however, Mr. Nolan produces some instances of the use of the figure *attraction*, which bear a nearer affinity to the disputed verse than those which he has produced in page 565, we must beg leave to question the force of the argument founded upon it. Bengelius, to whose authority the Bishop of St. David's justly ascribes great weight, thought that the seventh verse ought to follow the eighth. If he is correct in his opinion, what becomes of the argument from attraction? The bishop says, that 'the three who bear record, are persons; distinguished as persons by the masculine participle. But does St. John never use a neuter participle, when speaking of persons? What shall we say to the fourth verse of this very chapter, when compared with the fifth? "*Οτι πᾶν τὸ γεγεννημένον ἐκ τοῦ θεοῦ νικᾷ τὸν κόσμον—τίς ἐστιν ὁ νικῶν τὸν κόσμον, εἰ μὴ ὁ πιστεύων*, κ. τ. ἔ.

The objection urged by Bishop Middleton, that the article *τὸ* before *ἐν* in the eighth verse, necessarily implies a reference to something which has gone before, appears to us to have some weight; though, to be strictly correct, there should be an identity in the subject, and not a similarity only. Still a doubt may be reasonably entertained, whether, in the language of St. John, *τὸ ἐν* is not used as equivalent to *τὸ αὐτὸ*, as it is in Phil. ii. 2.; in which case no reference to any preceding expression would be implied. To this we may add, that if the Vulgate preserves the true reading, the translators must have supposed the *εἰς τὸ ἐν* of the eighth verse, to be equivalent to the *ἐν* of the seventh; for all the MSS. which retain the concluding clause of the eighth verse, (a very large portion of them omitting it,) read *tres unum sunt*, as in the seventh verse.

But, it is observed, 'the mode of thinking and diction is peculiar to St. John. No other evangelist or apostle speaks of the witness of the Father and the Holy Spirit, as he does in his gospel.' (p. 26.) In support of this observation, we are referred to John v.

31—37.; viii. 13—18.; xv. 26. Allow to this argument all the weight that can possibly be ascribed to it, still it can only prove that St. John *might* have written the disputed verse. Let our readers, however, examine the texts above enumerated, and they, cannot fail, we think, to be convinced how little they conduce to the establishment of the controverted reading.

Before we quit this part of the subject, we will venture to make a few remarks upon what we are obliged to consider a most unguarded statement of the right reverend prelate. 'Without the seventh verse, there is no reason to be given why the evidences of Christ's incarnation are limited to three in the eighth verse: for he is proved to be the Son of God incarnate, by all the predicted circumstances of his birth, life, miracles and sufferings, which are verified in the gospel. Without the seventh verse, therefore, instead of three, there might be thirty witnesses. But with the three witnesses of the seventh verse, the limitation to three witnesses in the eighth followed by a natural and obvious parallelism. If the seventh verse had not preceded, it is probable that the water and the blood would not have been mentioned as witnesses; for they are not so recorded in the gospel, nor so styled in verse 6.' (p. 25.)

What then, we would ask, are the water and the blood adduced as witnesses, not because the train of the apostle's reasoning required the mention of their testimony, but merely for the sake of a parallelism? Can it for an instant be supposed, that St. John was less attentive to the meaning, than to the structure of his sentences? Let us take care, that in our eagerness to establish the genuineness of a single passage, we have not recourse to arguments which tend to subvert the authority of the whole sacred volume.

We come now to the external testimony. The right reverend author observes, that 'the relative strength and weakness of the external evidence will be best seen by dividing it into three periods. The first, from the death of St. John to the end of the third century. (2.) From the beginning of the fourth century to the end of the ninth. (3.) From the beginning of the tenth century to the date of the first printed edition of the Greek text of the New Testament in the sixteenth.' (p. 28.)

The propriety of this division is not very apparent. Why should the whole interval, between the beginning of the fourth century and the end of the ninth, form one period? How different in point of authority, is a MS. of the fourth century and a MS. of the ninth? But to proceed with the argument.

'The first period (A.D. 101—300.) contains *no evidence against the verse*, but much for it. There is no Greek manuscript of the New Testament of this period. The oldest Greek copy extant is

of much later date than the ancient Latin version of the Western Church.'

But where, we may ask, is the ancient Latin version of St. John's epistle to be found? Can any one furnish us with a copy? No: but 'Tertullian and Cyprian made use of the old Latin version;' and they quote the verse in question. Tertullian, in his treatise against Praxeas, has these words: 'Ita connexus Patris in Filio, et Filii in Paracleto, tres efficit coherentes, alterum ex altero; qui tres unum sunt, non unus: quomodo dictum est, Ego et Pater unum sumus, ad substantiæ unitatem non ad numeri singularitatem.' With regard to this passage, we are compelled to confess that we participate in the feeling of Professor Porson; who says (p. 140.) 'as often as I read this sentence, so often I am astonished that the words *tres unum sunt* should ever be urged as a quotation.' Is it probable, that if Tertullian had 1 John v. 7. in his thoughts, he would have appealed for the true meaning of the expression, *tres unum sunt*, not to that verse, but to John x. 30.? Yes, contends Mr. Nolan; for the reading of 1 John v. 7. is not Pater, *Filius* et Spiritus, but Pater, *Verbum* et Spiritus; and therefore contains as just a description of the doctrine of Praxeas as that heretic could have given. (p. 298.) If then this passage of Tertullian be a proof of the existence of 1 John v. 7. we must suppose that he referred his adversary to the very text which that adversary would urge as most accurately representing his own opinion.

The next authority appealed to, is that of Cyprian, 'upon whom,' as Mr. Porson justly observed, 'the whole labour of supporting the verse is devolved.' In the treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, by that father, we read as follows: 'Dixit Dominus, Ego et Pater unum sumus; et iterum, de Patre et Filio et Spiritu Sancto scriptum est, Et hi tres unum sunt.' This passage presents by far the strongest evidence that has been adduced in favour of the verse. The expression, 'scriptum est,' certainly implies that the words which follow, 'Et hi tres unum sunt,' were extant in scripture; and, connected as they are with the mention of the three persons of the Trinity, the natural conclusion seems to be, that reference is made to the seventh verse of this chapter. Yet all who are conversant with the writings of the fathers, must be well aware that their scriptural quotations are, for the most part, made from memory, and without that formal exactness which we now require. In the present instance, Cyprian may have had the above cited passage of his master Tertullian in his mind, especially as he uses *Filius* (as Tertullian did) and not *Verbum*; he may therefore easily have confounded the 'qui tres unum sunt,' of that passage, with the 'hi tres unum sunt,' of the eighth verse; under the impression that Tertullian interpreted the eighth verse of the Trinity. It is quite

quite certain, that Facundus conceived the passage in Cyprian to refer to the eighth verse. This, indeed, the Bishop of St. David's admits; but opposes to Facundus the authority of Fulgentius, who also quotes the same passage, and represents him as citing the seventh verse. Mr. Porson contends, that Fulgentius, by his own confession, became acquainted with the seventh verse solely by the means of Cyprian; but we are far from being convinced by the learned professor's arguments on this subject. In our opinion, which yet may be plausibly disputed, the legitimate inference from the words of Fulgentius is, that he had the verse in his copy of the Latin version. It does not however follow, that he was correct, in supposing that Cyprian quoted the seventh verse. We have stated the difficulty attending the passage in Cyprian; and the question for the reader's consideration is, whether the evidence which it supplies on the side of the verse, be so weighty as to overbalance the great mass of evidence in the opposite scale.

We now proceed to consider the Right Reverend author's *new* Greek authorities, of which, however, the first had been noticed by Mr. Nolan, (p. 568.) viz. 'the rejection of the writings of St. John by certain heretics of this (i. e. the first) period, whom Epiphanius calls ALOGI, on account of their denial of the apostle's doctrine of the divinity of the Logos, or the Word.' Lardner has denied the existence of any heretics so called. But Lardner, it may be thought, was biassed by his peculiar opinions. Let us, therefore, grant that such heretics did exist, and that they rejected the first epistle of St. John. Does it follow, as a necessary consequence, that 1 John v. 7. is genuine? Is not the very first verse of the epistle sufficient to account for the rejection? Mr. Nolan, at least (p. 569.) thinks that it is even more strongly opposed to the peculiar tenets of the Alogi than the disputed verse.

With respect to the other Greek authority produced by the Bishop of St. David's, from the Pseudo-Clemens Alexandrinus, which he connects with a passage in Tertullian, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that the learned Prelate places any confidence in such a witness to the genuineness of the text in question. In return, however, for this 'authority,' we will present the Bishop and our readers with a short extract from a work printed in Potter's edition of Clemens. The work is entitled *Adumbrationes*; and is supposed, by learned men, to be a translation by Cassiodorus, of some Commentaries\* on the Catholic Epistles, by Clemens Alexandrinus. 'Iste est, inquit, qui venit per aquam et sanguinem; et iterum, quia tres sunt qui testificantur; spiritus, quod est vita; et aqua,

\* These Commentaries are supposed to have formed a part of the *Πρωτοκρίσεις*, a lost work of Clemens.

quod est regeneratio ac fides ; et sanguis, quod est cognitio ; et hi tres unum sunt. In Salvatore quippe istæ sunt virtutes salutiferae, et vita ipsa in ipso filio ejus existit.' We do not ascribe any great weight to this extract, because there is much uncertainty respecting both the author and the translator of the work from which it was taken. Our principal reasons for adducing it are, that the testimony of Cassiodorus (to whom the translation is attributed) has been urged in defence of the 7th verse ; and that the extract affords a singular confirmation of Mr. Porson's conjecture with regard to the reading which Cassiodorus found in his copy of St. John's Epistle.—*Letters to Travis*, p. 351.

On the whole, it appears that the external evidence in favour of the verse, during the Bishop's first period, is reduced to the authority of Cyprian. Still, however, the learned Prelate thinks that there is cause to triumph, inasmuch as the same period exhibits no evidence *against* the verse. What evidence of this kind can be required ? It is admitted on all hands that there is no Greek MS. extant, so old as this period : but we have two MSS. of the fourth century, which omit the verse ; and may we not justly infer that the MSS. from which they were copied omitted it also ? Again, the verse has not been quoted by any of the Greek fathers of the second and third centuries. Does not this fact alone furnish strong presumptive evidence that during those periods it was not in existence ? Can it be expected that passages should be produced from their writings expressly affirming the spuriousness of the verse ; that is, the spuriousness of a verse, of the existence of which they were utterly ignorant ?

At length, however, we arrive, according to the learned Prelate's own admission, at some evidence against the verse. There are, in his Lordship's second period, four Greek manuscripts which omit the heavenly witnesses. This evidence, indeed, the Bishop calls negative ; meaning, as we suppose, that it is inferior in character to the positive evidence which he adduces on the opposite side. Yet we are at a loss to understand what more conclusive evidence can be advanced to establish, in any case, the spuriousness of a passage, than that of ancient MSS. in which it is omitted. But is this, in fact, *all* the evidence against the verse, during this second period ? Is there not a long catalogue of authors who, when they had, again and again, the most urgent reasons for quoting it, passed it over without notice ? What account can be given of those who, like Bede, wrote continued commentaries on this Epistle, without giving the slightest hint that such a text existed ? Our limits will not permit us to refer to particular instances in which those early writers omitted to quote the verse, where, if it had been extant in their copies, they could hardly have failed to do so. On this point

we



we advise our readers to consult Mr. Porson's last letter to Archdeacon Travis.

It is now time to consider the *positive* evidence brought forward by the Bishop of St. David's, in favour of the verse, during his second period.

'There can hardly be a doubt,' observes the Bishop, 'that the seventh verse was extant in Greek in the copies of Walafrid Strabo; and none at all of its existence in the time of the writer of the Prologue to the 'Canonical Epistles.' Walafrid Strabo, who lived in the ninth century, wrote a comment on the verse and on the Prologue to the Epistles. He could not, therefore, be ignorant either of the *defects*, which the author of the Prologue imputes to the Latin copies of his day, or of the *integrity* of the Greek, as asserted by him; and he directs his readers to correct the errors of the Latin by the Greek.'

These observations on the testimony of Walafrid Strabo are founded, we believe, on a statement of Archdeacon Travis, in his letters to Mr. Gibbon; to which statement we must request our readers' attention. The subject is curious, and we have hopes of throwing some light upon it.

'The *Glossa Ordinaria*,' says the Archdeacon, 'the work of Walafrid Strabo, was composed in the *ninth* century. This performance has been distinguished by the highest approbation of the learned, in every age since its appearance in the world. Even M. Simon confesses that *no comment on the scriptures is of equal authority with this exposition*. In this work the text in question is not only found in the Epistle of St. John, but is commented upon, in the notes, with admirable force and perspicuity.

'In his preface to this valuable Commentary, Walafrid Strabo lays down the following rules, as means whereby to discover and correct any errors that might subsist in the transcripts of his times, either of the Old or of the New Testament. "Nota, quod ubicunque in libris *Veteris Testamenti* mendositas reperitur, recurrendum est ad volumina *Hebræorum*; quia *Vetus Testamentum* primo in lingua *Hæbraica* scriptum est. Si vero in libris *Novi Testamenti*, revertendum (i. recurrendum) est ad volumina *Græcorum*; quia *Novum Testamentum* primo in lingua *Græca* scriptum est, præter Evangelium Matthæi, et Epistolam Pauli ad *Hebræos*."

'If, Sir, it shall be allowed that this celebrated Commentator followed, in his own practice, the rules which he has thus prescribed to others, (which will hardly be doubted,) the *Greek MSS.* which directed him to insert this verse in his text and commentary must, in all probability, have been more ancient than any now known to exist. He flourished about A.D. 840. Some, at least, of the *Greek MSS.* which were used by him, cannot well be supposed to have

have been less than 300, or 400 years old; the latter of which dates carries them up to A.D. 440. But the MOST ANCIENT Greek MS. which is now known to exist, is the *Alexandrian*; for which, however, *Welstein*, who seems to have considered the question with great attention, claims no higher an antiquity than the close of the fifth century, or about A.D. 490. If this mode of reasoning, then, be not (and it seems that it is not) fallacious, the text and the commentary of *Walafrid Strabo* stand upon the foundation of Greek MSS. which are more ancient, in point of time, and therefore which ought to be more respected in point of testimony, than any possessed by the present age.—*Letters to Gibbon*, p. 21—24. Ed. 2d.

Thus far the Archdeacon: secure, as usual, in his premises, and intrepid in his conclusions. Mr. Porson has shown, by a pretty copious induction of particulars, that the positions of this zealous advocate are not always to be trusted without examination; and we have now before us an instance which the Professor might have added to his list. It is well known to the learned in these matters, and may easily be ascertained by those who will take the trouble to inquire, that the title of *Walafrid Strabo* to be considered as the author of the *Glossa Ordinaria* is, to use Mr. Porson's phrase, 'exceedingly questionable;' and that still more 'questionable' is his right to the Commentary on the Prologue to the 'Canonical Epistles.' Our present intention, however, is to prove that *Walafrid Strabo* CERTAINLY WAS NOT the author of the sentence quoted in the preceding statement,—a sentence from which so many consequences are deduced.—That sentence forms the conclusion of a short tract which is prefixed to the *Glossa Ordinaria*, and entitled 'Translatores Bibliæ.' Had Mr. Travis taken the precaution of reading the entire tract, he would have found that the writer, in his account of the Septuagint translation, quotes, as his authority, a person whom he calls 'Magister in Historiis.' This appellation had been given to *PETRUS COMESTOR*, who flourished in the latter part of the twelfth century, and wrote a history of the Bible under the title of *Historia Scholastica*. The tract in question, therefore, could not have been written by *Walafrid Strabo*, who lived in the ninth century. What now becomes of Mr. Travis's argument founded on the ancient Greek MSS. which had been examined, with the most critical exactness, by *Walafrid Strabo*?

\* To leave no room for uncertainty on this subject, we compared the Tract, entitled 'Translatores Bibliæ,' with the 'Historia Scholastica;' and found the most complete agreement between them. We may here remark, that the appellation 'Magister in Historiis' for a long tract of time as clearly designated *Peter Comestor*, as the appellation 'Magister Sententiarum,' or 'Magister in Sententiis,' designated his contemporary *Peter Lombard*.

As much importance has, by several writers, been attached to the supposed testimony of Walafrid Strabo, we have taken some pains to ascertain the real author of the tract from which Mr. Travis drew his quotation. We have now before us an edition of the Vulgate Bible, with the Glossæ and the Exposition of Nicholas de Lyra, printed at Venice by Pagninus, in the year 1495. Prefixed to the work is a letter addressed to Cardinal Francis Piccolomini, by Bernardinus Gadolus, Brixianus. In this letter Gadolus describes the great care and diligence which he had employed, at the request of Pagninus, in preparing the edition; and concludes with the following sentence: 'Conscripsi præterea, sive ex multis auctoribus et præcipue ex Hieronymo excerpti, tractatulum de Libris Bibliæ Canonicis et non Canonicis; qui si tuæ reverendissimæ dominationis judicio, cui omnia subjicio, comprobatus fuerit, eum ad utilitatem legentium imprimi permittam; sin nimis (i. minus) cellula continebitur.' Then follows the Tract, alluded to in the letter, entitled *De Libris Canonicis et non Canonicis*; to which is subjoined the Tract entitled *Translatores Bibliæ*, which furnished Mr. Travis with his quotation. If any of our readers will take the trouble of examining these two tracts, we are convinced that not one of them will hesitate in attributing them to the same pen. In both, the style of composition is precisely the same, and the same authorities are alluded to, viz. Origen, Jerome, Magister in Historiis. We must, therefore, conclude that, instead of affording a proof of the critical attention of Walafrid Strabo in the ninth century, Mr. Travis's quotation will be found to attest the editorial diligence of Bernardinus Gadolus at the close of the fifteenth.\*

Of his own care and diligence, indeed, this learned Editor has written in high terms of commendation; but in terms which, we have no doubt, were well deserved. 'Conquisivi,' he writes, 'haud parvo certe labore, omnes jam antea impressos Sacræ Scripturæ libros, et manu scriptos ad quinque numero; et percurrens codicem quo erant pro archetypo usuri, ubicunque aliquid vel errati vel dubii apparebat, diligentissime singulos codices inspectavi; et quæ ex his in meo codice errata inveni (inveni autem quam plurima) accuratissime sustuli: in quibus illud Deo teste profiteor, me nihil penitus addidisse aut immutasse quod non ex aliquo antiquo codice aut addendum, aut mutandum, obliterandumve manifeste visum fu-

\* In the Bibliotheca of Sixtus Senensis, there is the following notice of Gadolus, whom he calls Galdolus.—'Bernardinus Galdolus, Brixianus, Camaldulensis Abbas, vir bonarum litterarum, philosophiæ, et juris canonici apprime eruditus, scripsit in omnes Bibliorum libros insigne annotationum opus. Claruit sub Maximiliano Imp. I. A.D. 1496.' We will take this opportunity of stating that, in a subsequent edition of the *Biblia cum Glossis*, we find the two tracts above-mentioned inserted without the prefatory letter of Gadolus to Cardinal Piccolomini. Perhaps Mr. Travis was misled by an edition of this kind.

erit.' In this account, we find a strong confirmation of the truth of Mr. Porson's description of the method of collation adopted by the critics of those early times. 'That exactness of quotation,' says he, (*Letters to Travis*, p. 30.) 'which is now justly thought necessary, was unhappily never attempted by the critics of the fifteen and sixteenth centuries. The method in which Valla performed his task was probably to chuse the MS. that he judged to be the best, to read it diligently, and whenever he was stopped by a difficulty, or was desirous to know how the same passage was read in other Latin, or in the Greek MSS. to have recourse to them.' It will hardly be imagined that these observations are thrown out for the purpose of disparaging the labours of those learned persons. Beyond controversy, they performed all that in their circumstances was deemed requisite.

To engage in regular combat with the Pseudo-Jerome, the author of the prologue to the 'Canonical Epistles,' would be a great waste of time. Perhaps, however, it may be argued,—if the adversaries of the verse urge, as they do, the statement of the author of the Prologue as a proof that the text was wanting in some Latin manuscripts—ought they not to admit, on the same evidence, that it was extant in some Greek manuscripts at that day? We think not. Little would in general be known of Greek manuscripts compared with what was known of Latin manuscripts. With regard to subjects of which little is known, there are always considerable numbers ready to believe any thing that may be boldly affirmed. In such cases a confident assertion will often prove a successful experiment. The Bishop of St. David's seems to admit, with most learned men, that the Prologue is not Jerome's, although professing to be his. As therefore the main object of the writer of the Prologue is obviously to give currency to the seventh verse in question, we cannot suppose that, after he had gone so far as to assume a name which did not belong to him, he would scruple to support his cause by another assumption, and talk of manuscripts which did not exist.

With respect to the remaining evidence adduced by the learned prelate during the second period, we have already admitted that the verse is quoted by Fulgentius; but we are surprised that his lordship should lay any stress upon the passage from the *Formula* of Eucherius, which labours under heavy suspicions of interpolation; and that he should refer to a passage in Vigilius Tapsensis, or whoever was the author of the treatise *de Trinitate*, which Mr. Porson has decidedly shown to be spurious.\*

\* We would entreat our readers to compare the Bishop's first quotation (p. 48.) with Mr. Porson's remarks (p. 341.)

As to the authorities of Cassiodorus and the African Bishops at the Council of Carthage, we are of opinion that the former did not quote the seventh verse; and our information concerning the latter being derived solely from the improbable narrative of Victor Vitensis, we cannot persuade ourselves to make this part of the evidence a subject of serious discussion.

Some persons may be disposed to ask—if, on the one hand, the agreement of the existing Greek manuscripts in omitting the verse affords a presumptive proof that it was omitted in the earlier manuscripts from which they are transcribed; and so on, till we arrive at the autograph of St. John,—does not, on the other hand, the agreement of the great majority of the manuscripts of the Vulgate, in exhibiting the verse, equally imply that it existed in the earlier Latin manuscripts, and, consequently, in the original copy of the Latin version? To this question we will reply by simply stating the circumstances of the two cases: first with regard to the Greek, and then with regard to the Latin manuscripts. On the Greek manuscripts we adopt the language of Matthæi:—‘*Præterea, bona fide testor me, in nullo codice, hoc loco lituram deprehendisse, nec hujus loci ullum vestigium animadvertisse; nec in marginibus codicum, nec in scholiis, nec in catenis; cum tamen ad manus mihi fuerint tres codices cum scholiis ineditis orthodoxorum Theologorum, et unus, cum catena novendecim nobilissimorum Ecclesiæ Græcæ Patrum, sæculo ix scriptus.*’ (*Matthæi ad loc.*) On the Latin manuscripts we remark:—The more ancient of them omit the verse: those manuscripts in which it appears represent it under very different forms; some having the seventh verse before the eighth, and some after. In some manuscripts the seventh verse is found only in the margin; and in a very large portion the concluding clause of the eighth verse (*et hi tres unum sunt*) is omitted. From this comparative view of the state of the Greek and Latin manuscripts, as to the controverted text, we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. In our own judgment there is but one conclusion that can fairly be drawn.

The learned prelate presents to his readers the result of his inquiries into the merits of this long-disputed question in the following words:—‘Upon the whole view of the important and interesting subject of these pages, the evidences internal and external, direct and indirect, of the controverted verse, are so many, so various, and so powerful, as to leave in my own mind no room to doubt that we have, in the testimony of the three heavenly witnesses, the authentic words of St. John.’ The Bishop then, on his own avowal, has been able to dismiss every doubt respecting the genuineness of a verse which is found only in a single Greek manuscript, and that of recent date; which is not quoted by a single

Greek

Greek father, nor, in express terms, by any Latin father before the sixth century; which is wanting in the more ancient manuscripts of the Vulgate, and, even in those in which it is found, appears in such a variety of shapes as clearly to show that those transcribers who thought proper to insert the verse had no certain reading before them. We have the most sincere respect for the Bishop of St. David's, but we cannot peruse the declaration without astonishment.

Should we be required to express a general opinion of the merits of the tract under review, we should be obliged to confess that the arguments of the learned author are, to our minds, not at all more convincing than those which had previously been employed in the same cause. If the evidence against the text preponderated before the tract was written, we are quite sure that the scale has not been turned in its favour.

In conclusion, we beg leave to offer a few words of advice to the consideration of future advocates of 1 John v. 7.

We entreat them to bear in mind, that whatever censures may be justly due to those who would reject any text which really forms a portion of the sacred volume, may with equal propriety be directed against those who would introduce a text which is not proved really to belong to it.

We entreat them to ascertain what advantages are likely to be gained to the cause of religious truth, by vehement contention in defence of arguments which have been already found unable to defend themselves;—to reflect whether it may not afford matter of triumph to the Socinian, when he finds hard names and reproachful language applied to all who, compelled by the evidence before them, doubt the genuineness of a single text which is supposed to favour a leading doctrine of the Christian faith.

We entreat them to be careful that, in their anxiety to maintain the genuineness of the verse, they have not recourse to arguments, the direct tendency of which is to involve the whole sacred text in doubt and uncertainty. For instance, if it were possible to believe that Mr. Nolan's theory, which the Bishop of St. David's seems to approve, is well founded,—and that all the existing Greek manuscripts are derived from a corrupted source; from an edition mutilated by Eusebius, in order to suit his own peculiar notions—what confidence could we feel, that, in our present copies of the Greek Testament, we possess a text which can be relied on as representing the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles? We have already stated our opinion that Mr. Nolan has entirely failed in his attempts to substantiate the charge which he has advanced against Eusebius; and we now declare our firm persuasion

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sion that Christian antiquity will not be found to supply a particle of evidence in its support.

Before we lay down the pen there is one request which we are anxious to make on our parts. It is this:—that the very learned and orthodox Bishop of St. David's, for whom we cannot but feel the utmost respect, would not entertain suspicions of our orthodoxy, because we have not been induced, by all the arguments which have yet been advanced, to establish the doctrine of the Trinity on the verse, of which he is the advocate. We trust that our orthodoxy is not inferior to his own; and we are persuaded that the doctrine which he labours to support by the passage in question, is in no need of that disputable assistance. It is capable of being satisfactorily maintained from many other passages of Scripture,—passages less open and direct, indeed, than this before us, but borrowing a peculiar force from the incidental manner in which they occur, and from the appearance which they everywhere present, of allusion to a doctrine familiar to the minds of the sacred writers, and essentially connected with the original plan of the Gospel.

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ART. III.—*A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Beering's Straits, for the purpose of exploring a North-East Passage; undertaken in the years 1815—1818, at the Expense of His Highness the Chancellor of the Empire, Count Romanzoff, in the Ship Rurick, under the Command of the Lieutenant in the Russian Imperial Navy, Otto Von Kotzebue.* 3 vols. London. 1821.

SINCE the general peace of Europe, and more particularly within the last three years, the Russian government has been anxiously and eagerly employed in prosecuting discoveries in every part of the globe. In the southern ocean, her ships have penetrated the fields of ice as far as the seventieth parallel of latitude, and discovered, it is said, islands which had escaped the searching eye of Cook: they boast of having rounded the Sandwich land of that celebrated navigator; and of having ascertained that the Southern Shetland, which was supposed to be a continent connected with it, consists only of numerous groups of small islands. They have sent land expeditions into the unknown regions of Tartary, behind Thibet, and into the interior of the north-western side of North America. Men of science have been commissioned to explore the northern boundaries of Siberia, and to determine points, on that extensive coast, hitherto of doubtful position. In February, 1821, Baron Wrangel, an officer of great merit, and of considerable science, left his headquarters on the Nishney Kolyma, to settle, by astronomical observations,



tions, the position of Shalatzkoi-Noss, or the north-east cape of Asia, which he found to lie in lat.  $70^{\circ} 03'$  N. considerably lower than it is usually placed on the maps. Having arranged this point, he undertook the hazardous enterprize of crossing the ice of the polar sea on sledges drawn by dogs, in search of the land said to have been discovered, in 1762, to the northward of the Kolyma. He travelled directly north, eighty miles, without perceiving any thing but a field of interminable ice, the surface of which had now become so broken and uneven, as to prevent a further prosecution of his journey. He had gone far enough, however, to ascertain that no such land could ever have been discovered. The idle speculation, therefore, of the junction of Asia with North America, which we always rejected as chimerical, may now be considered as finally set at rest. Indeed, the simple narrative of the voyage performed by Deshnew in the year 1648, from the mouth of the Kolyma to the gulf of Anadyr, never, for a moment, left a doubt on our minds, of its authenticity.

The reader will recollect our recent statement of that enterprising pedestrian, Captain Cochrane, having reached the Altai mountains, on the frontier of China. Further accounts from this extraordinary traveller have since reached us; they are dated from the mouth of the Kolyma, and from Okotsk, the former in March, the latter in June, 1821. He had proceeded to the neighbourhood of the North-east cape of Asia, which he places half a degree more to the northward than Baron Wrangel; but either he had no instrument sufficiently accurate to ascertain its latitude with precision, or, as we have some reason to believe, he states it only from computation; for it does not clearly appear from his letter to us that he was actually on that part of the coast, though, from another letter addressed to the President of the Royal Society of London, it might be conjectured that his information was obtained from observation on the spot. 'No land,' he says, 'is considered to exist to the northward of it. The east side of the Noss is composed of bold and perpendicular bluffs, while the west side exhibits gradual declivities; the whole most sterile, but presenting an awfully magnificent appearance.' From the Kolyma to Okotsk, he had, he says, a 'dangerous, difficult, and fatiguing journey of three thousand versts,' a great part of which he performed, on foot, in seventy days. After such an adventurous expedition from Petersburg, to the north-eastern extremity of Siberia, we regret to find that the shores of Kamschatka are likely to be the boundary of his arduous and perilous enterprize. After gratefully noticing the generosity and consideration which he every where experienced at the hands of the Russian government and of individuals, he adds—'that government has an expedition in Behring's Straits, whose object is to trace the

the continent of America to the northward and eastward. I had the same thing previously in view: but it would be vanity and presumption in me to attempt a task of the kind, while their means are so much superior, and those who are employed on it, *authorized travellers*. Thus circumstanced, it can create no surprise that an humble individual, like myself, should submit to make a sacrifice of private gratification, and every prospect of success, to a sense of the impropriety of proceeding farther at present, and of the indelicacy which would result from such a step; but, should the commander of the expedition, from any circumstances, desist from the further prosecution of his discoveries, *I shall, in that case, continue my journey eastward*—the meaning of all which will, we think, be perfectly intelligible, from what we are about to state.

The expedition noticed by Captain Cochrane, consisted of two ship corvettes which left Spithead in the year 1819, at the same time that the expedition, alluded to in our first paragraph, proceeded to the southern hemisphere. In July, 1820, they reached Behring's Strait, and were supposed to have passed it in that year; they returned, however, in the winter to some of the Russian settlements, on the coast of America; and, as now appears from Captain Cochrane's letter to us, were again in that neighbourhood in June, 1821: of their ulterior proceedings no intelligence had reached Petersburg at the period of the latest accounts from that capital. If they should have succeeded in doubling Icy Cape, it is just possible that they may fall in with Captain Parry, provided they are lucky enough to escape the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his unfortunate associates: of such a catastrophe, we are by no means sure that they do not run a very considerable risk, from the slight and insufficient manner in which they were fitted out; being, in fact, destitute of every necessary for passing a winter in the frozen ocean, and, as we happen to know, in want even of the common implements for encountering the ice: with some of the latter, however, they were supplied from the dock-yard of Portsmouth, on application to the British government.

We should not be disposed to detract from the merit which, in this instance, would be justly due to the Russian government, if we could persuade ourselves that the extension of geographical knowledge, for its own sake and the benefit of mankind, was the prime object of this expedition; but when we couple it with the cautious language of Captain Cochrane, and the sudden and unexpected check thrown in the way of his further progress, after reaching the shores of Behring's Strait, and also with a contemporaneous Ukase of a most extraordinary nature, (if we may credit what appears in the public journals,) we cannot but entertain some suspicion,

that his Imperial Majesty, in his northern expeditions, has been governed by other motives than those of merely advancing the cause of science and discovery.

In this curious Manifesto, (for such, in effect, it is,) the maritime powers of Europe and America are given to understand that his Imperial Majesty of Russia has assumed possession of all that portion of the north-west coast of America, which lies between the fifty-first degree of latitude, and the Icy Cape, or extreme north; and, moreover, that he interdicts the approach of ships of every other nation to any part of this line nearer than one hundred miles. Whether this wholesale usurpation of 2000 miles of sea-coast, to the greater part of which Russia can have no possible claim, will be tacitly passed over by England, Spain, and the United States, the three powers most interested in it, we pretend not to know; but we can scarcely be mistaken in predicting that his Imperial Majesty will discover, at no distant period, that he has assumed an authority, and asserted a principle, which he will hardly be permitted to exercise; and that there is an ancient common law of nations which will not, and cannot, be abrogated by the '*sic volo*' of a power of yesterday. It has apparently escaped the recollection of his Imperial Majesty's advisers, that if his example were to be followed by the maritime nations of Europe, his own ports would be hermetically sealed, and an end put at once to the assumption of long appropriated coasts by Russia.

With respect to the legality of taking possession of an unoccupied territory, to the exclusion of the original discoverer, some doubts, we understand, are still entertained among jurists. It is time, we think, to come to a decision one way or another, on a point of so much importance. Let us examine, however, what claim Russia can reasonably set up to the territory in question. To the two shores of Behring's Strait, we admit, she would have an undoubted claim, on the score of priority of discovery; that on the side of Asia having been coasted by Deshnew in 1648, and that of America visited by Behring in 1741, as far down as the latitude 59°, and the peaked mountain, since generally known by the name of Cape Fairweather: to the southward of this point, however, Russia has not the slightest claim. The Spaniards visited the northern parts of this coast in 1774, when Don Juan Perez, in the corvette Santiago, traced it from latitude 53° 53' to a promontory in latitude 55°, to which he gave the name of Santa Margarita, being the north-west extremity of Queen Charlotte's Island of our charts; and on his return, touched at Nootka, about which we were once on the point of going to war. In the following year, the Santiago and Felicidad, under the orders of Don Juan Bruno Heceta, and Don Juan de la Bodega y Quadra, proceeded along the north-west

west coast, and descried, in latitude  $56^{\circ} 8'$ , high mountains covered with snow, which they named Jacinto; and also a lofty cape, in latitude  $57^{\circ} 2'$ , to which they gave the name of Engaño. Holding a northerly course, they reached lat.  $57^{\circ} 58'$ , and then returned.

Three years after these Spanish voyages, Cook reconnoitred this coast more closely, and proceeded as high up as the Icy Cape; it was subsequently visited by several English ships for the purposes of trade; and though every portion of it was explored with the greatest accuracy by that most excellent and persevering navigator, Vancouver, as far as the head of Cook's Inlet, in lat.  $61^{\circ} 15'$ ; yet, on the ground of priority of discovery, it is sufficiently clear that England has no claim to territorial possession. On this principle, it would jointly belong to Russia and Spain; but on the same principle, Russia would be completely excluded from any portion of it, to the southward of  $59^{\circ}$ . She has, however, been tacitly permitted to form an establishment, named Sitka, at the head of Norfolk Sound, in lat.  $57^{\circ}$ ; and this, apparently, must have tempted her to presume, that no opposition would be offered to an extension of territory down to the fifty-first degree of latitude, which includes all the detailed discoveries of Cook and Vancouver, i. e. New Hanover, New Cornwall, New Norfolk on the main, and the Islands of King George, Queen Charlotte, and Prince of Wales upon the coast.

There is, however, one trifling circumstance, of which we are persuaded his Imperial Majesty was ignorant, when he issued his sweeping Ukase, namely—that the whole country, from lat.  $56^{\circ} 30'$  to the boundary of the United States in lat.  $48^{\circ}$ , or thereabouts, is now, and has long been, in the actual possession of the British North-west Company. The communication with this vast territory is by the Peace River, which, crossing the Rocky Mountains from the westward, in lat. N.  $56^{\circ}$ , and long.  $121^{\circ}$  W., falls into the Polar Sea by the Mackenzie River. The country behind them, to the westward, has been named by the settlers New Caledonia, and is in extent, from north to south, about 500 miles, and from east to west 300 miles. It is described as very beautiful, abounding in fine forests, rivers, and magnificent lakes, one of which is not less than 300 miles in circumference, surrounded by picturesque mountains, clothed to their very summits with timber trees of the largest dimensions. From this lake, a river falls to the westward, into the Pacific, either into Port Essington, or Observatory Inlet, where Vancouver discovered the mouths of two rivers, one in lat.  $54^{\circ} 15'$ , the other in  $54^{\circ} 59'$ . In the summer season, it swarms with salmon, from which the natives derive a considerable part of their subsistence. The North-west Company have a post on its borders, in lat.  $54^{\circ} 30'$  N. long.  $125^{\circ}$  W. distant about 180 miles from the 'Observatory Inlet' of Vancouver, the head of which lies in lat.  $55^{\circ} 15'$  N

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long. 129° 44' W. where, by this time, the United Company of the North-west and Hudson's Bay have, in all probability, formed an establishment, and thus opened a direct communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the whole way by water, with the exception of a very few miles across the high lands, which divide the sources of the rivers and give them opposite directions.

Thus then it is obvious, that, as we have actual possession of the six degrees of coast usurped by Russia, in her recent manifesto, her claim to this part is perfectly nugatory. Indeed, as we before observed, the assumption must have been made in utter ignorance of the fact, which is the less surprizing, as this part of the world remains, as yet, a complete blank on our best and latest charts.

It is not easy to conjecture the precise object of Russia in this intended extension of territory on the continent of North America, unless it be to push along the northern coast as far as Mackenzie's River, which, running at the feet of the Rocky Mountains to the east, would, with the Pacific on the west, afford two excellent barriers to a territory of at least 70,000 square miles, or one-half nearly of all that part of North America in which the fur animals are found; and thus put the Russ-American Company in possession of an almost exclusive monopoly of the trade, as it is well known that, in a few years, the fur-bearing animals will all be destroyed on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. In any other view of the subject, it is utterly incomprehensible that the possession of one-tenth part of the habitable globe should not satisfy the ambition—if ambition could ever be satisfied—of one man.

But, whatever the object of the Russian government may be in its expeditions and its edicts, that of the Voyage we are about to notice was purely the promotion of physical science and geographical discovery. We have more than once had occasion to mention, in terms of admiration, the liberal support which an exalted individual of the Russian empire has always been ready to give to every national scheme for enlarging the sphere of human knowledge: by this munificent patron, the present expedition was fitted out. That it failed in the main point was no fault of him who planned it. The commander was recommended by Capt. Krusenstern, than whom Russia cannot boast an officer more accomplished in every part of his profession; and if, on his return, he met, as we have heard, with a cool reception in the imperial circles of Petersburg, it only proves that, amidst an affectation of disappointment, they were not very sorry for the failure of a private enterprize, which afforded an opportunity of attempting the same thing as a national measure; for

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the two ships we have mentioned, (page 343.) were dispatched almost immediately after the return of Lieutenant Kotzebue.

It had been the intention of Count Romanzoff to equip an expedition to explore the north-west passage by Hudson's Bay or Davis's Strait: but on finding that preparations were making in England to attempt it by that route, he determined on prosecuting the discovery from the eastward. For this purpose he caused a ship of 180 tons to be built of fir, at Abo, to which he gave the name of *Rurick*. Her establishment consisted of Lieut. Kotzebue, Lieut. Schischmareff, two mates, M. A. Von Chamisso, of Berlin, naturalist, Dr. Eschholz, surgeon, M. Choris, painter, and twenty men; and, to the credit of the Commander, it may be mentioned that, after a navigation of three years in very opposite climates, and in so small a vessel, he lost one man only, who left the Baltic in a consumption.

The *Rurick* sailed from Plymouth in October 1815; and on the 28th of March had reached that solitary spot in the midst of the Great Pacific, which bears the name of *Zeapy*, but which is better known as *Easter Island*. Some of the natives swam off to the *Rurick* with yams, taro roots, and bananas, which they gave in exchange for bits of iron hoops. As the boats approached the shore, they began to assemble in great numbers, and though unarmed, and apparently desirous of the strangers landing, they were thought to exhibit a terrific and hostile appearance, having painted their faces red, white, and black, and making all manner of violent gestures, accompanied with a most horrible noise: this was soon ascertained to be the case; and the boats were repelled from the shore by volleys of stones. This conduct, so contrary to their former practice, was afterwards fully explained to Lieut. Kotzebue, when at the Sandwich Islands. An American, who commanded a schooner called the *Nancy*, from New London, having discovered a vast multitude of seals on the little uninhabited island of *Massafuero*, to the west of *Juan Fernandez*, thought it would be an excellent speculation to establish a colony there, in order to carry on the fishery; for this purpose, having but just sufficient hands to navigate his ship, and there being no anchorage off the island, the wretch (base and brutal beyond the ordinary degree of such characters) proceeded to *Easter Island*, and landing at *Cook's Bay*, succeeded in seizing and carrying off twelve men and ten women, to people his new colony. For the first three days they were confined in irons: when fairly out of sight of land, however, they were released; and the first use made by the males of their liberty was to jump overboard, chusing rather to perish in the waves than to be carried away they knew not whither, or for what purpose: the women, who were with difficulty restrained from following them, were

taken to Massafuero. What became of them afterwards, Lieut. Kotzebue does not inform us; and we fear to guess.

On the 16th of April they descried a small island, probably the Dog Island of Schouten, but which, differing twenty-two miles in latitude from that given by him, Kotzebue is pleased to call Doubtful Island; and on the 19th they discovered another small island, covered with majestic cocoa-nut trees, to which he gave the name of Romanzoff. It had no inhabitants; but boats and deserted huts were visible on the shore. This new discovery so delighted our young navigator, that, inconsiderable as he felt it to be, 'I would not (he says) have resigned the pure and heartfelt joy which it gave me for the treasures of the world.' On the 22d they fell in with another island, in  $14^{\circ} 41' S.$  long.  $144^{\circ} 59' 20' W.$  which was also considered as a new discovery; the truth however is, that they all belong to those groups whose numbers are not yet ascertained, but which are known by the name of King George's and Palliser's Islands, discovered by Cook; to which also belong what he is pleased to call Rurick's Chain, and Krusenstern's Island. The sea, in fact, is here covered with innumerable low rocky islets, formed by the coral animals, the discovery of any individual one of which scarcely seems to merit a distinct claim to notice.

On the 19th of May they crossed the chain of Mulgrave's islands, in  $8^{\circ} 45' 52'' N.$  and on the 21st discovered a group of low coral islands, lying in about  $11^{\circ} N.$  and long.  $190^{\circ}$ , and separated by a channel, which, considering it as a new discovery, they named Kutusoff and Suwaroff; 'and I felt myself inexpressibly happy (says Kotzebue) in being the first who had erected an eternal monument in the South Sea to these two men, who had so highly deserved of their country.' Our navigator is somewhat enthusiastic in his language; but we have little doubt that his 'new discovery' forms a part of the group long known as Wallis's islands on the charts.

On the 19th of June they reached Avatscha Bay, in Kamtschatka, which they left on the 15th of July; on the 20th they descried Behring's Islands, and on the 27th were close in with St. Lawrence Island, where they had some communication with the natives, who resembled the people whom Cook found on the shores of Norton Sound, and the Aleutian islands; and were living in tents made of the ribs of whale, and covered with the skin of the morse. Their mode of salutation was somewhat like that of the Esquimaux of Baffin's Bay; 'each of them (says Kotzebue) embraced me, rubbed his nose hard against mine, and ended his caresses by spitting on his hands, and wiping them several times over my face.'

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On the 30th of July they were on the American shore, between Cape Prince of Wales and Garozdeff's islands, which being found to consist of four instead of three, as laid down on Cook's chart, induced Kotzebue to conjecture, that the fourth must have subsequently risen out of the sea, 'otherwise' (says he) 'Cook or Clarke would have seen it': the more probable supposition is, that the fog prevented them. At all events, he looked on it as a new discovery, and named it after Ratmaroff, who had been Krusenstern's first lieutenant on his voyage to Japan. To the northward of Cape Prince of Wales is a long tract of low land, covered with luxuriant verdure, and apparently well inhabited. On landing they found only dogs in the houses, the people having fled: these houses were not merely temporary abodes, but had mud walls; the interior was cleanly and convenient, and divided into a number of apartments by boarded partitions; the floors, raised three feet from the ground, were also of wood, which is supplied by the vast quantity of drift brought by the north-east current from the mouths of the rivers of America to the southward of Behring's Straits, and thrown on the shores of the straits. Our navigators soon discovered that they were on an island about seven miles long, and a mile across in the widest part: beyond it was a deep inlet, running eastward into the continent. On entering this bay, two boats were observed, of the same kind as those made use of in the Aleutian islands. The appearance of the people in them was extremely filthy and disgusting; their countenances had an expression of fierceness; and all endeavours to induce them to land were unavailing. To this bay, which was not examined, Kotzebue gave the name of his lieutenant, Schischmareff; and to the island, that of Vice-Admiral Saritscheff.

In proceeding northerly they met with two light boats, the people in which were extremely savage, making hideous grimaces, uttering the most piercing cries, and threatening to hurl their lances; pointing muskets at them had no effect; which convinced the Russians that they were wholly unacquainted with fire-arms. The land continued low, and trended more to the eastward, when on the 1st of August the entrance into a broad inlet was discovered, into which the current ran very rapidly. As the interior of this great inlet is the undoubted discovery of Kotzebue, though the opening in the land was before known, it may be proper that the account of it should be given in his own words:—

'I cannot describe the strange sensation which I now experienced, at the idea that I perhaps stood at the entrance of the so long sought north-east passage, and that fate had chosen me to be the discoverer. I felt my heart oppressed; and, at the same time, an impatience which would not let me rest, and was still increased by the perfect calm. To satisfy myself, at least, by going on shore, and clearly observing, from  
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some eminence, the direction of the coast, I had two boats got ready, at which our naturalists were highly delighted. We set out by two o'clock in the afternoon; the depth regularly decreased: half a mile from shore we had still five fathoms. We landed without difficulty near a hill, which I immediately ascended: from the summit I could nowhere perceive land in the strait; the high mountains to the north either formed islands, or were a coast by themselves; for that the two coasts could not be connected together was evident, even from the great difference between this very low and that remarkably high land. From the eminence on which I stood I had a very extensive view into the country, which stretched out in a large plain, here and there interrupted by marshes, small lakes, and a river, which flowed, with numerous windings, and the mouth of which was not far from us. As far as the eye could reach, every thing was green; here and there were flowers in blossom, and no snow was seen but on the tops of the mountains at a great distance; yet one had to dig but half a foot deep to find nothing but frost and ice under this verdant carpet. It was my intention to continue my survey of the coast in the boats; but a number of baydares, coming to us along the coast to the east, withheld me. Five of them, each of them with eight to ten men, all armed with lances and bows, soon landed near us. At the head of each boat was a fox-skin, on a high pole, with which they beckoned to us, uttering, at the same time, the loudest cries. I ordered my crew to be prepared for defence; and went myself, with our gentlemen, to meet the Americans, who on seeing us approach sat down like Turks, in a large circle on the ground, by which they meant to manifest their friendly intentions: two chiefs had seated themselves apart from the rest. We entered this circle well armed, and perceived that they had left most of their arms in their boats, but had long knives concealed in their sleeves. Distrust, curiosity, and astonishment were painted on their countenances; they spoke very much, but unfortunately we did not understand a word. To give them a proof of my friendly sentiments, I distributed tobacco; the two chiefs received a double portion; and they were all evidently delighted at this valuable present. Those who had received tobacco first were cunning enough secretly to change their places, in the hopes of receiving a second portion. They prize tobacco highly, and are as fond of chewing as of smoking it. It was a curious sight to see this savage horde sitting in a circle, smoking out of white stone pipes, with wooden tubes. It is very remarkable that the use of tobacco should already have penetrated into these parts, which no European has ever visited. The Americans receive this, as well as other European goods, from the Tschukutskoi. To the two chiefs I gave knives and scissars; the latter, with which they seemed to be quite unacquainted, gave them particular pleasure, when they remarked that they could cut their hair with them; and immediately they went from hand to hand round the whole circle, each trying their sharpness on his hair. It was probably the first time in their lives that these Americans had seen Europeans, and we reciprocally regarded each other. They are of a middle size, robust make, and healthy appearance; their motions are lively,

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lively, and they seemed much inclined to sportiveness; their countenances, which have an expression of wantonness, but not of stupidity, are ugly and dirty, characterized by small eyes and very high cheek-bones; they have holes on each side of the mouth, in which they wear morse-bones, ornamented with blue glass beads, which gives them a most frightful appearance. Their hair hangs down long, but is cut quite short on the crown of the head. Their head and ears are also adorned with beads. Their dresses, which are made of skins, are of the same cut as the Parka in Kamtschatka; only that there it reaches to the feet, and here hardly covers the knee; besides this, they wear pantaloons and small half-boots of seal-skin.—vol. i. p. 207.

The latitude of the ship's anchorage was  $66^{\circ} 42' 30''$ , long.  $164^{\circ} 12' 50''$ . Nothing but sea was seen to the eastward, and a strong current ran to the north-east; from which circumstances our navigators still cherished a hope of discovering through this inlet a passage into the frozen ocean. With this view they spent thirteen days in examining the shores of the inlet; but the only passage out of it was on the south-eastern shore, apparently communicating with Norton Sound, and a channel on the western side opening probably into Schischmareff Bay. We do not however exactly comprehend M. Kotzebue, where he says, 'I certainly hope that this Sound may lead to important discoveries next year, and though a north-east passage may not with certainty be depended on, yet I believe I shall be able to penetrate much farther to the east, as the land has very deep indentures.' Does this mean 'farther to the east' within the Sound, or to the northward of the Sound? If the former, it is quite clear that the examination in that direction was not satisfactory to himself; and knowing, as we do, what mistakes have occurred by the overlapping of points of land, when seen only at a distance, we confess that we are not quite satisfied with the examination of the north-east coast to the eastern extremity, when, as appears by the chart, the approach was seldom nearer than ten miles. Our hope, however, of a clear passage does not lie in Kotzebue's inlet.

On a promontory, which juts into the south-eastern part of the bay, the party who had landed made 'a singular discovery':—

'We had climbed much about during our stay, without discovering that we were on real ice-bergs. The doctor, who had extended his excursions, found part of the bank broken down, and saw to his astonishment that the interior of the mountain consisted of pure ice. At this news we all went, provided with shovels and crows, to examine this phenomenon more closely; and soon arrived at a place, where the back rises almost perpendicularly out of the sea, to the height of a hundred feet; and then runs off, rising still higher. We saw masses of the purest ice of the height of a hundred feet, which are under a cover of moss and grass; and could not have been produced but by some terrible

rible revolution. The place which, by some accident, had fallen in, and is now exposed to the sun and air, melts away, and a good deal of water flows into the sea. An indisputable proof that what we saw was real ice, is the quantity of mammoth's teeth and bones, which were exposed to view by the melting, and among which I myself found a very fine tooth. We could not assign any reason for a strong smell, like that of burnt horn, which we perceived in this place. The covering of these mountains, on which the most luxuriant grass grows to a certain height, is only half a foot thick, and consists of a mixture of clay, sand, and earth; below which the ice gradually melts away, the green cover sinks with it, and continues to grow; and thus it may be foreseen, that in a long series of years the mountain will vanish, and a green valley be formed in its stead. By a good observation, we found the latitude of the tongue of land  $66^{\circ} 15' 36''$  north.—vol. i. p. 219.

This result of 'a terrible revolution' is considered by M. Chamisso, the naturalist, 'to be similar to the ground-ice, covered with vegetation, at the mouth of the Lena, out of which the mammoth, the skeleton of which is now in St. Petersburg, was thawed.' He makes the height of it to be 'eighty feet at most;' and 'the length of the profile, in which the ice is exposed to sight, about a musket-shot.' We have little doubt that both Kotzebue and Chamisso are mistaken with regard to the formation of this ice-mountain. The terrible revolution of nature is sheer nonsense; and the ground ice of the Lena is cast up from the sea, and afterwards buried by the alluvial soil brought down by the floods, in the same manner as the huge blocks which Captain Parry found on the beach of Melville island; this operation, however, could not take place on the face of the promontory in the tranquil sound of Kotzebue. What they discovered (without suspecting it) was, in fact, a real iceberg, which had been formed in the manner in which we conceive all icebergs are:—a rill of water, falling in a little cascade from a precipitous height, is converted into a sheet of ice, in the course of some severe winter; if such a sheet be not entirely melted in the short summer which follows, its volume will necessarily be increased in the ensuing winter; and thus the projection of the promontory, from year to year, will swell till the immense mass, by its own weight, and probably undermined by the constant dashing of the waves, breaks off, and is floated into the ocean. The thin stratum of soil which, in the present instance, covered the upper surface of the iceberg, might have been carried upon it by the spreading of the original rill, which, if there be any truth in the miserable print annexed, is seen to trickle down the face of the ice in numerous little streamlets, proceeding from under the soil on the top, and which, when united at the base, form a very pretty river, with trees on its banks. All our northern navigators affirm, that stones, moss, and earth, have been observed on the floating icebergs

bergs of Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay. In like manner may the mammoth's teeth have been carried down by the upper stream, and enclosed within the ice. Chamisso however does not say that these grinders and tusk (which more resemble those of the present race of elephants than such as are usually supposed to belong to the Mammoth) were found within the ice; but near the ground-ice on the point of land where they had bivouacked; adding that 'fossil ivory is found here as in Northern Asia.' How the remains of these huge animals came into these high latitudes, we leave the geologists to settle.

On quitting this inlet, to which was properly given the name of Kotzebue's Sound, (which they did on the 15th of August,) we naturally expected that, with a fine open sea, without the least appearance of ice on the water, or snow on the land, and with the thermometer from 8° to 12° of Reaumur, (50° to 59° of Fahrenheit,) the Rurick would have directed her course to the northward, as far at least as Icy Cape, to which a couple of days would have carried her; instead of which she stood directly across for the Asiatic coast, because, says Kotzebue, 'I wished to become acquainted with its inhabitants, and to compare them with the Americans.' This comparison had long before been made, and was certainly no object of the present voyage. Here were no discoveries to be made. He stood however over to East Cape, and having passed the remainder of the month of August among the Tchukutskoi, made the best of his way to Oonalaska.

We cannot help thinking that the Lieutenant committed a great error in judgment by spending a fortnight of the most favourable part of the season, for making discoveries in these latitudes, in Kotzebue's Sound. Had appearances been even more favourable than they were for a communication between this inlet and the polar sea, an enterprising navigator would have pushed forward, without a moment's loss of time, along the shore to the extreme north; as the ascertaining of this point, and the trending of the coast to the eastward, were the grand objects of the expedition; the postponing of which to another year, for the prosecution of one of minor importance, (which might still have been examined before the winter set in,) was, to say the least of it, imprudent. Besides, why did he not winter in Kotzebue's Sound, since it was found to be so perfectly safe, and so much superior to Norton Sound, from which he was instructed to proceed on his discovery the following year? And how are the instructions for wintering in Norton Sound consistent with those which, he afterwards tells us, directed him 'to pass the winter months in the neighbourhood of the imperfectly known Coral Islands, to make discoveries there?' The latter was certainly the more agreeable, and we think he did right in adopting it.

Before

Before we take leave of Behring's Strait, we have a few remarks to offer on the information obtained by Kotzebue as connected with the main object of the expedition, and which alone induced Count Romanzoff to cause it to be undertaken. It may be recollected by some of our readers, that about the time when our ships were fitting out for the Arctic expedition, we were at some pains to assign grounds for the probability of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, on which alone the practicability of a north-west passage could be maintained; and that one of the arguments in favour of the affirmative was, that a constant current being known to descend the Welcome into Hudson's Bay, seemed to require a constant current on the opposite side of America through Behring's Strait, to afford the necessary supply of water. Every circumstance that we inquired into on the side of the Pacific seemed to warrant this conclusion; the driftwood, the retiring of the ice to the northward, the temperature of the water,—were all in favour of such a current; and this led to another conclusion, that the two continents of Asia and America could not be joined, as had been fancied, on grounds almost too absurd for serious refutation.

The observations of Kotzebue and Chamisso are highly satisfactory as to the perpetual current which sets to the northward through Behring's Strait. They concur in affirming that it is this current which brings such quantities of driftwood, (some of it consisting of the trunks of huge trees,) to the shores of Saratcheff's island and Kotzebue's Sound. M. Chamisso says, that on 'the breaking up of the ice in the sea of Kamschatka, the icebergs and fields of ice do not drift, as in the Atlantic, to the south, nor do they drive to the Aleutian islands, but into the strait to the north;' and Kotzebue asserts, that 'the direction of the current was *always* N.E. in Behring's Strait.' Again he says, 'the current, according to our calculation, had carried us fifty miles to the N.N.E. in twenty-four hours, that is, above two miles an hour.'—When near the Asiatic side of the strait, they find it running with a velocity of not less than three miles an hour; and they confidently state that, even with a fresh north wind, it continued to run equally strong from the south. Now if this happens in the summer season, when the melting of the ice is going on in the polar sea, which some would persuade us was the cause of the currents in Hudson's Bay, we have a right to ask them to explain the setting of the water from this melted ice in a contrary direction through Behring's Strait. M. Kotzebue thus concludes:—

'The constant N.E. direction of the current in Behring's Strait proves that the water meets with no opposition, and consequently a passage must exist, though perhaps not adapted to navigation. Observations have long been made, that the current in Baffin's Bay runs to the south,

and

and thus no doubt can remain that the mass of water which flows into Beering's Strait takes its course round America, and returns through Baffin's Bay into the ocean.'—vol. i. p. 243.

We cannot omit recurring, on the present occasion, to a subject we have frequently noticed, but which, as we think, has never been satisfactorily accounted for; we mean, the vast difference of temperature between the western and the eastern coasts of continents or large islands. Though Humboldt has taken a philosophic view of the subject, and in particular situations, has, to a certain degree, explained the cause, yet his theory will not account for this extraordinary difference between two continents, separated only by a strait scarcely twice the width of that between Calais and Dover, which was felt so sensibly that the crossing of it was like passing from summer into winter. While all is verdure at Cape Prince of Wales, in America, the opposite point of East Cape, in Asia, is covered, as we are told, with 'eternal ice.' 'The vegetation,' says Chamisso, 'in the interior of Kotzebue's Sound, is considerably higher than in the interior of St. Lawrence Bay; the willows are higher, the grasses richer, all vegetation more juicy and stronger.' 'Ice and snow:' says Kotzebue, 'have maintained their rule here (in Asia) since last year, and in this state we find the whole coast; while in America, even the summits of the highest mountains are free from snow: there the navigator sees the coast covered with a green carpet, while here, black, mossy rocks frown upon him, with snow and icicles.' In fact, a few hours sailing directly to the westward sunk the thermometer from 59° to 43° of Fahrenheit. We can readily conceive why, at Melville Island, surrounded with eternal ice, the thermometer should descend to 87° below the freezing point, and still lower on the elevated plains in the interior of North America, where half the surface consists of frozen lakes and swamps;\* but we cannot comprehend why the same warmth of the Great Pacific, which tempers the rigorous cold of the Frozen Ocean on the American side of Beering's Strait, should refuse to mitigate the severity of the weather on the side of Asia, more especially as it appears, from repeated observations made on the present voyage, that the current from the south was equally strong on both sides of the strait.

The difference is still greater between the climates of the two shores separated by the Atlantic, but then the sea is much wider. While on the eastern coast of North America, all is desolation and sterility, even so low as the 55th degree of latitude, and ice and snow maintain a perpetual existence at the 60th parallel; we find on the coast of Norway, (10 degrees higher) that all is life

\* Captain Franklin observed it as low as 89° below the freezing point in lat. 64°.

and



and animation and beauty. 'Altengaard,' says the celebrated Von Buch, 'is a surprising place. It is situated in the midst of a forest of Scotch firs, upon a green meadow, with noble views through the trees of the fiord, with its numerous points projecting one beyond the other into the vast sheet of water, and closed by the plains of Leyland and Langfiord. The surrounding woods are so beautiful and so diversified! We perceive through the boughs on the opposite side of the water, the foaming torrent descending from the rocks, and communicating to the saw-mills perpetual motion. It appears, when we enter the wood from the beach, as if we were transported to the park of Berlin.' Yet Altengaard is close upon the 70th parallel of latitude.

M. Chamisso seems to think that he has hit upon a more philosophical theory for this great difference of temperature in the same parallels of latitude, than those of Humboldt, Von Buch and Wallenberg, grounded on the sea and land breezes, the monsoons and trade-winds; but as his ideas appear to us not a little crude, and as he declines to submit his 'new theory to calculations, or try it by the touch-stone of facts,' it will be sufficient to refer our readers to it, (vol. iii. p. 279.) We have more respect for his observations on the sensible objects of the creation, and readily subscribe to the correctness of his views in the following paragraph:

'As, on the one hand, in proportion as you go farther in the land towards the north, the woods become less lofty, the vegetation gradually decreases, animals become scarcer, and, lastly, (as at Nova Zembla,) the rein-deer and the *Glires* vanish with the last plants, and only birds of prey prowl about the icy streams for their food: so, on the other hand, the sea becomes more and more peopled. The *Algæ*, gigantic species of *Tang*, form inundated woods round the rocky coasts, such as are not met with in the torrid zone. But the waters swarm with animal life, though all aquatic animals seem to remain in a lower scale than their relatives of the same class on land. The *Medusæ* and *Zoophytes*, *Molusca* and *Crustacea*, innumerable species of fish, in incredibly crowded shoals; the gigantic swimming mammalia, whales, physeters, dolphins, morse and seals, fill the sea and its strand; and countless flights of water-fowls rock themselves on the bosom of the ocean, and, in the twilight, resemble floating islands.'—vol. iii. p. 306.

We have little to observe on the manners and character of the people who inhabit the shores of Behring's Strait. They have long been supposed, and are now unquestionably ascertained, to belong to that extraordinary race of men generally known by the name of Eskimaux, and who, commencing at the Kolyma, and probably much farther to the westward of Asia, have settled themselves on the sea-coast and islands of that continent, down to the gulf of Anadyr, the islands of Behring's Strait, the Aleutian islands, the western

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western coast of America from the promontory of Aliaska, the northern coast along the polar sea, the shores and islands of Hudson's Bay, Baffin's Bay, and Davis's Strait, of Old Greenland and Labrador. Every where throughout this vast extent of sea-coast, where the gigantic mammalia above-mentioned abound, and from which their food, raiment, dwellings and utensils are derived, they are to be found. Of the deplorable circumstances which may have driven these people (evidently of Tartar origin) to dwell only among regions of 'thick-ribbed ice' and snow, and to depend for their daily subsistence almost solely on the sea, history is silent; and it would be vain to form any hypothesis on the subject.

Miserable, however, as their condition appears to be, they are contented with it, and always cheerful; living in small independent hordes, and apparently on terms of a perfect equality. Civil and obliging to strangers, they are courteous to one another, and amidst their train-oil and putrid fish, carefully observe the decencies of domestic life. Woman here is not degraded from her rank in society, by that curse which polygamy has entailed on the whole sex where it exists,—whether in savage or half-civilized life. This common feature of Asiatic manners they have happily lost:—what is not a little remarkable, however, they have preserved a language of singular complication in its mechanism, which, with some little variety in the dialect, is spoken from the north-east cape of Asia, to the southern point of Old Greenland. Captain Franklin found that his Eskimaux interpreter from the banks of the Chesterfield inlet, understood the vocabularies composed by the missionaries of Labrador; and Dr. Eschscholtz, surgeon of the Rurick, was fully convinced of the coincidence of the Aleutian language with that of the Eskimaux. How has this community been maintained through ages between tribes, so very widely separated, without any written character, and with little or no intercourse, when among nations, apparently in a much higher state of civilization, the languages are frequently so different, as not to be generally understood? Perhaps the fewness of their wants, and the very limited number of objects of sense by which they are surrounded, (requiring but few words to express them,) may partly explain a phenomenon so unusual in the history of the species.

It could not be expected, that M. Kotzebue should have much new or interesting information to communicate, respecting the Aleutian islands, the coast of California, or the Sandwich islands, at all of which he touched, in his progress towards the tropical islands of the Pacific, where his intention was to pass the winter, and to prepare for a second attempt at northern discovery. On the 1st January 1817, a low woody island was discovered in lat.  $10^{\circ} 8' N.$  long.  $189^{\circ} 4'$ , reckoning from the meridian of Greenwich westerly.

The natives came off and hovered round the ship in canoes; tall and well-shaped, with high foreheads, and aquiline noses, they seemed to differ somewhat from the generality of the South Sea islanders; their hair, neatly tied up, was adorned with wreaths of flowers and coloured shells; and cylinders of green leaves or of tortoise shells, three inches in diameter, hung from their ears. Two or three days afterwards, they fell in with a chain of islands extending from lat.  $6^{\circ}$  to lat.  $12^{\circ}$ , long.  $187^{\circ}$  to long.  $193^{\circ}$  W. or rather a succession of groups, each consisting of a circular reef of coral rocks, out of which, at irregular distances, rose a number of small flat islands, richly covered with the bread fruit, the pandanus and cocoa-nut trees. Captain Krusenstern claims for Lieutenant Kotzebue the merit of having first discovered these groups; but we can scarcely permit ourselves to doubt that they are the same which were seen by Captain Marshall, in the *Scarborough*, in 1788, and by the *Nautilus*, in 1799, and named on the charts the *Nautilus*, the *Chatham*, and *Calvert's Islands*. We readily admit, however, that 'if Lieutenant Kotzebue be not the first discoverer of these islands, he is, at all events, the first who has made us acquainted with their true position;' and we are disposed to allow him the further merit of having thrown much additional light on the nature and formation of those singular coral groups, which rise out of the Pacific, in circular chains, like *fairy rings* in a meadow, almost through its whole extent from east to west, and from the 30th parallel of northern, to the same parallel of southern latitude.

It has long been known, that the upper surface of these islands, usually known by the general name of Coral Rocks, is composed of calcareous fragments of a great variety of forms, the production of marine animals; and, since the voyages of Cook, Flinders, D'Entrecasteaux, and others, it has been as generally supposed, that these minute creatures began their wonderful fabrics at the very depth of the ocean, building upwards from the bottom, and that each generation, dying in its cells, was succeeded by others, building upon the labours of their predecessors, and thus rising in succession till they reached the surface. This was surmised to be the process, from the circumstance of the sea being found so deep, close to the external side of the reef, as frequently to be unfathomable. It now appears that this is not precisely the case. The facility with which the little vessel of Kotzebue entered through the open spaces in the surrounding reef or dam, into the included lagoon, enabled M. Chamisso to inspect more narrowly the nature of these extraordinary fabrics, and to give a more distinct and intelligible account of their origin and progress. From the circumstance of their being grouped only in certain spots of the Pacific,

and

and always in an united though irregular chain, generally more or less approaching to a circle, he was led to conclude that the coral-animals lay the foundation of their edifices on shoals in the ocean, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, on the summits of those submarine mountains, which advance sufficiently near the surface to afford them as much light and heat as may be necessary for their operations. The extreme depth at which they can perform their functions has not yet been ascertained; but it was found, on the late Voyage of Discovery, that in Baffin's Bay, marine animals existed at the depth of one thousand fathoms, and in a temperature below the freezing point. The outer edge of the reef exposed to the surf is the first that shows itself above water, and consists of the largest blocks of coral rock, composed of madrepores mixed with various shells, and the spines of the sea hedge-hog, which break into large tablets, and are so compact, as to sound loudly under the hammer. On the sloping side of the inner ridge or reef, the animals discovered in the act of carrying on their operations, were the tubipora musica, the millepora cœrulea, distichopora, actinias, and various kinds of polypus. The living branches of the lythophytes were generally attached to the dead stems; many of the latter, however, crumbled into sand, which, accumulating on the inner declivity, constitutes a considerable part of the surface of the new islands.

The ridge or reef when once above water on the windward side, extends itself by slow degrees till it has surrounded the whole plateau of the submarine mountain, leaving in the middle an enclosed lake, into which are passages, more or less deep, communicating with the ocean; the islets formed on the reef or wall are smaller or larger, according to accidental circumstances. Chamisso observed, that the smaller species of 'corals' had sought a quiet abode within the lagoon, where they were silently and slowly throwing up banks, which in process of time unite with the islets that surround them, and at length fill up the lagoon, so that what was at first a ring of islands, becomes one connected mass of land. The progress towards a state fit for the habitation of man is thus described by the naturalist.

'As soon as it has reached such a height, that it remains almost dry at low water, at the time of ebb, the corals leave off building higher; sea-shells, fragments of coral, sea hedge-hog shells, and their broken off prickles are united by the burning sun, through the medium of the cementing calcareous sand, which has arisen from the pulverisation of the above-mentioned shells, into one whole or solid stone, which, strengthened by the continual throwing up of new materials, gradually increases in thickness, till it at last becomes so high, that it is covered only during some seasons of the year by the high tides. The heat of

the sun so penetrates the mass of stone when it is dry, that it splits in many places, and breaks off in flakes. These flakes, so separated, are raised one upon another by the waves at the time of high water. The always active surf throws blocks of coral (frequently of a fathom in length, and three or four feet thick) and shells of marine animals between and upon the foundation stones; after this the calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers to the seeds of trees and plants cast upon it by the waves, a soil upon which they rapidly grow to overshadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other countries and islands, find here, at length, a resting place, after their long wanderings: with these come some small animals, such as lizards and insects, as the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the real sea-birds nestle here; strayed land-birds take refuge in the bushes; and at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man also appears, builds his hut on the fruitful soil formed by the corruption of the leaves of the trees, and calls himself lord and proprietor of this new creation.'—vol. iii. pp. 331-3.

The reflections of Kotzebue are just and natural:—

'The spot on which I stood filled me with astonishment, and I adored in silent admiration the omnipotence of God, who had given even to these minute animals the power to construct such a work. My thoughts were confounded when I consider the immense series of years that must elapse before such an island can rise from the fathomless abyss of the ocean, and become visible on the surface. At a future period they will assume another shape; all the islands will join, and form a circular slip of earth, with a pond or lake in the circle; and this form will again change, as these animals continue building, till they reach the surface, and then the water will one day vanish, and only one great island be visible. It is a strange feeling to walk about on a living island, where all below is actively at work. And to what corner of the earth can we penetrate where human beings are not already to be found? In the remotest regions of the north, amidst mountains of ice, under the burning sun of the equator, nay, even in the middle of the ocean, on islands which have been formed by animals, they are met with!'—vol. ii. p. 36.

The inhabitants of this group seemed to differ little from those of Polynesia in general. The men were tall, and well made; they wore their black hair neatly knotted upon the head, and decorated with wreaths of flowers, and had cylinders of tortoise-shell, also ornamented with flowers, hanging from the ears. The women were extremely bashful, retiring, and modest. Kotzebue and his associates went through every part of the group of islands, without the least apprehension from the natives, whom they invariably found mild, inoffensive, and obliging. 'I was unarmed, (he says,) for I felt myself quite secure among these kind-hearted children of Nature, who, to amuse me, would play and dance before me.'

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It was evident they had never before seen white men; for, on their first approach, they were dreadfully terrified, and it was some time before they could be prevailed on to visit the ship: the hogs and dogs on board greatly alarmed them, and were considered as huge rats, the only quadrupeds with which they were acquainted.

Among their most useful plants were the cocoa-nut tree, the pandanus, and the bread-fruit, which furnished them with food, raiment, and lodging.

'The fruit of the pandanus constitutes in Radack the food of the people. The compound fibrous stone-fruits which compose the conical fruit, contain a spicy juice at their basis, the point where they are fixed. To obtain this juice, the fruit is first beaten with a stone, the fibres chewed, and pressed in the mouth. The fruit is also baked in pits, after the manner of the South Sea, not so much to eat it in this state, as to prepare mogan from it, a spicy dry confectionary, which is carefully preserved as a valuable stock for long voyages. To prepare the mogan all the members of one or more families are employed. From the stone-fruits, as they come out of the baking-pit, the condensed juice is expressed by passing them over the edge of a shell, then spread out on a grate, covered with leaves, exposed over a slight charcoal fire to the sun, and dried. The thin slices, as soon as they are sufficiently dried, are rolled up tight, and these rolls then neatly wrapped in the leaves of the tree, and tied up. The kernel of this fruit is well tasted, but difficult to be obtained, and is often neglected. From the leaves of the pandanus the women prepare all sorts of mats, as well the square ones with elegant borders, which serve as aprons, as those which are used as ship's sails, and the thicker ones for sleeping upon.'—vol. iii. p. 150.

The naturalist seems to think that these children of nature were somewhat restrained from the besetting vice of savages, that of appropriating to themselves the property of others, by a person of the name of Kadu, from the reef of Ulea, (one of the numerous islets forming the great group of the Carolinas, and distant from this place at least fifteen hundred miles,) and who, though he had never seen an European ship, or European man, had heard much of both. This extraordinary character, notwithstanding all the entreaties of his friends, determined to accompany Lieut. Kotzebue; and when they became enabled to understand each other, they learned from him, that having one day left Ulea in a sailing boat, with three of his countrymen, a violent storm arose, and drove them out of their course; that they drifted about the open sea for eight months, according to their reckoning by the moon, making a knot on a cord at every new moon. Being expert fishermen, they subsisted entirely on the produce of the sea; and when the rain fell, laid in as much fresh water as they had vessels to contain it. 'Kadu, says Kotzebue, who was the best diver, frequently went down to the bottom of the sea, where *it is well known* that the water is not

so salt, with a cocoa-nut (*shell*) with only a small opening.\* When these unfortunate men reached the isles of Radack, however, every hope and almost every feeling had died within them; their sail had long been destroyed, their canoe long been the sport of winds and waves; and they were picked up by the inhabitants of Aur, in a state of insensibility. Three or four years had elapsed since their arrival, and Kadu had taken a wife, by whom he had one child; notwithstanding which he came up to Kotzebue, and, with a firm and determined voice and look, said, 'I will remain with you wherever you go.' His friends endeavoured to dissuade him, and even to drag him from the ship; but his resolution was not to be shaken, and when the time of departure arrived, he took an affecting leave of his friends and family, distributed his little property among them, and embarked on board the *Rurick*.

Before they left the group, however, Kotzebue thought it right to tell him that he had no intention of revisiting the islands of Radack; and that he was about to proceed on a long and fatiguing voyage. 'He threw his arms around me, (says Kotzebue,) vowed to stay with me till death; and nothing remained for me but to keep him, and with a firm determination to provide for him as a father.' M. Chamisso has given several anecdotes illustrative of the mild and amiable character of Kadu, who soon became a great favourite of the officers and men of the *Rurick*. 'We once only (says the naturalist) saw this mild man angry;' and this was occasioned by some of the crew having removed a little collection of stones which he had formed, to a place where he could not find them. He continued during the voyage to conduct himself with great propriety; but on the return of the ship to the same group, he as suddenly changed his mind of continuing with Kotzebue as he had previously formed that resolution, and determined to abide with his friends:—the account which he received of the melancholy state of his little daughter after his departure, was supposed to be the motive of this change; the reason assigned by himself, however, was, that he wished to superintend the new plants and animals which had been collected for the use of the natives, at the Sandwich Islands, and other places visited by the *Rurick*.

The *Rurick* sailed about the middle of March to renew her northern discovery; and on the 13th of April had reached the lat. 44° 30',—'a frightful day, (says Kotzebue,) which *blasted* all my fairest hopes.' A tremendous storm had nearly overwhelmed his little vessel; and he was thrown with such violence against a projecting corner of his cabin, that he was obliged to keep his bed for several days. On the 24th the ship reached Oonalashka, and on

\* Chamisso states this circumstance more cautiously; he brought up cooler water, (he says) which, 'according to their opinion,' was likewise less salt.



the 29th of June, having received on board fifteen Aleutians, proceeded to the northward. On the 10th of July they came in sight of St. Lawrence Island. Here Kotzebue inquired of the natives whether the ice had long left their shores? The answer was, 'only within the last three days.' 'My hope, therefore, (he observes,) of penetrating Behring's Straits was blasted,' (the lieutenant, or his translator, has no great choice of words,) 'as I could not expect that the sea would be cleared of ice for fourteen days.' He stood however to the northward; and at midnight 'perceived (he says) to their terror firm ice, which extended as far as the eye could see to the north-east, and then to the north, covering the whole surface of the ocean.' Here he made up his mind, if that had not already been done, to lay aside all further attempt at discovery, and return to the more agreeable groups of coral islands. He thus states his case:—

'My melancholy situation, which had daily grown worse since we had left Oonalashka, received here the last blow. The cold air so affected my lungs, that I lost my breath, and at last spasms in the chest, faintings, and spitting of blood ensued. I now for the first time perceived that my situation was worse than I would hitherto believe; and the physician seriously declared to me that I could not remain near the ice. It cost me a long and severe contest; more than once I resolved to brave death, and accomplish my undertaking; but when I reflected that we had a difficult voyage to our own country still before us, and perhaps the preservation of the Rurick, and the lives of my companions depended on mine, I then felt that I must suppress my ambition. The only thing which supported me in this contest was the conscientious assurance of having strictly fulfilled my duty. I signified to the crew, in writing, that my ill health obliged me to return to Oonalashka. The moment I signed the paper was the most painful in my life, for with this stroke of the pen I gave up the ardent and long-cherished wish of my heart.'—vol. ii. p. 176.

We have little more to offer on this unsuccessful voyage; but it appears to us that its abrupt abandonment was hardly justified under the circumstances stated. It would not be tolerated in England, that the ill-health of the commanding officer should be urged as a plea for giving up an enterprize of moment, while there remained another officer on board fit to succeed him. But the great error, in our opinion, was committed in the first attempt. Had Kotzebue fortunately pushed on to the northward the preceding year, when the sea was perfectly open, and before his people had tasted the soft luxuries of the coral islands, he would unquestionably have succeeded in solving the problem as to the extreme north-west point of America, as Baron Wrangel has done that of the north-east point of Asia; and this would have been something: but we rather suspect that when the physician

warned him against approaching the ice, the caution was not wholly disinterested on his part, and that the officers and men, like the successors of the immortal Cook, had come to the conclusion that 'the longest way about was the nearest way home.'

We cannot close this article without animadverting on the careless manner in which the 'Voyage' has been 'done into English.' The naturalist, Chamisso, in seeming anticipation of what would happen, has entered his caveat against 'translations of which he cannot judge,' and 'recognizes only the German text.' In truth, he will find here more than enough to justify his precautions. The present translator joins to a style at once bald and incorrect, a deplorable ignorance of his subject; hence the volume abounds in errors of the grossest kind. Many of them may unquestionably be attributed to the undue haste with which the work was produced:—but, surely, it can never be worth the while of any respectable publisher to run a race with the Bridge-street press, the monthly crudities of which, though they may precede, cannot possibly supersede translations made by competent persons, and brought out in a manner correspondent to the merit of the original works.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of a Life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania within the last Sixty Years.* Edinburgh. 1822. pp. 431.

MR. GALT, to whom we are indebted for the present volume, is a person, to say the best of it, of a very uncertain taste. He has published a life of Cardinal Wolsey rather above mediocrity; and the '*Annals of the Parish*,' (favourably noticed in a former Number,) and '*the Ayrshire Legatees*,' a work of the same cast, and, at least, of equal merit, are also attributed to his pen. On the other hand, the '*Earthquake*,' said to be his, is a romance ridiculous even among romances; and he now appears as the editor and eulogist of these *Memoirs*, which,—notwithstanding his high and solemn praise, both of their matter and manner,—we venture to pronounce to be in matter almost worthless, and in manner wholly contemptible.

Mr. Galt's dedication of the republished volume, to his Excellency Richard Rush, Esq. the American ambassador, acquaints us with all that he is pleased to tell of the author, or to advance in support of his favourable opinion of the work; and even this information, short and meagre as it is, is not without a tincture of absurdity. 'He thanks his Excellency for his attention to his inquiries respecting the author.' Of course we should infer, that inquiries so gratefully acknowledged produced an answer.

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If they did, he has kept the information to himself. If Mr. Rush could tell Mr. Galt nothing about the author, he hardly deserved such ostentatious gratitude; and if he did, it seems a little hard that the reader should be deprived of such valuable, and indeed necessary information; for we suppose it will be admitted that, in estimating private memoirs and a personal narrative, the *name* and *character* of the writer are of main importance.

This critical dedication next proceeds to state, 'that it is remarkable that a production so rich in the various excellencies of *STYLE, DESCRIPTION, and IMPARTIALITY*, should not have been known in this country, especially as it is perhaps the best personal narrative which has yet appeared relative to the history of that great conflict which terminated in establishing the independence of the United States.' This is lofty praise; and we cannot therefore wonder at the editor's conclusion, that such a work 'will be a valuable addition to the stock of *general knowledge*, and obtain no mean place for the author among those who have added *PERMANENT LUSTRE* to the *English language*.' In fact, it is this which has induced us to trouble our readers with an account of the book. In our examination, we shall follow the editor's own line of criticism.

And first, of this admirable *STYLE*, which is to 'place the writer among the great luminaries of the English language.' If we were merely to say that it is of that kind which the French so expressively call *lâche*, and which we should denominate loose and mean, we might possibly be suspected of prejudice; we shall therefore support our opinion with a specimen or two taken at random.

Having occasion to state that an American officer had been the dupe of a false alarm, he informs us that—

'Another emanation from the military defect of vision, was the curious order that every householder in Market-street should *affix* one or more candles at his door before daylight, on the morning of the day on which, *from some sufficient reason* no doubt, it had been elicited that the enemy would full surely make his attack.'—p. 41.

We confess that the order appears to us more intelligible than the observations on it.

The author's mother, it seems, kept a boarding-house in Philadelphia, and the following is the manner in which, with a style and taste that are 'to add permanent lustre to our language,' he bespeaks the respect of the reader for the heretofore ill-appreciated calling of mistress of a boarding-house.

'Those who have seen better days, but have been compelled, by hard necessity, to submit to a way of life, which, to a feeling mind, whoever may be the guests, is sufficiently humiliating, are much indebted

debted to Mr. Gibbon for the handsome manner in which he speaks of the hostess of a boarding-house at Lausanne. With the delicacy of a gentleman, and the discernment of a man of the world, the historian dares to recognize that worth and refinement are not confined to opulence or station; and that although, in the keeper of a house of public entertainment, these qualities are not much to be looked for, yet, when they do occur, the paying for the comforts and attentions we receive does not exempt us from the courtesy of an apparent equality and obligation. An equally liberal way of thinking is adopted by Mr. Cumberland, who tells us, in his Memoirs, that the British Coffeehouse was kept by a Mrs. Anderson, a person of great respectability.'—p. 57.

The pressing poor Gibbon and Cumberland into the service of his mother's *table d'hôte*, and investing the good lady with the various merits of Madame Mesery and Mrs. Anderson, is admirable; and the manner in which it is accomplished enables us to pronounce that the writer did not listen to the conversation at it without profit.

This polite table-society, however, did not long dispense civilization and good manners amongst the inhabitants of Philadelphia, although 'Major George Etherington, of the Royal Americans, was an occasional inmate of the house, from its first establishment on a large scale, until the time of its being laid down about the year 1774.' Major Etherington, no doubt, would have done honour to any company.

'He seemed to be always employed in the recruiting service, in the performance of which he had a snug economical method of his own. He generally dispensed with the noisy ceremony of a recruiting coterie; for having, as it was said, and I believe truly, passed through the principal grades in its composition, namely, those of drummer and serjeant, he was a perfect master of the inveigling arts which are practised on the occasion, and could fulfil, at a pinch, all the duties himself. The major's forte was a knowledge of mankind, of low life especially; and he seldom scented a subject that he did not, in the end, make his prey. He knew his man, and could immediately discover a fish that would bite: Hence he wasted no time in angling in wrong waters.'—p. 63.

This gentleman, himself so highly civilized, did our author the inestimable favour of superintending a portion of his education, which 'the family' had, it seems, neglected—namely the *Graces*; and, with 'the inveigling arts' so familiar to him, he 'entrapped' the young recruit into a room, where a dancing-master had been previously secreted: the horror of such 'a degradation to manhood' as learning to dance, was soon overcome by the persuasions of the all-accomplished Major, and the reformed and elegant Cato 'became' (as he proudly tells us) 'qualified for the enjoyment of female society in one of its most captivating forms.'—p. 65.

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His easy acquirement of this polite art did not prevent his grandfather from intending to make him, what the old gentleman, with a near approach to correctness, called, a *bannister-at-law*, and, 'like too many others, (says the author) I was destined in vain,

*D'une robe à longs plis balayer le barreau.'*

This line,—to show his skill in French,—he beautifully translates,

*'To sweep, with full-sleeved robe, the dusty bar.'*

though, as he candidly admits, '*the quotation would apply BETTER, or at least more LITERALLY—IF—gowns had been worn at our bar.*'—p. 73. We think so too.

His female acquaintance were not beneath the egregious Major Etherington in rank and accomplishments, and he celebrates them in a corresponding style. 'He cannot fail to recollect the sprightly and engaging Mrs. E—:' but, almost as discreet as his editor, he does not entrust us with more than the initial of this charming woman's name. Mrs. E— makes quite a figure through the whole of the 105th page, and a sly hint is thrown out that our author 'might have given that worthy man (Mr. E—) some cause of uneasiness.' We had really begun to feel some interest in what we thought an affair of the heart, when, on turning the leaf, we came to a *denouement*, so totally unlike all our anticipations, that the volume almost dropped from our hands.

'The master of the house, though much less *brilliant* than the mistress, was always good natured and kind—and as they kept a *small "store,"* (heaven and earth, a small store!) 'I repaid, as well as I could, the hospitality of a frequent dish of tea, by—purchasing of them what articles I wanted.'—p. 106.

How delicate and generous a gallantry! and what a fascinating style of expression!

The description of the general officer, under whom he served at the commencement of hostilities—for he was a soldier as well as a scholar, and truly, tam Marti quam Mercurio—is almost a pendant for that of 'the sprightly and engaging' Mrs. E—, 'Whatever may have been Mifflin's deficiencies, he had many qualifications for *his* station that too many others, placed in higher ones, wanted'—It seems, let us in candour observe, no great imputation against the '*others in higher stations,*' if they only wanted qualifications which were fit for the lower ones.—He proceeds—

'Mifflin was a man of education, ready apprehension, and *brilliancy*,—he had spent some time in Europe, particularly in France; and was very easy of access, with the manners of genteel life, though occasionally evoling those of a Quaker!'—p. 151.

We need not, we trust, solicit the admiration of our polite

\* Shop.

readers for a portrait in which '*genteel brilliancy occasionally evolves the manners of a Quaker*;' but we fear, that if this work should reach the recesses of the parish of Dalmailing, the Rev. Mr. Balwhidder, and even his fourth wife, though more versed in the refinements of modern languages than his Reverence, will find some difficulty in comprehending exactly what manner of man this General Mifflin was.

We close the chapter of *style* with the author's description of an English officer of the name of Becket, who won his heart by giving him a good breakfast.

'Mr. Becket's figure was pleasing; rather manly than elegant; tall, and, though not corpulent, *indicative of a temperament inclining to fullness*; and so far as I could judge of him, from *the acquaintance of a day*, possessed the qualities, which, with equal power, would have made him a TITUS, and have given him a legitimate claim to the designation of *Delicia humani generis*!'

In one respect, however, the similitude fails. Mr. Becket, it seems, did NOT *lose a day*; for in twelve hours he played his cards so well, that our classical author has exalted, in the admiring eyes of all posterity, a lieutenant in his Majesty's 27th regiment of foot, 'to the imperial throne of the Cæsars.'—p. 252.

The merit next in order, is—the author's talent for DESCRIPTION: we choose the following specimen of it as one of the most delightful—the length of the extract will be fully compensated by the vigour of the delineation and the classical interest of the objects.

'My mother being thus established, I left my grandfather's for her house; and, by this change of residence, bid adieu to the old route, which for about two years I had traversed, in going to and returning from school, in the winter four times, and in the summer six times a-day. I had my choice, indeed, of different streets, and sometimes varied my course; but it generally led me through what is now called Dock Street, then a filthy uncovered sewer, bordered on either side by shabby stables and tan-yards. To these succeeded the more agreeable object of Israel Pemberton's garden, (now covered in part by the Bank of the United States,) laid out in the old fashioned style of uniformity, with walks and alleys nodding to their brothers, and decorated with a number of evergreens, carefully clipped into pyramidal and conical forms. Here the amenity of the view usually detained me for a few minutes. Thence, turning Chesnut Street corner to the left, and passing a row of dingy two-storey houses, I came to the Whalebones, which gave name to the alley at the corner of which they stood. These never ceased to be occasionally an object of some curiosity, and might be called my second stage, beyond which there was but one more general object of attention, and this was to get a peep at the race-horses, which, in sporting seasons, were kept in the Widow Nichols's stables, which,

from

from her house, (the Indian Queen, at the corner of Market Street,) extended perhaps two-thirds, or more, of the way to Chesnut Street. In fact, throughout the whole of my route, the intervals took up as much ground as the buildings; and, with the exception of here and there a straggling house, Fifth Street might have been called the western extremity of the city.—p. 35.

The following account of an accidental explosion in the American lines at Long Island, though not quite so rich in particulars, shows at once the talent of a great writer, and the nerves and judgment of a practical soldier.

‘There was a deep murmur in the camp which indicated some movement; and the direction of the decaying sounds was evidently towards the river. About two o’clock *a cannon went off*, apparently from one of our redoubts, “piercing the night’s dull ear,” with a *tremendous* roar. If the explosion was within our lines, the gun was probably discharged in the act of spiking it; and it could have been no less a matter of speculation to the enemy than to ourselves. I never heard the cause of it; but whatever it was, the effect was at once *alarming* and *sublime*; and what with the greatness of the stake, the darkness of the night, the uncertainty of the design, and extreme hazard of the issue, whatever might be the object, it would be difficult to conceive a more deeply solemn and interesting scene. It never recurs to my mind, but in the strong imagery of the chorus of Shakspeare’s *Henry the Fifth*, in which is arrayed, in appropriate gloom, a similar interval of dread suspense and awful expectation.’—p. 164.

Give an ordinary writer the thunder of innumerable artillery, or the explosion of an entire magazine, he perhaps may make something of it: but who, like our Pennsylvanian Captain, could make so much of the report of a single gun? We honestly confess that we *guessed*, from the wonderful vivacity of this description, that it not only was the first gun he had ever heard, but probably would be the last; and so, or nearly so, it seems it was; for he was made prisoner a few days after, while *taking a walk* with his lieutenant, *during* the action at Fort Washington:—

We now arrive at the claim of IMPARTIALITY which Mr. Galt makes for his gifted friend; and which shows itself by his judging of every thing exactly according to his own feeling or his own interest.—Let not the reader imagine that we blame him for this mode of being impartial—heaven forbid—most great men, we believe, decide on such principles; but then it is right to understand what Mr. Galt means by impartiality.

And first, with regard to *persons*: for those who happened to offend him, and particularly for English officers, our impartial historian has no softer epithets than ‘insolent, brutal, and ruffian,’ p. 69; ‘ill-looking, low-bred fellows,’ p. 210—‘genuine scoundrels



drels in red,' p. 321; 'ferocious caitiffs to be viewed with greater abhorrence than caged wild-beasts,' p. 208,—though why a caged wild-beast should be viewed with abhorrence we do not see. If, when a prisoner, he is somewhat restrained in his motions, and not quite pampered in his appetites, he talks of 'cowardly oppression,' and the 'indignity of being ordered about by such contemptible whipsters (as the officers of the British army,) for a moment unmanned him, and he was obliged to apply his handkerchief to his eyes.' p. 209. With all our admiration of Mr. Galt's friend, we must venture to doubt whether it be very politic to call persons who had just conquered him, 'contemptible whipsters;' and we had rather—we may be wrong, but—we had rather that he had not fallen *a crying* just at this particular moment of his life; but *ubi plura nitent*—

The provost marshal, to whose care the hero and his fellow prisoners were confided, was named Conyngham, and it is thus that *impartiality* speaks of him:—'By the concurrence of all who had been under his dominion, he was a fellow that would NOT have disgraced the imperial throne of the *Cæsars* in the darkest days of Roman tyranny, nor the republic of France at the most refulgent era of jacobinism.' Conyngham, however, was an angel of beneficence compared with a gentleman of the name of Loring. Our author wants words to express his horror of this person, and he therefore borrows—with becoming gratitude—the indignant rhetoric of a friend and fellow-soldier.

'Colonel Ethen Allen, in the *Narrative of his Captivity*, says, that "Conyngham was as great a rascal as the army could boast of," with the single exception of Joshua Loring, the commissary of prisoners; and he winds up a most violent, and possibly not ill-deserved, invective against the commissary in the following *energetic* and *characteristic strain of ELOQUENCE*. "He (meaning Loring) is the most mean-spirited, cowardly, deceitful, and destructive animal in God's creation below; and legions of infernal devils, with all their tremendous horrors, are impatiently ready to receive Howe and him, with all their detestable accomplices, into the most exquisite agonies of the hottest regions of hell-fire."—p. 282.

Amongst his own countrymen his impartiality is exactly of the same kind—discriminating, candid and well-bred; but we need not load our pages with examples of his candour towards individuals, as it is probably on the subject of *general politics* that Mr. Galt most admires his calm and luminous impartiality.

Here again, however, we must distinguish what is meant by *impartiality*; it is sometimes understood to mean belonging to *no* party, but in the nobler sense in which Mr. Galt applies it to his author, it must mean having belonged to *every* party, and, in turns, abused

abused them all. The praise of this species of impartiality our author most certainly deserves. No man could be more virulent in the early part of his story against every thing British:—the occasions are trivial and the matters small; but the stupid spite and blundering malice are as obvious and as obtrusive as even Colonel Ethen Allen's could be. He takes the field against the royalists at the commencement of the contest with great spirit, becomes a captain in the insurgent army, and breathes on every occasion the patriot indignation of a republican hero. Unfortunately in the very first action in which he finds himself, he happens to be taken prisoner without receiving a scratch or striking a blow; nay, this little accident occurs after he had sent his men *one way*, and walked with his lieutenant *another*, which led him quietly and safely to the custody of Provost-Marshal Conyngham. On his parole behind the British lines he was permitted (by the neglect of the American commander) to remain till released through the intercession of his mother with Sir William Howe, who seems to have estimated his hostility pretty nearly at the same rate that his own general did his services. He never again ventured to meddle with warlike affairs, except in these his *impartial* memoirs, where he complains through many a doleful page of the slights which he and the other heroes of Fort Washington suffered, and the injustice of which history is guilty in slurring over their magnanimous deeds in that portentous fight.

'The affair of Fort Washington had an effect not unlike that of entering into a monastery in England, in days of yore: as in the one case a man was said to be *civilly* dead, so in the other he was *militarily* so; and although as much alive as ever to corporeal wants and necessities, yet was he *dead* as an antediluvian as to all purposes of *WORLDLY ADVANTAGE*. Nor was it the garrison alone, but the very event itself, that was offensive to remembrance; and it has grown into a sort of fashion, among our annalists, to pass lightly over this inauspicious transaction.'—p. 327.

From this time his rage against the English is wonderfully mitigated; he criticises General Washington; sneers at General Green; ridicules General Putnam; and censures very roundly General Lee, whom, a little before, he was suspected of preferring to General Washington himself. In short, the confusion of the author's style and narrative is hardly greater or more perplexing than the inconsistency of his opinions: in two points only he is invariable—the value of his own services, and the want of merit in all the rest of mankind.

So much for his impartiality on military topics: his impartiality in civil matters 'is of the same batch.'

In the year 1785, there happened to be a strong contest for the appointment

appointment of a prothonotary in Dauphine County between two parties, then called constitutionalists and republicans, and since known as federalists and democrats—'upon this occasion,' says the author, 'the *negative* character of my politics probably gave me the advantage.'

'To keep out Atlee, the constitutionalists were disposed to give their votes to any one of his competitors. Of course I had all their strength; and by adding to it two or three republican votes, I acquired a greater number than any in nomination. As the mode was to vote for the candidates individually, there was no physical, or perhaps moral impediment, to each of them receiving the vote of every member. A promise to one was not broken by voting also for another, unless it was exclusively made. The President had probably given a promise to Colonel Atlee, as well as to myself; and considering me, perhaps, as too weak to endanger his success, thought he might safely gratify my friend, who pinned him to the vote; which, on coming to the box, he seemed half inclined to withhold. Or where was his crime, if he really thought our pretensions equal, and therefore determined not to decide between us? Such were the accidents which procured my unlooked for appointment.'—p. 352.

This success, obtained by this candid and honourable conduct on the part of the President, seems to have put the author quite at his ease in pecuniary affairs; it gave him also that rank in society, whatever it be, which belongs to a prothonotary in Pennsylvania; and although the whigs charged him with *apostatizing*, yet all went on delightfully, and nothing could be so good humoured and impartial as our worthy placeman, till the overthrow of his party by the election of Mr. Jefferson: he was then (he says) 'loaded with reproach, and *detruded from office* as one unworthy to partake the honours or even to *eat the bread* of their country.' *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*:—hence the violent invective against Jefferson and the democrats, which Mr. Galt may, if he pleases, call *impartiality*, but which to us looks wonderfully like the spleen and bitterness of a dismissed prothonotary. Indeed, he gives us, in one of his concluding sentences, so easy a key to his whole work, that we really wonder it did not open the eyes and understanding of Mr. Galt himself.

'It has twice been my lot to smart under the hand of oppression. I have been exposed to the fury both of royal and republican vengeance; and, unless I may be misled by the greater recency of the latter, I am compelled to say, that the first, though bad, was most mitigated by instances of generosity.'—p. 417.

In short, the last offence was to him the greatest; the first only touched his feelings, the last invaded his purse, and therefore he hates the democrats even worse than the English.

As

With respect to the *general knowledge* and *historical information* displayed, as Mr. Galt thinks, by the author of this work, we will venture to assert that more general ignorance and a more complete obscurity as to the events of his time were never brought together in one volume. Instead of reading him to elucidate history, history must be read to comprehend him; and even in the kind of information which one might suppose him best able to give, namely, on the private manners and social character of Old America, we find him trifling without gaiety and tedious without matter; all we can gather from his statements is, that the society in which he describes himself to have lived was low in intellect and vulgar in manners; and indeed his general representations do as little credit to the American character, as his writings do to English literature.

He no doubt considered himself (and may be forgiven, since Mr. Galt has fallen into the same mistake) as a very learned personage; and indeed he shows his proficiency in the belles-lettres, by sundry elaborate and recondite quotations from our poets, which he sometimes alters with the most classical felicity to suit the topic he may have in hand. In his 'various readings' of the Latin poets he is not altogether so happy: we doubt, with all our complaisance for his attainments, whether '*quadrupedante sonitu—ungula domum*'—*haud ignarus mali*, &c. be greatly improved either in euphony or metre; and we think that—'*miros audire Trajedos*' might, without much peril to orthography, have been left as the critic found it.

In the matter of the French tongue, too, in which the author deals largely, we are sorry to be obliged occasionally to differ from him; and indeed Mr. Galt does not assert that he *illustrates* that language. We hesitate to admit that the Duke de la Rochefoucault, or any other '*good Frenchman*,' would cry, '*Vive le nation et sa gloire*;' nor can we well believe that Mr. Talon, an eloquent French advocate, would exclaim—'*Ce n'est pas lui, c'est le vin que parle*.' We have even some doubt whether a black boy, domesticated in a family, can be properly called '*enfant de maison*.' p. 259.

But these are trifles; which would not have deserved notice, if the general knowledge of the author were not so loudly insisted upon, and if he were not himself so nice a verbal critic as to discover that Sir William Howe's expression, of '*General Washington's dispatches being badly compiled*' was not *English*. We apprehend that it is English, and might, moreover, have had a little satirical meaning at bottom.

In conclusion;—the author's hatred of France, and his newborn respect for England,—his tardy admiration of Washington, and

his virulent hatred of Jefferson,—his disapprobation of Mr. Fox, and his condescending notice of Mr. Burke,—do not soften our Tory hearts; and we are sorry to have so many points of even apparent agreement with such a writer: for we scarcely remember to have met with an emptier pretender to literature—or a grosser apostate in politics; a feebler eulogist where he is indulged, or a more scurrilous slanderer when he is thwarted; and we can honestly assure Mr. Galt,—without overrating his talents and taste in the least,—that he is himself capable of *adding* a thousand times more *lustre to the English language* than the author of such an absurd farrago as he has here thought proper to reprint.

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ART. V.—*Travels in Palestine, through the Countries of Bashan and Gilead, east of the River Jordan; including a Visit to the Cities of Geraza and Gamala, in the Decapolis.* By J. S. Buckingham, Member of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta; and of the Literary Societies of Madras and Bombay. London. 4to. pp. 550. 1821.

IT is a distinction reserved, we believe, for the work before us, to display a blunder of the first magnitude upon its title-page. The names of *two* ancient cities only (*Geraza* and *Gamala*) are there set forth in capitals; and of these two, the one is certainly wrong, and the other doubtful. We must, therefore, commence our strictures with assuring—‘*the Member of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, and of the Literary Societies at Madras and Bombay,*’ that he, decidedly, was never at *Gamala*, and very possibly not at *Geraza*, in the whole course of his journey. Such an outset is not encouraging; but let us nevertheless follow our traveller to his preface, where he presents us with some choice flowers of rhetoric:—we cull the first that comes to hand:—

‘*Alexandria, at length, received me into her port: and the Pharos, the catacombs, Cleopatra’s obelisk, and Pompey’s pillar, were all objects of youthful veneration, which I now beheld with correspondent pleasure. I ascended the Nile with the Odyssey and Telemaque in either hand; and Homer and Fenelon never interested me more than upon the banks of this sacred stream.*

‘*The proud capital of the Khalifs, “Misr, the mother of the world,” “Kahira, the victorious,” placed me amid the scenes of oriental story, the venerable pyramids carried me back to the obscurity of ages which are immemorial. The ruins of Heliopolis inspired the recollection of Pythagoras, and the Grecian sages who had studied in its colleges; and the hall of Joseph brought before my view the history of Abraham and his posterity, of Moses and Pharaoh, and of all the subsequent events that befel the race of Israel.*’—p. viii.

Almost

Almost every one, without visiting Alexandria, knows, what Mr. Buckingham, who has been there, it seems, is ignorant of, that the ancient *Pharos* does not exist, and that its vestiges are to be found only at the bottom of the sea! The *Odyssey* and *Telemaque*, it will be admitted, were very singular guide-books upon the Nile, and we can hardly imagine what confusion of ideas could recommend them as appropriate companions for such a voyage: they might, however, be sufficient for one whose classical perceptions were so acute, as to enable him to find *ruins* at Heliopolis, where a single obelisk still erect, and a small spring still flowing, are the only indications, to ordinary travellers, of the site; but when he mistakes the Saracenic hall, built and named after one of the Mahommedan governors of Egypt, not 800 years ago, in the heart of a city that is itself but little older, for a work of the Patriarch Joseph, and the children of Israel, we must in conscience absolve his guides, incompetent as they are, and give the whole credit to himself.—The ingenious personage who confounded Alexander the Great with Alexander the coppersmith, was but a feeble type of our author.

The main object of the preface, he himself informs us, is to give us some measure and standard of his qualifications as a traveller and writer! Upon these, he enlarges with an amiable complacency, as conceiving himself one destined, and even in a manner 'compelled,' under the penalty of 'reproach,' 'to add to the common fund of human knowledge,'—and 'one to whom the *Periplus of the Erythrean sea* offered a fine field for commentary and correction.' We admit, however, that the preface affords a fair sample of the work, which, like that, is made up of *very large phrases*, and *very small facts*, with a copious admixture of extracts from some authors which are in every body's hands and of the hard names of some others which, we are very sure, were never in Mr. Buckingham's; insomuch that we were constantly reminded of that first of 'cosmogonists,' the celebrated Mr. Jenkinson, and looked forward with anxious expectation for the names of *Sanchoniathon* and *Berosus*. These, however, do not appear: but that of Quaresimus (which is found in the second paragraph) frequently occurs in his erudite references, although there is internal evidence that he has not read this author, in a gross mistake which he could not have committed had he ever consulted him—a mistake into which it is hard to conceive how any person could fall, who has actually visited the Holy Land. At Ramlah, or Ramah,\* in his way from Jaffa to Jerusalem, he enters into a long disquisition

\* Ramah is said, by St. Jerome, to be in the tribe of Benjamin, seven miles distant from Jerusalem, near to Gibeah of Saul, and not far from Bethel, all of which circumstances

disquisition to prove this to be the birth-place and burial-place of the Prophet Samuel. Now, so far as the site of any place in scripture geography is identified, the Ramah of Samuel is, and has always been, perfectly well known. It lies almost as wide from this place as Jerusalem itself does, being on the left hand of the road from the holy city into Samaria, and standing so conspicuously on an eminence, that any one of the monks ('ignorant' as he represents them to be) could have pointed it out from the convent at Jerusalem. The prophet's tomb is there shown in a mosque, and held in veneration by both Christians and Mahomedans. All this he might have found in Quaresimus: he might have found it, too, at some length in Pococke, whose name he frequently introduces without the slightest acquaintance with his work, unless perhaps with his margin and his index; and the reason that these have been of no avail to him in the present instance, is, that the place in question is not now called Ramah, but simply Samuele. An error in name is fatal to one who relies on an index, but not to one who peruses an author.

Mr. Buckingham does not appear to be very scrupulous in examining the sense of his extracts, since we frequently find him setting down a passage in his note that makes directly against some sagacious conclusion in his text, as p. 335, where, anxious to identify a village called Boorza, with the Bosor of the Maccabees, he subjoins a Latin sentence, in which *Bosor* is termed a *city of the Moabites*, whereas he has just told us that he was now in the land of *Bashan*. At p. 323, he and his own witness are at issue upon a point of a similar nature: thus he either convicts his authorities of error, or himself, and we shall hardly be disposed to balance long between them. In order to establish that Emmaus was near to Gamala, he brings forward (p. 434.) a passage from Josephus, which neither says nor implies any such thing; and we can venture to assure him that Vespasian, in passing from one to the other, must have marched round nearly one half of the lake of Tiberias, (the two places lying on opposite sides of it,) and that the hot springs, in favour of which this notable extract is introduced, have no more relation to Emmaus, than the city, at whose feet they lie, has to Gamala. The complicated ignorance and absurdity of the following illustration will not easily be matched. Good wine from Libanus was, it seems, set before him at Naza-

stances correspond with that place now pointed out, (as well as his interpretation of Ramah in Hebrew, i. e. *high*;) but not one will tally with Ramlah (Arimathea,) which is three or four times farther from Jerusalem, is not in Benjamin, nor near to Bethel, and stands low. The passage is in St. Jerome's Commentary on Hosea.

The meaning of the word Ramlah, Mr. Buckingham's Asiatic scholarship should have taught him, is not '*high*' but '*sand*.'

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reth. This simple fact provokes the following gratuitous information :—

'It seems to have been peculiar to the NAZARITES to suffer their hair to grow long, and to abstain from the use of wine, on making a sacred vow : and the story of Delilah, and Samson, who was a NAZARITE, is familiar to all.'

Nazarite, this critical inquirer takes for granted, must mean a native of Nazareth ! but there is yet no danger of his reader being deceived, since he makes, as usual, his appeal to a testimony that contradicts him : for *all* to whom the story of Samson is familiar, well know that he was of Zorah, and had no connection whatever with Nazareth ; and that consequently a Nazarite is not a Nazarean. This mode of producing evidence against himself really spares us so much trouble, that we cannot feel too grateful for it.

His field of compilation is not, however, confined to the writers of antiquity—'as the storm drives at any door he knocks.' Nearly six pages (367—373.) are allotted to a paper 'by an anonymous author in the Gentleman's Magazine ;' and we know not whether we owe it to the ignorance of 'Mr. Urban's ingenious correspondent, or to his own,' or to both, that he writes '*Arena*,' for *Podium*, in his details of a theatre ; and *Piræum* more than once for the *Piræus of Athens*.

We shall not be accused of bestowing an undue share of attention on the examination of the nature of Mr. Buckingham's citations, when we inform the reader that they occupy the full half of the volume. The day, however, is happily gone by when such a mode of book-making could pass upon the world for learning. *Pedantry* is not the name for it, because *that* seems to imply something, at least, of erudition and research ; whereas this is that sort of fitting *ou* of ready-made extracts from indexes and margins, and gazetteers, and magazines, which is the legitimate resource of provincial guide-books, and tours to Lakes and Watering-places, where it is easy to gain a few pages by setting out from '*the Druids, and the Ancient Britons, and Boadicea*.' This class of literature, it fortunately does not fall within our province to notice ; but we can hardly suppress our disgust when we find this beggarly process introduced into the classic and holy regions of the East, and obtruded upon our notice in the pages of a quarto volume.

There is yet a charge of a more serious nature which lies against this work, and which we will simply preface with an extract from the author's introductory observations :—

'At every step of a traveller's progress through Palestine, his indignation is so roused by attempted impositions on his judgment, and sometimes

sometimes even on his senses, that his warm expression of it, in pouring forth epithets of contempt for such absurdities, may sometimes be conceived to display a contempt for religion itself. *Whenever the reader meets with such passages, he is entreated, in the true spirit of that Christian charity "which is not easily provoked, which thinketh no evil, which heareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, crediteth all things," to put the most favourable construction on the passage that it will bear; AND IF THE BEST OF THESE IS BAD, TO PASS IT BY.*

'There are some anecdotes detailed, more particularly those witnessed at Jerusalem, which may be thought also unfit for the public eye, but they are too descriptive of the state of manners there, to be wholly omitted. *If I have given a colouring to these, which is not in conformity with the reigning taste, I request the reader to pass them over in silence also, and attribute both these defects rather to my ignorance of the state of public feeling on these subjects, among my own countrymen, from having mixed much more with foreigners, than to any wish to shock the prejudices of the one class, or the delicacy of the other.*'—p. xviii.

Decency and piety, then, are conceived by Mr. Buckingham to be mere matters of local fashion and convention; and should the reigning taste not revolt at it, he holds an author fully justified in disregarding both! He does, indeed, (in a wanton profanation of one of the most tender and beautiful passages of Scripture,) obligingly invite us 'to pass over such pages as offend.' As readers, we possibly might; as reviewers, we cannot: and we have found accordingly, as he had led us to expect, a sneering and irreverent tone, in almost every paragraph where matters connected with sacred history are spoken of, and this upon those spots the most calculated to inspire very opposite sentiments in a well-regulated mind. Not unfrequently we detect him covertly aiming a side-blow at the miracles of the gospel.

'This lake (of Tiberias,) *like the Dead Sea, with which it communicates, is, for the same reason, never violently agitated for any length of time. The same local features, however, render it occasionally subject to whirlwinds, squalls, and sudden gusts from the hollow of the mountains, which, as in every other similar basin, are of momentary duration, and the most furious gust is instantly succeeded by a calm.*'—p. 468. (Note) 'And they launched forth: but as they sailed, Jesus fell asleep, and there came down a storm of wind on the lake, and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy, and they came to him and awoke him, and said, Master, Master; we perish: and he rebuked the wind, and the raging of the sea, AND THERE WAS A CALM.—Luke, chap. viii.'

The drift and intention of this commentary cannot be mistaken, but *the assertion itself is untrue*; since, first of all, there are not the same causes of stillness in the waters of this lake as in that of the Dead Sea, whose specific gravity is so much greater that it has been proved by recent experiment, that persons unable to swim elsewhere, will actually float upon their surface; the ridges

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of mountains, also, that border the Dead Sea, are higher, and more continuous, and nearer to the margin; so that there are fewer directions in which the winds can act upon it; while the effects from the snows on Libanus and Antilibanus, which are so near as to be sensibly felt at Tiberias, are too remote to extend to the other. These constitute very broad lines of distinction; and the fact is, that the lake of Tiberias is *as subject as other lakes* to violent and continued agitation, especially by winds blowing from the snowy summits to the northward; and whoever has seen the waves of the Lago di Garda, or even of Como, under such circumstances, will not talk slightly either of the force or duration of a fresh-water tempest.

We have not room to comment upon the traveller's very tender and pathetic parting from his 'tried and well loved' friends at Alexandria, which he terms '*the most painful of all GUILTLESS feelings*,' nor upon the thirty-two succeeding pages, which are consumed in a passage by sea, from Egypt to Syria, enlivened, as they are, with the customary ingredient of a storm; and shall therefore pass at once to the middle of the volume, where we first find him attached to Mr. Bankes's expedition. All that precedes, is drawn from Maundrel, Le Bruyn, Dr. Clarke, or the Gazetteer, with the exception of a few embellishments and errors, which are the writer's own.

We have early opportunities of remarking a rare degree of architectural and antiquarian sagacity. At Tyre, an aqueduct *upon arches* is ascribed to the time of the *Macedonian conquest*! it is, indeed, modestly termed—

'*Merely a conjecture*, that both the fountain and the aqueduct are the work of the same lofty and magnificent genius, who connected the Island of Tyre, like that of Clazomenæ, in the Gulph of Smyrna, to the Continent, and whose works of grandeur, made subservient to public utility, soften, in some degree, the darker shades of his all conquering character.'

He is still more fortunate in his discovery of '*Canaanitish remains in the ditch at Acre*.' Whether it was the circumstance, alone, of their being in the 'ditch,' which led to this conclusion, he has not given us the means of knowing, and has thus left us with a painful misgiving upon our minds, that we may possibly, ourselves, have occasionally seen such '*Canaanitish remains*,' without once suspecting it. Our faith, however, in his antiquarian references is somewhat shaken by observing how short a time he adheres to them himself. He says (p. 137.) of Cæsarea, 'the fort itself, as it stands, is *EVIDENTLY a work of the Crusaders*,'—two pages afterwards, describing a ruin at El Mukhelid, (Antipatris,) he tells us that it '*showed equally good masonry*

with that of the FORT OF CÆSAREA, THE STYLE OF WHICH IT RESEMBLED; and then goes on to enlarge upon a tower called 'Aphek,' by Josephus, (misconceiving this to have stood at Antipatris,)\* and concludes that 'the portion of the fortified building which still exists here, may be the remains of the identical building.' Thus of two structures, the style of which he himself observed to be similar, he would ascribe the one to the Crusaders, and the other to we know not whom, before the reign of Nero! Whatever objections there may be, however, to his inductions, two grand architectural discoveries in two buildings, which we had conceived to be sufficiently well-known, are enough to establish his reputation. The dome of St. Paul's is said to be of the same form with that of the great mosque at Jerusalem, that is to say, it contracts and curves inwards towards the bottom, a fact of which Sir Christopher Wren was not, we believe, aware: and 'a pair of stone doors (he assures us) are still hanging in the Pantheon at Rome' †

As he seems to have had no suspicion that the existing walls at Cæsarea do not coincide with those of the Roman city, we are not surprised to find him asserting that the 'forum, theatre, &c.' are not 'distinguishable;' whereas, had he strayed but a few paces beyond their circuit, to the southward, (if he knows the form of a Roman theatre at all,) he would very plainly have distinguished one. But we should weary the reader were we to enter into the wide field of all that he *did not* see, and *did not* inquire for. Neither have his inquiries (when he did make them) led to very accurate information. He says, (p. 90.) that 'the very ruins which remained of the house of St. Anna (at Sepphoury), had been entirely demolished:' whereas they then were, and probably still are, in precisely the same state as when visited by Dr. Clarke.

Our author would have us believe (p. 213.) that he *understood and spoke Arabic better than Mr. Banks's interpreter*, who, he himself tells us, had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, and who, we happen to know, had been resident several years at Cairo, and married to a wife there who spoke Arabic only. So high a degree of proficiency must (one would have supposed) have ensured great accuracy in all that he tells us of the local customs of the country. Did he then, at Caypha, make no in-

\* This Aphek was (from the context of the passage in Josephus) a place quite distinct from Antipatris, and apparently in the road from thence to Lydda. The King of Aphek is enumerated among those whom Joshua smote, (Josh. xii. 18.) and Apheca is spoken of, Joshua xv. 53. as allotted to the tribe of Judah. *Tuyas* should be rendered here, therefore, (not a tower) but a fortress, or strong hold. It is probably in the same acceptance of the word, that *Στρατιὸς τυγας* was the name of the place, upon whose site Cæsarea was afterwards founded.

† These two curious particulars will be found in pages 205 and 208.

quiries?

quiries? or did his Arabic scholarship extend no farther than a few stammering names, for the mere necessities of life? The population of Caypha (he says, p. 115.) being made up of Mahomedans, Christians, and Druses, the women of the last-named sect are distinguishable from both the others by a horn worn upon their heads, and from those also of their own persuasion upon Mount Libanus, by the fashion of pointing it backwards instead of forward. Now, as far as accuracy is of any value in such trifling details, here are at least three false statements. First, though Druses do frequent the markets, both of Acre and Caypha, they form no part of the population of either, and any women seen there wearing the horn, were most certainly not natives of the place: secondly, this could not serve to distinguish the Druse women from the Christians; since in every village where the two sects are intermixed, (and there are very few on mount Libanus, where they are not,) this form of head-dress obtains equally with those of both religions: and thirdly, in the different districts of Libanus, the horn is worn in every direction in which it is possible to protrude it; to the front, to the back, to the right side, to the left, and in every fanciful variation of obliquity.

Our accomplished traveller (designated, as he tells us he was, by the prior of Narazeth, as '*Milord Inglese, richissimo, affabilissimo, ed anche dottissimo*') repays the compliment of the fathers to his learning, by continually harping upon their lamentable ignorance. We must remind him, however, that, ignorant as those monks may be, there are many points upon which it is not probable, and some upon which it is not even possible, that they can be so ill informed as himself. For instance, when he is willing at Jerusalem, to bring before us no very decorous picture of their manners and morals, he introduces us to the cook of the convent, not at all aware that the said cook was (and is always) *simply a servant of the society, and a layman, wearing the habit*: so that it is just as judicious in him to give us the details of this cook (even supposing them to be true) as a sample of the lives of the friars, as it would be in a foreigner to cite as a picture of an Oxford education, the incidental view of a scout tipping in an ale-house!

Whilst we remark so much ignorance as to the internal economy of the convents where he resided, we give full credit to the penetration manifested, in discovering among its external dependencies, what is delicately termed, (p. 245.) '*the brothel of the Catholic monks*'—an establishment of which, we are assured that travellers who have been often at Jerusalem, and long resident there, had never the good fortune to hear before. On his amour with the Abyssinian lady, 'which was so conducted that,

as the fortunate object of her passion himself tells us, (and as we are inclined to believe,) it could not be perceived even by those who were in the same room at the time,' we should have made no comment, had it not given occasion for his speaking in terms of disparagement of poor Nathaniel Pearce, whom he represents as 'a common sailor, who could hardly read.' That Pearce had been a *common sailor* is true; but he was very far from being a *common man*; and not only could he read, and that in French as well as in English, but he wrote a very beautiful hand. He has left behind him journals of all that passed during his long residence in Abyssinia, which, when given to the press, as we trust they will be, by Mr. Salt, to whose care he bequeathed them, will, perhaps, throw more light upon the actual state of that singular country, than any other work that has been written. Gladly would we exchange ten such quartos as this, *got up* by this 'member of so many flourishing literary societies,' for a few pages from this '*common sailor, who could hardly read*.'

The charge of 'low origin and ignorance' (with however odd a grace it may come from such a quarter) is not restricted to Nathaniel Pearce: two respectable Germans, who seem to have committed no other offence than that of having been assisted by Mr. Banks, in the very same manner as the writer himself was almost immediately afterwards, are described as 'young men, who were evidently persons of *low origin and confined education, and their manners* WERE DECIDEDLY VULGAR.' 'Although travelling (he indignantly adds) without any professed object beyond their own pleasure, they were both so poor and destitute, as to SUFFER Mr. Banks to pay their expenses.' It is to be hoped, that Mr. Buckingham does not intend to upbraid them, in this place, with a degree of SUFFERANCE, which he soon found it convenient to imitate; more especially as we have the best assurances, that these young men neither violated the confidence of any employers to whom they were responsible,\* nor abused the indulgence

\* Mr. Buckingham had undertaken to carry letters, for a mercantile house, to India, over land, by the most direct and expeditious route, and with all attention to economy, the firm agreeing, on their part, to bear his expenses. From the first moment, however, of his setting foot in Asia, we find him acting as if both his time and funds were his own. How he may have since arranged matters with his '*tried and well-loved friends*' at Alexandria, we know not; but this we *do know*, that so soon as his conduct reached their ears, Mr. Barker, the British Consul at Aleppo, was authorized to take from him the dispatches, and to dismiss him; and that he being now already on his way to Bagdat, a Tartar was sent expressly after him for his recall, but died accidentally upon the road! So that it is to the timely death of this Tartar that 'the Asiatic Societies at Calcutta, and the Literary Societies at Madras and Bombay,' are indebted for their distinguished member!

His transactions with Mr. Banks seem to have been an episode in his plan; we have not only the statement of that gentleman with respect to them, but have seen also the deposition,

indulgence of their benefactor, by procuring tracings from his papers, in order to turn them afterwards to account.

On entering upon the journey beyond Jordan, to which we have more than once referred, it may not be amiss to premise, that the term *we*, which, up to this place, must be shared between the writer, his muleteer, and an old man from Tocat, henceforward signifies himself and Mr. Bankes, he having generously allowed that gentleman to become the associate of his labours. We acquit him, however, of deriving any material benefit from such assistance; since whatever he may have drawn from that source, he has made his own by such a felicity of misapprehension, and overlaid with such a cumbrous drapery of fustian and common-place citation, that we believe it would be very hard for his companion to recognize much of his own, excepting the ground works of what he has given as his plans, which have also undergone their full share of embellishment for effect.

Our travellers, having crossed the Jordan, found themselves, on the fourth day, among the ruins of Jerash, which Mr. Buckingham assumes (upon no other grounds, than the resemblance of name) to be those of Geraza; and turning to his geographical dictionary, pours out upon us all that he can find there about that obscure city: this dictionary, unfortunately, did not furnish him with the only passage that gives any colour to the supposition that it really was Geraza.

In the mean time, many concurring circumstances might appear rather to fix Pella at this spot. First, that city being much oftener mentioned in history than Geraza, it seems reasonable to presume that it was more considerable. The geographical position would correspond sufficiently well. Pella was termed '*civitas aquarum.*' The fine spring rising in the heart of these splendid ruins (no ordinary appendage in those climates) accords well with such a designation; but, above all, a feature in the remains there, which Mr. Buckingham (inconceivable as it is) has totally overlooked, gives a very strong presumption upon that side. There exist the ruins of seven or eight Christian churches, more or less preserved, some with crosses and legendary inscriptions on them. It was to Pella that the Christians retired, when the holy city was besieged by Titus; and they established themselves there, and called it the New Jerusalem. No such thing is recorded of Ge-

deposition, upon oath, of his servants, (the same who are spoken of in this work,) that Mr. Buckingham bore no part whatever either in the dispositions or the expenses of the journey beyond Jordan, &c.; that he never made a single sketch during this time, nor had materials for doing so, and has, moreover, been heard to lament his inability; that the plan, which is the ground-work of that here given of Djerash, was made by Mr. Bankes, and traced, by his permission, at a window of the convent of Nazareth, by Mr. Buckingham, upon a direct promise that it should not be published!

raza;



raza; and so great a number of considerable Christian edifices seems to offer additional ground for placing Pella here.

That Pella and Geraza were places distinct from each other, there are abundant passages to prove. We have stated the pretensions of Pella. Upon the side of Geraza, we know but of one passage that makes it at all probable that these are its remains. It is that in which Ammianus Marcellinus praises the walls of Geraza, coupling them with those of Bostra. It is surprizing that Mr. Buckingham should have missed this passage, since it might be found in the *index* to Gibbon. To have been coupled at all with Bostra, proves Geraza to have been a place of some consequence. The walls remaining at Jerash are worthy of the commendation bestowed on those of Geraza; and as there are no others at all comparable to them, within that district of the Decapolis, which must certainly have included this city, this may, perhaps, strike the balance upon that side, especially as it is doubtful whether Pella was walled. Should this evidence, coupled with the similarity of name, be deemed decisive, we are left in full possession of the surprise which it must occasion, to find ruins of an extent and multiplicity almost without parallel, at a place of which history has recorded so little beyond its bare existence.

Let us now see how our traveller acquits himself, in the description of those extraordinary remains. At the outset, (page 343.) in his notices on the triumphal arch, we find him retailing an observation, which it is fair to suppose not his own, as it is very evident that he does not understand it. 'This bore (he says) a striking resemblance to the work seen in the ruined city of Antinoë, in Upper Egypt.' He does not inform us, *by whom* it was seen, or what was the nature of *the work*. This is very guarded, we must allow: but the fact is, that the resemblance which he *heard cited*, was not in the 'work;' it was in that peculiar and florid taste only, of decorating the lower part of the shafts of Corinthian columns with foliage, of which there are a few very large and striking examples at Antinoë, which, if our author had ever walked through those ruins, he must have seen and remembered.

We cannot refrain from noticing, in passing, the audacious imposition attempted upon the reader, in referring him to '*the vignette at the head of the chapter*,' as to a view of this triumphal arch. We have not ascertained from what obsolete work this pretended view is purloined; (it is not among Le Bruyn's, to whom we have traced almost all the others;) but we have only to confront the print with his own description, and the ground-plan given, to be satisfied that Mr. Buckingham is *not in possession of any sketch* whatever, made on the spot, and of the impossibility of its having any resemblance. Over each of the 'side arches for foot passengers,'

passengers,' he says, was 'an open square window,' and that '*as all the columns were broken near their tops, the crowning capitals were not seen;*' and he adds, that 'the frieze was destroyed.' Upon turning to the vignette, we find two out of four of the 'crowning capitals' (as he terms them) still in their places: there is nothing that the most ignorant could possibly describe as 'an open square window over the side arches;' and the frieze is very entire! The next point to which he comes, he calls a *naumachia*, because he found that word marked upon the plan from which he traced. The form itself was sufficient to denote it for a stadium, and it was only necessary, upon so hasty a draught as this seems to have been, to note down the peculiarity of its being occasionally floated for aquatic exhibitions: but our unfortunate friend had no notion that a *naumachia* might, possibly, be exhibited in a circus.\* Be this, however, as it may, it is clear that he never looked at it on the spot; since, he says, (358.) 'there are no appearances of seats or benches for the spectators:' whereas, we believe, that there is no other circus known, (excepting, perhaps, one at *Laodicea*,) where the seats are so well preserved as they are in this. 'Nor (as he confidently assures us) are there any conclusive appearances of there having been any other than these two entrances to the city.' We venture, in all humility, to suggest that there are *four*, all principal gates. Again, '*in the centre, or nearly so, of this central space, was a noble PALACE, probably the residence of the governor.*' This it is to be in luck! The edifice of which he is speaking, is the great propylæum to the temple on the hill, probably the most entire example of that kind of structure extant. He describes, (356.) '*an aqueduct that crossed the stream upon arches.*' There is not any such thing; nor any necessity for one: what he mistook for it, is a tall bridge, over which passes the great transverse street of the city.

On what he terms 'the most imposing edifice among all the ruins, *for size*, (which it is not,)' we have the following passage:

'The impression which the noble aspect of this building made on us, as we beheld it from every quarter of the city, was such, that we BOTH constantly called it the temple of "Jupiter," in our conversation and in our notes. This was done without our ever suggesting the propriety of the title to each other, without our having sought for any reason to justify its adoption, or at all arguing the claim in our minds.' (382.)

All this may be very true, so far as respects Mr. Buckingham, who appears to have echoed what he heard, without knowing why or wherefore. But we may very safely take upon ourselves to hint to him, what his companion's reason was. Vitru-

\* Calpurnius mentions, that he had seen such exhibitions in the *Circus Maximus*, at Rome.

vius assigns such elevated situations as command a view of nearly the whole circuit of the walls, to the temples of the tutelary deities, and of these he enumerates Jupiter as the first; whilst of temples contiguous to theatres, he says, that they should be dedicated to Apollo or Bacchus. There are but two principal temples at Jerash; the one almost abutting on a theatre; the other (of which he is speaking) detached and central, and on such an eminence, as to command an uninterrupted view of the whole walls: it was natural in any one, conversant with this passage, and wanting names on the spot to distinguish the one from the other, in speaking of them, to term this the temple of Jupiter; though we cannot conceive, that Mr. Bankes could have had the ill taste, to assume his conjecture for a fact, and boldly give it this title upon two ground-plans. But there is nothing so positive as ignorance! We have to remark, on the pretended ground-plan of this temple, (p. 382.) first, that, there are no doors (as there given) opening from the exterior to the back of the cella, either in this or in any other temple; secondly, that there is not the least appearance of there having been any peristyle; and thirdly, we must suggest, that it is one of the 'curious felicities' of our author's mode of observation, that he uniformly, in describing it, represents this as much the largest of the temples, whereas it happens not to be so in any one respect, but inferior to that near the theatre, in every proportion, by at least a third.

He has also mistaken a portion of the city wall for a military guard-house, and a Christian church in the valley for a Corinthian temple!—but all the stores of his learning are lavished on the details of the theatre. He has astonished us with a discovery, that '*the Theatre of Bacchus at Athens was called Hecatompèdon*' (367.) We were taught, or, as it now appears, mistaught, at school, that this designation belonged not to the Theatre of Bacchus, but the Temple of Minerva. With such exactness does he give us the dimensions of the seats, and other minutiae of the '*Hecatompèdon*' Theatre at Athens, that it may be some disappointment to him to learn, that no such edifice exists, nor did exist there 'upwards of two centuries ago,' when he tells us that it was measured. A smooth turf then covered, as it does now, the site of the Theatre of Bacchus; and the only theatre existing there (that of Herodes Atticus) had not seats in it, when Spon and Wheeler saw it, any more than it has now: so that neither will *that* serve his turn. He however balances his accounts with theatres; for while he ascribes to one at Athens what it has not, he suppresses in one at Jerash what it has,—both describing and engraving one of those there without any proscenium!

Besides quoting 'the two ingenious anonymous writers in the Gentleman's

Gentleman's Magazine,' (one of whom treats, by-the-bye, not of theatres, but of an amphitheatre, and measures the seats at Nismes, where there are not any,) he has the courage to extract very largely from De la Guilletierre's Travels. He could not possibly have made a more appropriate choice. We know of no book of travels to which we can so well compare his own as to this of De la Guilletierre. Dr. Spon published, so long ago as 1679, a catalogue of 112 errors in that little volume, replete as it is with disquisitions and learning, after the manner of Mr. Buckingham. One broad line of distinction we must indeed admit, and that is, that on the one hand it has been pretty satisfactorily made out that no such person as this De la Guilletierre ever existed; whereas the house of Briggs, at Alexandria, we believe, and Mr. Bankes, could furnish evidence of the reality of Mr. Buckingham.\*

The ground-plan given of Jerash is founded on a tracing obtained from Mr. Bankes at Nazareth;† but so little did the borrower comprehend what he copied, that, hasty and incorrect as the original necessarily was, its errors are multiplied tenfold, both on the general plate, and in those of separate edifices, which are only enlarged from it. There is a zeal for deception in this altogether extraordinary, for the alteration is systematic, and not accidental. In this general plan, when reduced to the size of a quarto page, it was found that the individual buildings would make but little figure if kept to their proportions, and perhaps disappoint expectation. The precaution has therefore been taken of exaggerating all in a twofold and threefold, and some even in a sixfold proportion, and upwards. He has himself given us a scale for detecting this, by telling us that the length of the city is about 5000 feet. If what he is pleased to call the greatest temple (which is, in reality, the second only) be compared with this scale, it will ap-

\* It may possibly have been the adroit manner in which the 'supposed traveller' represents himself to have made use of some Englishman whom he met, and joined company with, that has so charmed our author as to make him almost identify him with himself during several pages. 'My fellow-travellers supplied me, and all things went on very well, and very honourably for me:—' however I would needs have it thought that I borrowed it only, though perhaps they might have given it as well.'—*Athens, Ancient and Modern*, by M. de la Guilletierre, p. 6.

† Of his plate of inscriptions he says, 'these inscriptions were given by Mr. Burckhardt to Mr. Bankes, as well as to myself.' This we know to be totally false, so far as respects himself, and that he obtained them only from a transcript in the margin of Mr. Bankes's ground-plan, who, not wishing to hazard the loss of the originals in a dangerous journey, had copied them on that paper for the purpose of collating them on the spot. It happened (as we also know) that, from many inscriptions belonging to Jerash, given to him by Mr. Burckhardt, Mr. Bankes extracted four or five only, and these are the very same that are here given; whilst of the remainder, which equally belong to Jerash, and were equally communicated by Mr. Burckhardt, not one makes its appearance.

pear to be of larger dimensions than any existing temple in the world; and some of the arched vaultings in the bath would prove, by the same proportion, to be at least *one hundred and fifty feet* in the span. And yet this writer seriously tells us, in his preface, that he is sure that Mr. Bankes's 'liberality' would have 'admitted of' his drawings being brought before the public in such a work as this!\*

We now proceed towards the site of another great mass of ruins, called at present Oomkais. In the way thither we are told of a place named Abil; this, it was suggested to Mr. Buckingham, might be Abile, and he, having never before heard of any other Abile but that of Lysanias, mentioned by St. Luke, concludes, of course, that the Abilene was hereabouts. His proofs of this are most unfortunate, for he himself cites a passage which places Chalchis in the Abilene: now Chalchis, we know, was in the Hollow Syria, under Mount Libanus. But there is not, in fact, any position more certainly ascertained than that of Abila of Lysanias. It stood upon the river Barrady, on the road between Damascus and Baalbec, where its tombs are still to be seen; and Mr. Bankes has brought home a long inscription, (not observed by former travellers,) copied from the face of the rock there, in which the Abilenians record the making of a new road to their city. The very circumstance of its being termed Abila 'of Lysanias' might have awakened a suspicion that there were two of the same name. The other was the Abila of the Decapolis; (so styled in a curious inscription in Greek and Palmyrene, in Lord Bessborough's collection;) it is enumerated in Pliny's list of the ten cities, and there can be little doubt that the Abil, upon which all the common-places belonging to another city are thrown away, is really that Abila. We believe that our author is only retailing a conjecture of Dr. Seetzen, when he suggests that the district now called Adjeloon may probably answer to the Gaulonitis of the Romans. He is unlucky in what he borrows; for we apprehend this to be a mistake: Adjeloon is probably within the ancient Batanea; Gaulonitis, we conceive, lay farther to the north; and that the modern district of Jolan, which is extensive, and includes some pretty considerable places, is more likely to represent it.

\* Mr. Bankes made, we understand, three subsequent visits at different times to Jerash, during one of which he was enabled to continue there during several days; and, with the co-operation of Captains Irby and Mangles, R. N. who were with him, and indefatigable in their desire of rendering him assistance, was enabled to lay down very accurate and detailed plans of every part of the ruins, so as to supersede what was hastily done in his first expedition.—But without this, we must be permitted to say, that the work of Mr. Buckingham pleads strongly for the publication of this gentleman's papers and researches upon these interesting provinces, in order that such wretched and surreptitious substitutes as those before us may be done away.

We now reach the consummation of Mr. Buckingham's blunders. The ruins of Oomkais he gives us for those of Gamala. What obliquity of intellect could have led him to such a conclusion, when Dr. Seetzen had already given the place its right name, it is impossible even to conjecture. He cites a number of second-hand passages, and they every one make against him! The case is so clear, that it is hardly worth stating the grounds of it as a question. Gadara stood high, the Hieromax ran below it, and at its feet were hot baths, so celebrated as to be considered second to none, excepting to those of Baïæ: its remains were likely to exhibit traces of magnificence, since it was restored by Pompey the Great in honour of one of his freed-men. It is not possible for any remains to answer all these conditions more exactly than those at Oomkais do: two theatres are in the body of the city, and one below, near the bath, which Mr. Buckingham contrived not to see.

Gamala was situated on the lake of Gennazareth, and on the opposite side of it from Tarichea. The Hieromax cannot, therefore, have flowed near it, nor are hot springs any where spoken of as connected with it: we read little of any other edifices there except its walls. The vestiges of Gamala might be expected therefore to offer little besides a steep and fortified site. Such Mr. Banks found them in one of his subsequent journeys, (not at Phik, where Dr. Seetzen had conjectured them to be, but) at El Hossn, a remarkable but abandoned position on the east side of the lake. The remains are considerable, but not splendid.

We cannot help feeling a sort of pity for a traveller who can have wandered through the singular sepulchres of Oomkais, and have bathed in its hot waters, unconscious that those were the *Tombs*, and this the *Bath of Gadara*. For doubtless it was among these very tombs that the Demoniac of the Gospel resided, and that our Lord performed his miracle; and in this very bath it is that the strange scene of incantation is laid in the Life of Iamblicus, by which he is said to have called up the spirits of Eros and Anteros; a circumstance which our traveller is so far from knowing, that he gravely asserts his own belief that baths near to Gadara are not mentioned by any author. (p. 434.) Had he but looked into one half of those whom he cites, without going any farther, he must have known better. Oomkais becomes thus a field of most interesting and varied associations; adorned by the rival of Cæsar, and, by a strange coincidence, the scene of one of the most remarkable miracles which the Gospel attests, and of one of the latest which paganism in its *dotage* pretended to. But all this was lost on Mr. Buckingham: for he, forsooth, supposed himself at Gamala! We might here safely have dismissed him,

did he not seek out one more opportunity for a blunder before he recrosses the Jordan, in boldly assuring us that Sumuk (Sameky) is Tarichea. Tarichea it cannot possibly be, as it stands on the wrong part of the lake, and on the wrong side of the river,—for we must warn the reader that Samek is improperly placed on the map; it really lying a considerable distance EASTWARD from the issue of the river out of the lake, upon the very centre of the southern shore. It is a small modern village.

The real site of Tarichea Mr. Banks both visited and mapped in another of his excursions; it lies as described by Josephus, both with respect to Tiberias and Gamala, and has now no inhabitants. It is a highly interesting fact with regard to it, that the trench which the Jewish general and historian dug, and has described, in order to insulate the city, can still be clearly traced, and is filled with the waters of the Jordan to this day when they rise. Other parts of Josephus's details of the Jewish war, Mr. Banks was lucky enough to discover to be surprizingly illustrated at Tiberias; the walls built there by the historian remain, excepting precisely that part which we are told was razed at the back of the camp of Vespasian, which was near the hot springs of Emmaus:—But we are wandering from the matter before us; for it was not in this expedition that Mr. Banks ascertained those points, and consequently Mr. Buckingham remained as ignorant of them as his precursors; had it been otherwise, all this would, doubtless, have made a part of Mr. Buckingham's pretensions to 'contribute (as he terms it) to the common fund of human knowledge.'

One word more upon Mr. Buckingham's plates, and we have done with him. The paragraph in which he announces them in his Preface is most warily drawn up. 'MANY of the vignettes are from original drawings made after sketches taken on the spot.' (p. xx.) He carefully abstains from stating which of them, by whom made, and when: thus if his reader be deceived, the author has provided a retreat for his conscience, in not having hazarded the 'lie direct.' In a subsequent page we find the following burst of 'honest indignation' in his animadversions on the plates in an edition of Maundrel's journal. 'Some well-meaning friend, or some interested booksellers, subsequently caused these drawings to be composed from the printed descriptions and charts of the places they profess to represent, and thus embellished, they thought, while they really disgraced the book. This is the more probable, as no name is given either of the painter or engraver. Such a practice, however, cannot be too severely reprehended; as these plates only give false impressions, which are avowedly worse than none at all.' Who would suppose it possible, after this, that

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that 'no name should be given either of the painter or engraver' on any one of the plates in Mr. Buckingham's volume!—Yet so it is. As 'the practice,' however, is so 'reprehensible,' we will do him the kindness to mention that most of them are copies from the prints in Le Bruyn's *Travels*, published more than a century ago. These, then, are the vignettes *from original drawings, made after sketches taken on the spot*—whether by Mr. Buckingham in 1815, or by Le Bruyn in 1681, matters not, of course. It is true that this confusion of widely distant periods may lead to a few 'false impressions,' as, for instance, where Tyre (chap. ii.) is presented to us as a mere heap of ruins, (which it was when Le Bruyn visited it,) though it is now a flourishing place; or where Jaffa appears (p. 144.) as it then was, an open scattered village, though it is now a walled city; still, however, as it is probable that Le Bruyn's sketches were really made on the spot, Mr. Buckingham's word is saved! As to all the remaining views (which do not exceed three or four,) it is quite certain that *not one of them was made upon the spot*; though whether taken out of other books, or 'composed' in the manner the 'interested booksellers' (greatly to the scandal of our author) treated poor Mr. Maundrell, we cannot determine: the fraud, however, is as clumsy as it is gross, for had we never met with Le Bruyn, nor suspected our author to be no draughtsman, his own descriptions would have enabled us to pronounce that the views do not belong to his work.\*

The map is D'Anville's, with all its errors; for it is one of the least correct of the productions of that extraordinary genius: and the ground-plans of Jerusalem are taken out of a translation of Josephus. Upon the whole, we are compelled to say of this dull and tiresome volume, which we have gone through with more care than it deserved, that the plates are worthy of the letter-press, and both of them, we verily believe, of the author.

'So much for Buckingham!'

#### ART. VI.—*The Art of instructing the Infant Deaf and Dumb.*

By John Pouncefort Arrowsmith. 8vo. London.

[T is difficult, if not impossible, at this time, to decide with certainty when or where the first experiment was made to instruct the deaf and dumb to utter articulate sounds. We may

\* The very first vignette offers an amusing instance of this. In describing the vessel in which he had embarked, he says, 'small as it was, it HAD THREE masts;' he then enlarges upon the rigging and appearance of them, and boldly subjoins, 'See the vignette at the head of this chapter.'—p. 3. We accordingly turned to it, and found two vessels represented there, of which the one has one mast only, and the other two! It would be hard however to blame M. Le Bruyn for not having represented Mr. Buckingham's boat with fidelity.

believe, with the Abbé de l'Epée, that 'Amman invented this art in Holland, Bonnet in Spain, Wallis in England, and other learned and ingenious men in other countries, without having seen one another's works; and even further, that every skilful anatomist might, in his turn, become the inventor.'

But whoever is entitled to the credit of having first taught the art, there can be little or no doubt that the plan of communicating with the deaf and dumb through the medium of signs must have been of much earlier origin; since it is scarcely possible but that the use of manual and mimic symbols to express ideas must have occurred to the members of every family connected with them.

Whatever insulated or unconnected efforts, however, might have been previously made, to the late humane and ingenious Abbé de l'Epée must be ascribed the merit of having put in practice, to any beneficial extent, the first plan organized upon scientific principles. Without protection and without assistance he conceived the benevolent idea of founding an establishment for the purpose of instructing the deaf and dumb: and with the remnant which frugality and economy, pushed to the highest point of self-denial, enabled him to save from a very slender income, he overcame every obstacle. With 'a tenacity of purpose' which nothing could bend, he laid the foundation of an institution which will remain a lasting monument of his worth. It is, therefore, with feelings of unqualified displeasure we observe that pains have been taken to misrepresent the nature and object of the plan which he pursued, and to rob him of his well deserved applause.

The plan of the Abbé has been long before the public; but as the work in which it was detailed had become scarce, it is now republished, and forms by much the largest portion of the little volume before us. About one third of the book is occupied with a detail of the method pursued in educating Mr. Arrowsmith's brother who was born deaf and dumb. This account, highly interesting in itself, will, we trust, prove useful; and tend to dissipate the absurd and unfounded notions which have hitherto prevented any attempt to extend the benefits of regular instruction to deaf and dumb infants who have not the means of obtaining admission into the public institutions established for that purpose. It will convince the most prejudiced that a very competent share of instruction may be imparted to a deaf and dumb pupil by any teacher who undertakes the task with the talents and temper of an ordinary schoolmaster.

The editor's brother, now an artist of considerable merit, was at an early age sent, like other boys, to a common school; with a request, on the part of his mother, that he might be treated, in every respect, like the other children. The good old dame to whom

whom he was sent, exclaimed, 'How can he be taught his letters? He cannot hear.' 'True,' replied his mother, 'he cannot hear, but he can see. As you can do nothing with the ear, try what can be done with the eye. If he cannot make out the difference between the sound of *a* and that of *b*, you will acknowledge that he is as competent as any other child to distinguish the form of one from that of the other.' And this expectation was soon proved to be correct, to the astonishment of those who ridiculed the idea; 'for in a very little time, he knew the twenty-six letters, large and small, as well as any child in the school.' Then vanished all the difficulty; the dame and her wondering neighbours began to see, as his mother had predicted, that he would 'learn by the window his eyes, as well as any other child could by the door his ears.' 'At this school,' proceeds Mr. Arrowsmith, 'every child went up to his governess twice in the morning and afternoon. By constantly going up in the same manner, to look at the letters, he soon observed the difference between himself and the other children, by taking notice of their mouths; so that, at length, when the letters were pointed out to him for observation, he looked up to the governess, as much as to say, what is it? She endeavoured to gratify his curiosity and called the letters by their names as she pointed to them; and in a few months he learnt to pronounce the alphabet, in his own way, which he does to this day.'

'The moment he convinced his mother that he knew every letter, she got several sets of alphabetical counters, large and small, with which he was exercised, and taught the name of every thing he could see at home and at school. By these means he constantly gained information from his school-fellows without the knowledge of his mistress.'

To know the letters of the alphabet and to be able to articulate their names are, evidently, two very distinct acquisitions. Were we required to observe the features of twenty-six individuals, whom we had never seen before, we should soon be able to distinguish them one from the other, although we might continue still ignorant of their names. The same observation will hold good when applied to written characters. Children who hear and speak may be taught to utter the names of the letters in the alphabet without knowing them by sight. In the same manner children who are destitute of the sense of hearing may be instructed to know and discriminate them without being able to articulate their names. It is, therefore, perfectly clear that if the editor's brother had not learnt to utter the names of the letters, as he is said to have done, 'in his own way,' it could not have rendered his instruction either more difficult or more tedious: for it is by no means easy to understand how the utterance of their names could have facilitated

his subsequent improvement. As he was afterwards taught, it was an acquisition which could not have been, in any way, useful to him, since he never acquired, nor did he ever endeavour to acquire, the power of articulating many words or syllables.

It is impossible to believe that the mere capacity of uttering articulate sounds has any tendency, in itself, to promote the cultivation of the mental faculties of the deaf and dumb. The ideas of others can be communicated to them solely by the eye, and their endeavours to make themselves intelligible should, naturally, be directed towards that organ. Even by its warmest advocates the utterance of the deaf and dumb is recommended, principally, if not solely, as a desirable medium to enable them to convey their ideas to the minds of those who hear: but the use of signs and written characters, which they acquire with singular ease and dispatch, is a method of communication more satisfactory to themselves and much more agreeable to those who associate with them.

That the deaf and dumb who have never been taught to utter articulate sounds may acquire a perfect command of a system of written and manual signs is certain. The progress made by Mr. Arrowsmith places the fact beyond the reach of cavil: and the quickness and intelligence displayed by the pupils who accompanied the Abbé Sicard to England in 1815, must remove the doubts of the most sceptical. One of these pupils, Clerc, being asked by a lady, 'why young Godard was not so well instructed as he and his fellow-pupil Massieu,' instantly wrote down,

'Godard is still very young and his mind has not yet acquired a sufficient degree of maturity. Besides, it is not in so short a time that one can hope to reach a high degree of perfection. With patience and application, you will see him, one day I hope, capable of answering any questions you may be pleased to ask him.'

Massieu, another of these pupils, being asked by the same querist 'what a spoiled child meant,' answered thus:

'A spoiled child is a child whom his father and mother are fondling upon, instead of chastising him when he is deserving of it. Their ill understood fondness prevents him from receiving a good education, and he becomes a good-for-nothing fellow, often capable of being troublesome to society: Godard, for instance, has been a spoiled child. His parents entrusted him to my care, when he was yet young. As he was indolent and giddy, I wished to give him a little paternal correction, but they forbid my striking him. Seeing, however, that he was abusing their goodness, they became at length a little more severe, and since then Godard is grown with years a little wiser, and more reasonable, although he be, occasionally, a little lazy.'

These answers (not to questions previously suggested by the Abbé Sicard, but casual interrogatories put by one of the company) evidently

evidently show that, when properly attended to, the minds of the deaf and dumb may acquire a high degree of cultivation; for they exhibit an example of precision in the thinking faculty which would reflect no discredit on a boy who can both hear and speak, and who has enjoyed all the advantages of a liberal education. These pupils, it should be further remarked, had been educated at an establishment where the acquisition of utterance had been long laid aside as useless.

On this branch of instruction the sentiments and practice of the late Abbé de l'Epée were completely at variance with the system now pursued by those engaged in the tuition of the deaf and dumb. True it is, that in the early part of his undertaking, he was induced to employ considerable pains in endeavouring to teach them utterance; and his success, in this department, was not inferior to that of any of his more modern imitators. Experience, however, soon convinced him that the object gained by enabling them to utter articulate sounds was by no means an equivalent for the difficult and disagreeable nature of the task: he therefore relinquished entirely this part of his original plan, as adapted merely to amuse or astonish the ignorant.

We feel no hesitation in declaring that our sentiments upon this point perfectly coincide with those of the Abbé. We consider the pains taken in teaching the deaf and dumb the utterance of articulate sounds an absolute misapplication of the labour and patience of the instructor, and an unnecessary waste of the time and attention of the pupil. It is, therefore, with no ordinary degree of surprize we have learnt that the Abbé Sicard, (after long and successfully following the footsteps of his benevolent precursor,) has been persuaded to re-commence a process which he had discarded as useless. We are utterly at a loss for the motives which prevailed upon him to add this foolish branch to the system already pursued with so much advantage, in the establishment over which he presides. He may, perhaps, have been influenced by his visit to this island in 1815. We know, at least, that utterance is in high favour with the 'English school,' for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and that the change, to which we allude, did not take place in the French institution previously to the Abbé's return to his charge in the year above mentioned. But whatever motives may have produced an alteration, of which we cannot approve, we would earnestly request him to re-consider the subject. Let him endeavour to ascertain whether, within the space of time which has elapsed since this branch of instruction has been resumed, the progress of his pupils, in the acquisition of general information, has equalled their improvement within a period of equal length before this addition was made. If this inquiry be impartially conducted, we shall be greatly mis-

taken if the result be not a conviction that he has been misled by the sophistry of the Edinburgh school.

We are fully aware that, on this tender ground, we are at issue with the whole corps, both foreign and domestic, of those who are at present engaged in educating the deaf and dumb. If the question to be decided were the best and most efficient *mode* of instructing the deaf and dumb to utter articulate sounds, we would readily submit to the opinions of men more conversant than ourselves with the practical detail of tuition. But the point at issue is not, the manner in which the deaf and dumb may be best taught to articulate; but whether they should be taught to articulate at all—to the discussion of which we consider ourselves fully as competent, as the most experienced of those who are actually engaged in it.

There are many individuals who hear and speak, whose tones are so harsh and dissonant that, in our communications with them, we should scarcely lament the necessity of confining ourselves to the use of signs and written characters; and there is not one among the deaf and dumb who, by any degree of care and length of practice, acquires a melody and intonation of voice which can render his enunciation even tolerable. Their utterance is found, by experience, to be so disagreeable that it is seldom or never used out of the precincts of the establishments in which it is taught; add to this, that the contorsions of countenance with which it is accompanied, are of the most unpleasant kind; in many cases they completely mould the features to a peculiar cast; and the unnatural contour of face thus produced cannot fail to augment the pain already excited by the jarring and monotonous sound of the voice. For the truth of this we appeal, with confidence, to the friends of the pupils educated by the late Mr. Braidwood. After years of toil and torture they returned to their families with an acquisition not very agreeable to their acquaintance, and, confessedly, useless to themselves.

This gentleman has been greatly extolled by his associates, as the first person who, in England, practised, on any extended plan, the art of instructing the infant deaf and dumb. We feel no disposition to disparage his merits; nor have we any remark to make on the system which he pursued in teaching them the use of a manual and written alphabet. We must be permitted, however, to express our regret that he should ever have conceived it necessary to teach them utterance. We sincerely wish that he had permitted a deaf and dumb person using the organs of speech still to continue, in the words of our great lexicographer, 'a philosophical curiosity to amuse those who run after learned pigs and automatus chess-players.' His practice and that of the 'school' which he founded, has, by its unlucky industry, produced a re-action upon the continental

mental establishments where the art had disappeared which is now become in England a trading mystery.

But we most cordially hate such 'schools;' they are, too often, composed of second rate imitators who, generally, copy to the life the weak, the useless or the absurd parts of the systems sanctioned by the 'master:' the 'Braidwood school' is by no means exempt from this defect. Mr. Braidwood very successfully taught his pupils the use of a written and manual alphabet, and, through that natural medium, stored their minds with a large portion of various and useful information. In an evil hour, however, he clogged his plan with the unnecessary and cumbersome appendage of teaching them utterance. As might have been anticipated, 'the school' immediately fastened upon the appendage, as containing the essence of the plan, and through the medium of their encyclopedias, their annual reports and their harangues to periodical 'meetings of subscribers,' succeeded but too well in persuading the public that the science which they profess is a profitable and indispensable 'craft.' 'Observe,' they say, 'the progress which children make in our asylums where they are, invariably, taught to speak! Speech, therefore, must be the cause and instrument of the progress which has been made in instructing them.' Admirable logicians! Observe the progress which children make in establishments where they are, invariably, taught the art of carving in wood—carving in wood must, therefore, be the efficient cause of their mental improvement.

But the application of the labour of the instructor, and of the time of the pupil to an useless purpose, is far from being the worst consequence which results from this practice. It is attended with the much more serious effect of prolonging the deception which, to a great extent, has already imposed upon the public, namely, that the art of instructing the deaf and dumb is to be acquired only by an initiation into its mysteries under the direction of those who have been long and intimately conversant with its details. Whatever foundation may exist for such an opinion with reference to utterance, we are firmly convinced that to teach the deaf and dumb the use and application of written characters and manual signs is a simple and easy process which may be commenced under the eye of every intelligent mother who can write, and which may be completed under the superintendence of any ordinary schoolmaster, who will patiently devote a small share of his attention to the undertaking. We may even assert, without the least fear of overstating the facility, that there is scarcely a nursery-maid, that can read, who may not, in a few hours, be instructed how to teach them, by the aid of a few alphabetical counters, the written characters which represent every visible object.

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The use of a manual alphabet, an acquisition of the highest importance to the deaf and dumb, for the purpose of abridging their medium of communication, must, necessarily, be deferred to a later period. As soon, however, as the intellect has been sufficiently expanded to comprehend its nature it may easily be acquired under the direction of any instructor acquainted with its use: and every person connected with an individual destitute of the auditory sense should be able to converse with him by means of the hands and fingers. When these foundations have been well laid, the instructor may advance a step farther, and explain the signification of that class of expressions which describes the actions of the body or the feelings of the mind. To walk, to eat, to sleep, to laugh, to cry are expressions which they will instantly comprehend, if the teacher only observe Hamlet's advice to the players, and 'suit the action to the word.' The principal obstacle to the comprehension of abstract ideas will then have been removed; and experience sufficiently proves that the difficulty attending this part of their education appears much greater in speculation than it is found in practice.

To those who are still incredulous and feel an interest in the subject, we earnestly recommend the account which Mr. Arrow-smith gives of the plan adopted in educating his brother. And to render their conviction more certain—let them try the plan which he details. There are few neighbourhoods in which, unfortunately, a subject may not be found for such a purpose. Let him be regularly sent to any village school with other children. Let him be treated, in all respects, like them, and we venture to predict that it will be even impossible to prevent him from acquiring the knowledge of a medium which may enable him to converse with his youthful associates. The mind is fully as active and vigorous in the one as it is in the other; and the curiosity of a deaf and dumb child, being strongly excited by the objects which attract his attention he can hardly fail to devise some means of obtaining from his companions the information which he wishes to procure.

We are perfectly convinced that the deaf and dumb might be admitted, with peculiar advantages, into seminaries in which children who hear and speak receive their instruction. The efforts which would be made by the latter class of pupils to explain their ideas to their less fortunate associates would, in the end, prove highly beneficial even to themselves. It is well known that children frequently acquire a knowledge of words without comprehending the ideas of which they are representatives. A constant association with the deaf and dumb, would impose upon them the necessity of acquiring a precise conception of the words which they used, for the purpose of making them intelligible to their young companions.

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The advantages which would, inevitably, result from this admixture would be, therefore, mutual and would much more than counter balance any imaginary excess of skill which a teacher who confines himself to the sole instruction of the deaf and dumb may be supposed to possess. The admission of deaf and dumb pupils into establishments now exclusively devoted to the reception of those who can hear and speak, could, by no possibility, retard the progress of the latter, while it would greatly facilitate the instruction of the former. Were the intercourse of the deaf and dumb to be confined, in after-life, to persons labouring under a similar misfortune, separate establishments for their education would be recommended by reasons much more cogent than any which can be urged in their favour while it is remembered that, when they leave these institutions, they must converse principally, if not exclusively, with persons who hear and speak.

The deaf and dumb acquire, by long practice, an astonishing readiness to understand a person speaking to them, by observing the motion of his lips. Bishop Burnet, in one of his letters, mentions the case of a daughter of Mr. Goddy, minister of St. Gervais, in Geneva. 'At two years old,' he says, 'it was perceived that she had lost her hearing, and ever since, though she hears great noises, yet hears nothing of what is said to her: but by observing the motion of the lips and mouths of others, she acquired so many words, that out of these she has formed a sort of jargon in which she can hold conversation, whole days, with those who can speak her language. She knows nothing of what is said to her, unless she sees the motion of their lips that speak to her: one thing will appear the strangest part of the whole narrative. She has a sister with whom she has practised her language more than with any body else, and in the night, by laying her hands on her sister's mouth, she can perceive by that what she says, and so can discourse with her in the dark.'

The case of this young person affords a striking proof of the extreme perfection which one of the senses may attain when it becomes the sole organ of communication, and the whole attention of the individual becomes, consequently, directed towards its improvement. It is an universal law of nature that every muscular power increases in proportion to the degree of exertion to which it has been applied. The brawny arms of the blacksmith, the powerful neck of the porter, supply us with conclusive evidence of this fact. The observation is no less correct when made of the senses. The length of range which a constant and necessary habit of looking out for distant objects gives to the visual powers of the sailor; the discrimination and nicety of sight which the search for game gives to the poacher, the gamekeeper, or even the well

well trained esquire, are perfections for which we shall look, in vain, in the weaver or grocer. In blind people, the touch acquires a degree of fineness and perfection which, we are assured, enables them to distinguish colours; and the olfactory nerves of some persons are rendered, by use, so efficient as to enable them without difficulty to resolve 'the rankest compound of villanous smell' into the simples of which it is composed.

If it be then a fact, established by uniform experience, that, by closely attending to the motion of the lips of those who address them, the deaf and dumb are enabled to make out, with precision, every word which is uttered; if, as in the instance mentioned by Bishop Burnet, practice renders them capable of distinguishing, by the eye, every syllable of the words spoken to them, it is evident that the greatest attention should be paid to a branch of instruction which they will find in the highest degree useful. As far as relates to the conception of the notions of others, it is an effective and almost a complete substitute for the sense of hearing. It is also undeniable that Institutions open for the exclusive instruction of such pupils are not the most favourable situations in which their capacity may be acquired and improved. This invaluable faculty can be cultivated to the best advantage only in seminaries where they are educated along with others, who hear; as it is the result of a minute and constant attention to the motion of the lips of those who speak.

This subject, highly interesting to every member of society, prefers peculiar claims to the attention of those who are, professionally, engaged in educating the young. With little additional trouble they may derive considerable emolument from adding the deaf and dumb to the pupils whom they already instruct. If parents were once convinced that they possess, at their own doors, establishments in which these unfortunate children may receive all the advantages of regular instruction, even with more facility than they can be taught at the most celebrated seminaries, opened exclusively for the reception of the deaf and dumb, it would relieve their minds from the intense anxiety and regret which must be excited by the necessity of sending them, during their most helpless infancy, to places far removed from personal inspection.

The expensive character of these establishments places them beyond the reach of a large portion of those who are destitute of hearing. We believe our calculation to be rather under than above the real amount, if we state the average annual charge for each pupil at one hundred pounds. If it should be estimated at only one half of that sum, it would, practically, be found as effectual a bar to the general education of deaf and dumb children as an annual expenditure of five times that amount. If some mea-

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asures be not, therefore, taken to educate these children at our ordinary schools, a deficiency of pecuniary means will, for ever, deprive them of the benefits arising from systematic instruction.

The asylum established, in 1807, in the Kent Road, provides for the gratuitous education of two hundred deaf and dumb orphans and paupers; but the periodical applicants for admission greatly exceed the number which can actually be received. In a report, issued, in July, 1820, by the committee appointed for managing this establishment, the subscribers are informed that the admissions, on the average, have amounted to between forty and fifty, within each year; yet the applications have much increased. At the election, in January, 1820, a list of ninety-five candidates was presented to the governors, out of which they were under the painful necessity of electing only twenty-five, though all seemed to have powerful, if not equal, claims to their notice. An examination of this Report will show that a defect in the organs of hearing is a misfortune of much more frequent occurrence than it is generally imagined to be. From a statement given by the committee, the public will learn with surprize that among those who have applied to this charitable institution for relief are to be found twenty-four families, which contain no fewer than eighty-seven children deaf and dumb. We shall extract some of their names.

William Coleman, with eleven children, of whom five are deaf and dumb.

David Thomson, with ten children, five deaf and dumb.

George Franklin, with eight children, five deaf and dumb.

Silas Vokins, with seven children, five deaf and dumb.

Fourteen families, with three children, in each, deaf and dumb.

The greater number of the successful applicants for admission into this asylum are natives of the metropolis, or of the adjoining counties. The difficulty and uncertainty of securing admission to an establishment in which the vacancies are so few when compared with the number of candidates, prevent the very numerous cases of deafness among the poor, resident at a distance, from attracting any attention. Their friends and neighbours, having been taught to believe that no endeavours, for that purpose, can prove successful, make no attempt to alleviate their calamity. A large proportion of these unfortunate objects are thus, for ever, excluded from the advantages of regular instruction.

Experience too frequently shows, that injudicious charity injures even the object which excites it; and with every feeling of respect for the motives which actuate the patrons and supporters of the institution in the Kent Road, we must be allowed to express a strong doubt, whether it be consistent with the maxims of sound policy, that children who, in after-life, must maintain themselves by manual exertion, should receive their education

cation at such an establishment. We are inclined to fear that the well lodged and highly fed pupils of this asylum may acquire feelings and habits which will not tend to render them peculiarly contented with their subsequent destinations. It is impossible to inflict upon the young a greater injury, than to habituate them to indulgences, to which, at a later period, they can only look back with unavailing regret. The thrifty fare and hard lodging of the cottage, we consider an useful and indispensable training for the privations to which its future occupant must inevitably submit. An asylum in which the pupils are boarded cannot therefore be the most appropriate place for the education of housemaids, of mechanics, and of ploughmen.

The national metropolitan schools, conducted upon Dr. Bell's plan, are open, not only for the instruction of children, but likewise for the reception of young men who may be sent thither in order to become practically acquainted with the details of a system of tuition which they may afterwards introduce into other seminaries. We earnestly submit it to the consideration of the governors of the asylum for the gratuitous instruction of the deaf and dumb poor, whether this establishment might not be opened, with great advantage, for a similar purpose. A residence for two months at this institution would, we are almost certain, enable any young person of ordinary capacity to acquire a competent knowledge of the system there pursued. It would not, surely, be unreasonable, to require of all the teachers of the national schools, at least in populous districts, a preparation which would qualify them to undertake the instruction of the deaf and dumb with the other children of the more indigent classes. Our common seminaries might then become available for educating the children of parents in better circumstances. This would relieve the public from the enormous additional expense, at present necessarily incurred in boarding as well as instructing them; and it would save the pupils themselves from the danger, by no means imaginary, of contracting tastes and habits, inconsistent, as we have said, with their subsequent situations. If opulent individuals, to whom the expense is no object, give the preference to institutions exclusively devoted to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, let their wishes by all means be gratified. Schools of this description will always offer to caprice or prejudice, in favour of the occult system of instructing the deaf and dumb, the means of ample indulgence.

But although the adoption of a system which involves an enormous waste of time and money may be overlooked in private seminaries, it is not entitled to similar forbearance at establishments supported by public contribution. We have a right, may we feel it a duty, to remonstrate against the continuance of a system which

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which necessarily absorbs funds, amply sufficient for the instruction of the whole body of the deaf and dumb, in educating a small proportion of these unfortunate objects; and which, by extending and perpetuating the delusion already prevalent, that their instruction requires the application of some mysterious science, is productive of the still more mischievous effect, of consigning those who are unsuccessful in applying for admittance into this asylum, to the misery of hopeless ignorance. The sums now lavished on two hundred pupils at this establishment, would amply provide for the instruction of twenty times that number in ordinary schools.

The 'doctors' now engaged in educating the deaf and dumb will, probably, oppose the modification of the system here recommended; as this extension of the plan must diminish, very considerably, the value and importance of their 'craft.' Our appeal to them is, therefore, made with much hesitation and doubt. To obtain their concurrence in the alterations which we propose, we feel that two very formidable obstacles to any improvement must be removed.—A sense of duty must first triumph over the suggestions of interest and prejudice. But to the managers and governors of our great national establishments,—to the active and benevolent characters, whose zeal in the diffusion of knowledge has rendered them conspicuous, we appeal with the confident anticipation of a favourable result. And at the head of the public and private seminaries, scattered throughout the kingdom, will be found individuals whose benevolence will prompt them to make an attempt which their ingenuity and perseverance cannot fail to render successful.

Writers upon this subject have, generally, represented deafness as a greater and more irremediable calamity than blindness. But we need only close our eyes, to be convinced that such a notion has no foundation in reason; nor is it supported by experience. There are no ideas, except that of sound, which the deaf and dumb may not acquire with as much correctness and precision as those who hear. The ear, however useful as the instrument of communication, has less to do with the direct acquisition of ideas than any of the other organs of sense; and in promoting this end there is none so instrumental as the eye. What idea can a blind person form, for instance, of a cloud or of a castle? of a mill or a mountain? The impression which these and other material objects make upon the blind must, at all times, be indistinct, and not infrequently erroneous. One glance of the eye will give to the deaf and dumb truer conceptions of such objects, than the most laboured and minute oral descriptions can ever impart to the blind.

It may be further observed, that there are but few active, and perhaps not many sedentary occupations, in which the blind may be

be successfully engaged. With the exception, however, of the very few arts which require the immediate use of hearing, there is none in which the deaf and dumb may not be employed with as much satisfaction to themselves and advantage to the public, as the most ingenious and industrious of those who both see and hear.

The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Chippendale of Winwick, will likewise show that the deaf and dumb are not even excluded from the pleasures arising from music.

'Some years back, probably five or six, a young gentleman of the name of Arrowsmith, a member of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, came down into this county, and resided some months at Winnington, in the exercise of his profession as a miniature and portrait painter. He was quite deaf, so as to be entirely dumb. He had been taught to write, and wrote an elegant hand, in which he was enabled to express his own ideas with facility; he was also able to read and understand the ideas of others expressed in writing. It will scarcely be credited that a person thus circumstanced should be fond of music; but this was the fact in the case of Mr. Arrowsmith. He was at a gentleman's glee club, of which I was president at that time, and, as the glees were sung, he would place himself near some article of wooden furniture, or a partition, door or window shutter, and would fix the extreme end of his finger nails, which he kept rather long, upon the edge of some projecting part of the wood, and there remain until the piece under performance was finished, all the while expressing, by the most significant gestures, the pleasure he experienced from the perception of musical sounds. He was not so much pleased with a solo, as with a pretty full clash of harmony; and if the music was not very good, or, I should rather say, if it was not correctly executed, he would show no sensation of pleasure. But the most extraordinary circumstance in this case is, that he was most evidently delighted with those passages in which the composer displayed his science in modulating the different keys. When such passages happened to be executed with precision, he could scarcely repress the emotions of pleasure which he received, within any bounds; for the delight he evinced seemed to border on extacy.

'This was expressed most remarkably at our club, when the glee was sung with which we often conclude; it is by Stevens, and begins with the words "Ye spotted snakes," from Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In the second stanza, on the words, "Weaving spiders come not here," there is some modulation of the kind above alluded to, and here Mr. Arrowsmith would be in raptures, such as would not be exceeded by any one who was in immediate possession of the sense of hearing.'

It is highly expedient that every deaf and dumb child should be subjected to the careful examination of some practitioner of undoubted skill and experience, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature and seat of this defect. Where deafness proceeds from a defect



defect in the auditory nerve, it must be evident, that no effort of art can succeed in removing it: but where it arises from the mal-conformation or the obstruction of the internal structure of the ear, it is then frequently within the reach of skill and ingenuity. The pupils admitted into the eleemosynary asylum in the Kent Road, are, we doubt not, thoroughly examined by the eminent surgeons connected with that establishment; but we cannot help entertaining some hopes that many cases of deafness may exist among the poor, in distant situations, which might be remedied by professional skill.

At the hazard of being thought tedious, we have thus endeavoured to call the attention of our readers to a subject, which we consider of no ordinary importance; and if our sentiments on this question be not erroneous, we feel *confident*, that the good sense of the public will rescue the deaf and dumb from the schemes and systems of quacks and projectors. The supposition that their instruction requires the aid and application of a mysterious art, acts like some predictions that are the cause of their own accomplishment. To point out, therefore, the practicability of instructing them in ordinary schools, or even in private families, must be the first step towards freeing the public mind from a delusion which has been upheld and propagated with no common industry. As long as the relatives and connexions of the deaf and dumb are impressed with a belief, that they can be educated only in public institutions, established for that purpose, no private effort to impart instruction to them will ever be made. But let them be once persuaded that the obstacles which, apparently, impede the conveyance of information, may be overcome by a little patience and perseverance, and their feelings of commiseration and affection will soon render them eager and expert in removing or in alleviating a misfortune which fills them with regret.

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ART. VII.—*Mémoires du Duc de Lauzun*. Octavo, pp. 400.  
Paris, 1822.

WE had hoped to be spared the necessity of noticing this publication. While its scandal was confined to its original language, we gladly left to the French critics the exposure of its fraud, and the chastisement of its indecency; but we see that a translation is advertised, and we hasten to warn our readers against it.

A genuine and impartial life of the Duke de Biron (called, during his grandfather's life, the Duc de Lauzun) might be amusing, and would certainly be instructive. After having by his follies and his vices disgraced his family, degraded his rank, and insulted the

laws of his country, this hopeful personage turned patriot, and met a kindred spirit in the infamous *Egalité*. We need not add that this routé of the old court became a radical reformer, and laboured in the revolutionary vineyard with a zeal worthy, and just worthy, of such a patron and of such a cause. He had served a little and obscurely in America;—but to have fought against a king was sufficient to entitle him to the honours of the republican armies, and he was accordingly, on the overthrow of the French monarchy, employed in the North, and in La Vendée; but citizen Biron was as bad a soldier as he was a subject,—he was unsuccessful every where; in the field he was baffled by the Vendéans, and in the council undermined by the Jacobins; and, after a campaign of a few months in La Vendée, recalled, to suffer at the age of forty-six, in the Place de la Révolution, a death which may be called unjust, because he was not guilty of the love of royalty, of which he was accused; but in another view he eminently deserved his fate—for he perished by the tyranny which he had himself helped to establish: he died not merely unregretted, but almost unnoticed; his youth had been profligate,—his manhood was base,—and his end was contemptible. An useful lesson might—we repeat—be derived from an authentic account of such a life. But there is every reason to believe, that the volume before us is an infamous forgery, in which some anonymous author assumes the mask of the Duke of Biron to give a history of the intrigues and gallantries of his youth. This is done with the grossest impudence; and the names of ladies at full length, without disguise, and with details only fit for the history of a brothel, are prostituted to the vanity of this supposed Duc de Lauzun. We will not extend the mischief we reprobate by mentioning any of the names: but we have taken the supererogatory pains of ascertaining, by a comparison of dates as well as other circumstances, that a large proportion, at least, of the facts alleged are absolutely false.

In scandal, as in the misfortunes of others, such is the infirmity of our nature, we regret to say, there is too often something '*qui ne nous déplaît pas*;' but in the scandal of the '*Mémoires de Lauzun*' we can honestly assure our readers, that the most depraved appetite will find no amusement,—they are as dull as they are profligate; and like wet straw, or Lady Morgan's '*Italy*,' stifle the flame which they are designed to kindle.

At the first hasty perusal of the work, we were struck, even on the internal evidence, with a conviction of its being a forgery. We then, as we have said, took the trouble of trying its veracity by some external proof, and the result increased our suspicion. M. de Biron may have written Memoirs, and they would probably, judging from his character, be vain and indiscreet; but badly as

we

we think of him, both as a public and a private man, we cannot persuade ourselves that he could have been guilty of such an atrocity as is now published under his name. Our disbelief has been fortified by what has passed in France on this subject. M. Salgues, a respectable man of letters, has very properly stated, in the public prints, some curious circumstances which had come to his knowledge, and which tend to expose this fraud :—

‘A great literary scandal has occurred. The Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun are publicly sold in defiance of all morality, and of all decency towards the most respectable persons and families.

‘Under Buonaparte’s government this publication was attempted in vain. Buisson, a bookseller, had purchased a copy, made by an almost illiterate hand. He consulted me about it. I answered that an honest man would degrade himself by publishing such a work.

‘I do not know how the government of the day got hold of the manuscript, but it happened to be again referred to me as censor; and I declared that I never would approve the publication of so infamous a libel. M. Lacretelle was, on my refusal, consulted, and made, I believe, the same answer. In the mean time, the Duc of Rovigo, (M. Savary, Minister of Police,) having heard that the manuscript was in circulation, sent for Buisson, and said that he wished to purchase it. M. Buisson delivered the manuscript to the minister, who gave him a receipt for it, and directed a friend to treat about the price; but this never was arranged, and Buisson died without getting either his money or his manuscript.

‘In 1818, having heard that it was about to be printed, I communicated to M. Hue all the details of this odious intrigue, and the impression did not take place.

‘How has this manuscript, if it be the same, got out of the hands of the Duc of Rovigo? Of course he only wanted to buy it in order to prevent the publication. From whom has the present publisher received it? These are questions which require some explanation.

‘Finally, the manuscript which I saw was a rough copy, which seemed to me to have been altered and falsified, and the style was so much below that of a gentleman, that I could not but suspect the whole to be a fabrication.’

To this M. Savary (who still, we observe, calls himself the Duke of Rovigo) replies by a letter curious, as our readers will see, for more reasons than one.

‘What M. Salgues says is *quite true*: I became (*je me suis rendu*) the proprietor of the manuscript, and I was informed that the genuine Memoirs of M. de Lauzun were in the possession of a person incapable of making a bad use of them. I looked upon the manuscript in question as the production of a vicious mind, and I did not therefore think fit to give the dangerous example of compensating the fabricator of such a production.’

We pause here a moment to admire the scrupulous morality of the

the Sieur Savary. This Minister of Police '*se rend propriétaire*,' he makes himself the owner of the manuscript, by getting possession of it on pretence of purchasing it; and satisfied with this kind of ownership, his morality will not allow him to pay the price of so infamous an article. This is just such morality, such justice, and such reasoning as we are prepared to expect from Buonaparte's Minister of Police; but we will just observe, that however unwilling M. Savary might be to reward the author of the libel, we see no reason why he should have cheated the poor bookseller, who was certainly not the author, and who appears to have behaved with great propriety in the whole affair. M. Savary, however, proceeds to tell us how he dealt with the manuscript.

'I nevertheless submitted it to the Commission of Censorship, which was established near me. I have been often indebted to these gentlemen for having guided me to proper measures, and in this case they condemned the manuscript, which was thenceforward classed with other works of a similar nature in its proper place, in the archives of my office.'

This looks as if Savary, after having seized the manuscript as unfit for publication, made some attempt to publish it—probably on his own account. This, it would seem, he was prevented from doing by the *Commission of Censorship*, which was one of the appendages of the police office. He goes on—

'M. Salgues wonders, and the world may well wonder with him, that this manuscript should have got out of my possession. To this I answer, the manuscript was not in my hands; it was in the archives of my office, which were delivered over to my successor. It will, I think, be admitted, that when I left Paris, at the end of March 1814, I had something else to think of than burning M. de Lauzun's Memoirs; and I own that the last work I should have expected to see published after the restoration would be the work of M. de Lauzun; and now its publication is to me incomprehensible, and could not have been accomplished if the interests of public morals had been sufficiently guarded. During all my administration, I never ceased to struggle against such abuses of the press; and this new instance proves how necessary some repressive legislation on this point has become.'—  
'Honest, honest Iago!'

No doubt can, we think, remain that the work now offered as the '*Mémoires de Lauzun*' is a fraud. M. Savary, we observe, alludes to '*genuine memoirs in the possession of persons who will make no improper use of them.*' This phrase, and the character of the unhappy Biron himself, lead us to conjecture that his genuine memoirs may be very discreditable to him and to others; and it is not impossible—indeed M. Salgues seems to suspect—that these spurious memoirs are rather alterations and falsifications than an absolute forgery: but whether they are a complete fabrication, or  
only

only a partial falsification, they are equally stupid, immoral, and indecent; and we trust that the person who has been so ill advised as to translate them will find his speculation disappointed. The women of England will not look into such a book; and, thank Heaven! no book can have any vogue which is disavowed by them.

ART. VIII.—*A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America, between the 47th and 58th degrees of North Latitude, extending from Montreal nearly to the Pacific Ocean; including an Account of the Principal Occurrences, during a Residence of Nineteen Years, in different Parts of the Country, &c. &c.* By D. W. Harmon, a Partner in the North-west Company. Andover, Vermont, North America. 1820.

WE always take up with peculiar pleasure the labours of travellers which open to our view new countries and new people. The little volume now before us (the only copy, we believe, in England) does this; though it by no means justifies the expectations held out in the *lengthy* title-page, about one-half of which we have suppressed: but we are the more desirous of introducing into our Journal the new matter which it contains, as it happens to relate to that particular portion of the north-western regions of North America, to which we alluded, (p. 345.) as likely to become a subject of discussion, unless priority of discovery, and an uninterrupted civil, and military possession for the last fifteen years, shall be admitted to be sufficient grounds for establishing our claim to the territory in question.

The author (Mr. Harmon) has spent nineteen years in the North-west Company's service, eight and a half of which were passed beyond the Rocky Mountains, and between them and the Pacific; and being a plain, unaffected, unambitious, and, withal, a pious man, we consider his statements to be entitled to implicit credit. Some of our readers, perhaps, may be inclined to call his piety in question on perusing the following paragraph, which has the merit at least of great naiveté:—it should be added, however, that the transaction took place when, to use his own words, 'he was ignorant of his lost condition by nature, and of the necessity of being clothed in a better righteousness than his own;' and that, after instructing the amiable squaw in the principles of the Christian religion, he made her 'an honest woman.'

'This day a Canadian's daughter, a girl of about fourteen years of age, was offered to me; and after mature consideration, concerning the step which I ought to take, I have finally concluded to accept of her, as it is customary for all gentlemen, who remain for any length of time in this part of the world, to have a female companion, with whom they can pass their time more socially and agreeably, than to live a lonely

life, as they must do if single. If we can live in harmony together, my intention now is to keep her as long as I remain in this uncivilized part of the world; and when I return to my native land, I shall endeavour to place her under the protection of some honest man, with whom she can pass the remainder of her days in this country, much more agreeably than it would be possible for her to do were she taken down into the civilized world,—to the manners, customs, and language of which she would be an entire stranger. Her mother is of the tribe of the *Snare* Indians, whose country lies along the Rocky Mountains.—p. 150.

That such a custom should prevail among men totally secluded from all society, scattered thinly over a territory of many thousand miles in extent, covered with endless forests, intersected by immense rivers, half occupied with large lakes, interminable to the view,—shut up sometimes for months together—is not surprizing, whatever may be thought of it by a rigid moralist. The consequence, however, of these connections is, that in the numerous and dispersed establishments of the North-west Company, there are from twelve to fifteen hundred women and children, who, from a feeling of humanity which cannot be too highly commended, are taken care of by them, when those who ought to be their natural protectors have left the country, and returned to society. In addition to these are also found, at all their establishments, many superannuated Canadians, who having spent the flower of their days in the service of the Company, and having nothing to attach them to the civilized world, continue with their families under their protection, and are liberally supplied by them with all the necessaries of life. Missions and schools are, we believe, not only in contemplation, but in progress; and we trust that the persons employed in the conduct of these important concerns, will not, for an instant, lose sight of the absolute necessity of enforcing habits of industry, and of subduing as much as possible that rambling propensity of the native Indians, to whom they are closely allied. This mode of life must, in fact, cease, as the clothing and subsistence, which were derived from the chase, are every year rendered more difficult and precarious, as population increases, and the wild animals become more scarce. The climate, it is true, is not very favourable for agricultural pursuits; but, intensely cold as the winters prove, the summers are dry and warm; and barley will ripen, and potatoes and many of the ordinary kind of vegetables thrive pretty well, at the most unpromising of the settlements. The union of the Hudson's Bay and the North-west Companies will greatly facilitate the cultivation of the country, which, we understand, is even now in a flourishing condition at the Red River settlement, established by the genius and enterprize of the late Lord Selkirk.

No spurious race however has yet grown up behind the Rocky Mountains, where alone our present business lies. Here the natives still wander about in primitive simplicity; unconscious, till a few adventurous North Britons, not many years ago, made their appearance among them, of the existence of other human beings besides themselves; or of lands, lakes, and rivers, beyond the rocky ridge which bounds their territory on the one side, and the Great Water on the other. Of this territory and its native inhabitants, we now proceed to sketch an imperfect outline from the scanty materials afforded us by Mr. Harmon.

The descent of the Peace River through a deep chasm in the Rocky Mountains first opened a passage to the adventurers above-mentioned, into the unexplored country behind them, to which they gave the name of New Caledonia,—a name however which, being already occupied by the Australasians, might advantageously be changed to that of *Western Caledonia*. This passage lies in lat.  $56^{\circ} 30'$ . Mackenzie had crossed the rocky chain many years before in lat.  $54\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and descended a large river flowing to the southward, named Tacoutche Tesse, which he conceived to be the Columbia; but it is now known to empty itself about Birch's Bay of Vancouver, in lat.  $49^{\circ}$ ; whereas the mouth of the Columbia lies in  $46^{\circ} 15'$ . Another river, (called the Caledonia,) holding a parallel course to the Tacoutche Tesse, falls into the sea near the Admiralty Inlet of Vancouver, in lat.  $48^{\circ}$ , and forms a natural boundary between the new territory and that of the United States, falling in precisely with a continued line on the same parallel with the Lake of the Woods, and leaving about two degrees of latitude between it and the Columbia. Its northern boundary may be taken in lat.  $57^{\circ}$ , close to the southernmost of the Russian settlements. The length therefore will be about 550, and the breadth, from the mountains to the Pacific, from 300 to 350 geographical miles.

The height of the passage is estimated at not more than 1000 feet; but the two cheeks are so lofty, as to be generally (Mr. Harmon says *perpetually*) covered with snow. The river is not very rapid; few falls occur, and the portage is not more than twelve miles. Two branches, one from the north, the other from the south, unite at the mouth of the passage; the latter having held its course along the foot of the mountains about two hundred miles; the former, or Finlay's branch, having its source in the Musk-qua Sa-ky-e-gun, or the Great Bear's Lake, nearly west from the junction, at the distance, as is supposed, of 150 miles. This lake has not yet been visited, but it is represented as of an immense extent, stretching far away to the northward and the westward.

The whole of this vast country is in fact so intersected with rivers and lakes, that Mr. Harmon thinks one-sixth part of its sur-



face may be considered as water. The largest of the latter yet visited is named Stuart's Lake, and is supposed to be about 400 miles in circumference. A post has been established on its margin in lat.  $54^{\circ} 30'$  N. long.  $125^{\circ}$  W. Fifty miles to the westward of this is Frazer's Lake, about eighty or ninety miles in circumference: here, too, a post was established in 1806. A third, of sixty or seventy miles in circumference, has been named M<sup>c</sup>Leod's Lake, on the shore of which a fort has been built, in lat.  $55^{\circ}$  N. long.  $124^{\circ}$  W. The waters of this lake fall into the Peace River; those flowing out of the other two are supposed to empty themselves into the Pacific, and are probably the two rivers pointed out by Vancouver, near Port Essington, as we had occasion to observe in a former article. The immense quantities of salmon which annually visit these two lakes leave no doubt whatever of their communication with the Pacific; and the absence of this fish from M<sup>c</sup>Leod's Lake makes it almost equally certain that its outlet is not into that ocean. The river flowing out of Stuart's Lake passes through the populous tribes of the Nate-ote-tains, who say that white people come up in large boats to trade with the *A-te-nas*, (a nation dwelling between them and the sea,) which was fully proved by the guns, iron pots, cloth, tar, and other articles found in their possession.

Most of the mountains of Western Caledonia are clothed with timber trees to their very summits, consisting principally of spruce and other kinds of fir, birch, poplar, aspin, cypress, and, generally speaking, all those which are found on the opposite side of the Rocky Mountains. The large animals, common to North America, such as buffaloes, elks, moose, reindeer, bears, &c. are not numerous in this new territory; but there is no scarcity of the beaver, otter, wolverine, martin, foxes of different kinds, and the rest of the fur animals, any more than of wolves, badgers, and polecats. Fowls, also, of all the descriptions found in North America, are plentiful in Western Caledonia; cranes visit them in prodigious numbers, as do swans, bustards, geese and ducks.

A small animal, peculiar to the Rocky Mountains, is noticed by Mr. Harmon. It is called by the natives, *quis-qui-su*, or the whistler, from the noise it makes, when surprized. Its size is that of the common badger, it has a long bushy tail, and is covered with a beautiful coat of silver-grey hair. It burrows in the ground and feeds on roots and herbs; the flesh is considered as a great delicacy, and the skin is used for clothing.

The temperature is higher than in the same parallels on the eastern side of the mountains. 'The weather,' Mr. Harmon says, 'is not severely cold, except for a few days in the winter, when the mercury is sometimes as low as  $32^{\circ}$  below zero;' on the opposite side, in the same degree of latitude, it is frequently from  $40^{\circ}$  to

$50^{\circ}$  below

50° below zero. The summer is pleasant, never too warm by day, nor too cold at night; it is stated, however, that there is frost, more or less, in every month of the year, and that snow lies on the ground from the middle of November to the middle of May.

The natives of Western Caledonia name themselves *Tâ-cullies*, (i. e. water-travellers,) from the circumstance of their passing in canoes from one village to another. The men are of the middle stature and well made; but the women are generally short and thick, having their lower limbs disproportionately large. In their houses, food, and dress, they are not over cleanly. The skins of the beaver, badger, hare, and the smaller animals, cut into narrow strips and plaited together into a kind of cloak, serve them for clothing. In addition to this, the women wear an apron of deer or salmon's skin, twelve or eighteen inches broad, and reaching nearly to the knee.

In summer, the men frequently go without any covering. Those about the stations were induced to wear a kind of breech-cloth; but so little, says Mr. Harmon, is their sense of delicacy, that 'if one day it be seen in its proper place, the next it will probably be wrapt about their heads, or around their necks.' Both sexes perforate the cartilage of the nose, from which the men suspend small pieces of brass or copper; but the young women run a wooden pin through it, on each end of which they fix a shell-bead, of about an inch and a half in length, and about the thickness of the stem of a common tobacco pipe. These beads are brought to them by the *A-te-nâs*, and constitute a sort of circulating medium, twenty of them being made to represent the value of a beaver's skin. The young women wear their hair long, and paint their faces with a kind of red ochre. If they can procure European beads, they tie them in a bunch to the end of a lock of hair, behind each ear.

As their subsistence is chiefly derived from the water, their nets are excellent; they are made by the women of the inner bark of the willow, spun into a strong cordage, and sometimes of the nettle; the latter are chiefly used for taking the smaller kinds of fish. About the beginning of April, the fishing commences on the smaller lakes, which afford them trout, carp, &c. On these they subsist for two or three months, and when the season is over, return to their villages, and pick up various herbs, roots, and berries, which they eat with their dried fish. This serves them till about the middle of August, when the salmon make their appearance in incredible quantities. They pass the lakes, ascend the streams which fall into them, and sometimes run to such a height, that the water becoming shallow below prevents their descent, in which case they are left to perish in such numbers, as to infect the atmosphere for a considerable distance around. On their first appearance all the natives leave their

their huts, men, women, and children, screaming out, 'the salmon are come—the salmon are come!' and immediately set about taking them for their winter's store. The usual mode of catching them is by throwing a dam across the river, and placing wicker baskets of great size, the entrance of which is a cone pointing inwards, like that of a mousetrap, to receive the fish. Four or five hundred are frequently caught at a time in one of these baskets. The employment of the women and children is to gut, and hang them by the tails on poles to dry. After a day or two, they are taken down, split open, and again hung in the open air for about a month, when they are found to be sufficiently dried to keep for several years. The pike, which is so common in all the lakes on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, is not known in the western territory; but to make amends for its absence, they have plenty of the finest sturgeon in the world. Mr. Harmon says that a fish of 250 pounds is not at all uncommon; that he saw one caught in Frazer's Lake of twelve feet two inches in length, and four feet eleven inches in circumference, which must have weighed from 550 to 600 pounds.

The various quadrupeds which abound in this part of America are used as well for food as for clothing; they are caught in strong nets made of thongs, or shot with arrows, or taken in traps made of large pieces of wood, which are so set as to fall and crush them, while nibbling at the bait. The bear and the beaver are considered as the most valuable of these animals, and are served up at the feasts which they make in memory of their deceased relatives. Berries of various kinds form an essential part of their food, which they preserve by placing them in layers with heated stones, in vessels made of the bark of the spruce fir, and squeezing them into cakes and leaving them to dry;—in this state they are eaten with oil extracted from the salmon. When all other kinds of subsistence fail, they have recourse to a species of lichen, which is found in abundance on the sides of the rocks.

Their canoes are formed of the bark of the spruce fir, or birch; in these frail vessels two men with paddles will, with ease, go fifty miles a day. In winter, they travel in snow shoes, made of two bent sticks interlaced with thongs of deer-skin; or on sledges drawn by dogs. A couple of these tractable animals, Mr. Harmon says, will draw a load of two hundred and fifty pounds, besides provisions for themselves and their driver, twenty miles, in five hours. 'The people on the west side of the Rocky Mountains,' he adds, 'appear to have the same affection for their dogs, that they have for their children; and they will discourse with them as if they were rational beings; they frequently call them their sons and daughters. When any of them dies, it is not unusual to see their masters place the carcass on a pile of wood, and burn it in the same manner

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ner as they do the dead bodies of their relations; crying and howling as if they were their kindred.'

On the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, the Indians invariably bury their dead; but on the opposite side they burn them. Mr. Harmon was present at the burning of a chief, whose body was laid out in his best dress, with all his trinkets by his side. His two wives were placed, one at the head, the other at the feet of the corpse, where they remained until the hair of their heads was singed by the flames, and they were almost suffocated by the smoke, when they rolled off in a state approaching to insensibility. On recovering their strength, they began beating the burning body whenever it could be approached for the intensity of the heat; and this disgusting ceremony was continued, until it was nearly consumed. The ashes and bones were then collected and put into bags, which the widows were to carry about with them, day and night, for the space of two years; at the end of which the relations of the deceased would make a feast, and the bones and ashes be deposited in a box, and placed under a shed in the middle of the village. Till this period, the widows are kept in a state of slavery; their faces are daubed with black, their heads shaved, and they go without any other clothing than a wrapper of skins round their waist. Such of the natives as die in the winter are generally kept in their huts till the warm weather commences; when their bodies are committed to the funeral pile, and their ashes finally deposited in small buildings, about six feet high, covered with bark, and surrounded by boards, painted with rude images of the sun, moon, and various kinds of animals.

They seem to have some vague notion of a future state; and firmly believe that a departed soul can, if it pleases, come back to earth, in a human shape; and that their priests, or cunning men, when a corpse is about to be burned, can blow the soul of the deceased into one of his relatives, in which case his first child will be born with it. They believe too, that the earth was once entirely covered with water, and every thing destroyed but a musk-rat, who, diving to the bottom, brought up some mud, which increased, and grew to the present shape of the world, that is, Western Caledonia. How it was peopled, they do not trouble themselves to explain; but a fire, they say, spread over the whole and destroyed every human being, with the exception of one man and one woman, who saved themselves by retiring into a deep cave in the mountains, until the flames were extinguished.

The Western Caledonians are a cheerful people, and extremely garrulous; 'men, women, and children,' Mr. Harmon says, 'keep their tongues constantly in motion; when not asleep, they are always either talking or singing.' Many of their airs are pleasing,  
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and are said to resemble those 'which one hears in Catholic churches.' They are greatly addicted to gambling: not only the men, but the women also, and even the young children, pass the greater part of the winter season in play, and will stake even the last rag on their backs. The men are much attached to their wives, and apt to be jealous of them; but to their unmarried daughters they allow unbounded freedom, with the view, as one of them said, to keep the young men away from their mothers. Upon the whole, however, they appear to be a quiet, cheerful, and inoffensive people; and, as we are told, they are at all times perfectly willing to work when employed by 'the white people'; it is to be hoped that these white people will instruct them in the pursuits of agriculture, (for which the country offers sufficient encouragement,) as preparatory to a more perfect state of civilization, and to that more valuable knowledge, for the entertainment of which their mild and inoffensive habits seem so peculiarly to fit them.

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- ART. IX.—1. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the Subject of Weights and Measures*; 24 June, 1819.  
 2. *Second Report of the same Commissioners*; 13 July, 1820.  
 3. *Third Report of the same Commissioners*; 31 March, 1821.  
 4. *Report of the Select Committee appointed to consider of the several Reports which have been laid before the House of Commons, relating to Weights and Measures*; 28 May, 1821.  
 5. *Manuel Pratique et Élémentaire des Poids et Mesures, des Monnaies, et du Calcul Décimal*. Par S. A. Tarbé, Chef de Division au Ministère des Manufactures et du Commerce; 1813.  
 6. *The Universal Cambist and Commercial Instructor; being a full and accurate Treatise on the Exchanges, Monies, Weights, and Measures of all trading Nations, and their Colonies*. By P. Kelly, LL.D. The Second Edition. 4to. 1821.

NO political theorist, from Plato downwards, has forgotten to enact, in the formation of ideal states, one common Weight and Measure; and no practical statesman seems to have considered it a matter of insuperable difficulty in the execution. In the English history, laws to this effect are found as early as Edgar. That they had been of little avail may be concluded from its having been found necessary to declare in Magna Charta, cap. 25—'one measure of wine shall be throughout our realm, and one measure of ale, and one measure of corn, that is to say, the quarter of London. And it shall be of weights as it is of measures.'

During the six hundred years which have elapsed since that period, it is singular that scarcely any ten have passed without some new law having been enacted by parliament, prescribing the weights

weights and measures to be used throughout the kingdom; and every act complains that the preceding statutes had been ineffectual, and the laws disobeyed. In *Magna Charta*, one measure is mentioned, 'the quarter of London,' and in all subsequent acts the Winchester bushel is alone declared to be the legal one, and yet its dimensions were never specified till 3 Will. III.; and this bushel, which is the one in use at the port of London, at Mark-lane, and at Guildhall, does not agree with the standard bushel at the Exchequer, either in shape or contents. Not only does the greatest diversity prevail in the country in the corn measure, but also in the manner of filling and striking it.

The origin of the standards authorized in this country was probably capricious or accidental. Henry I. ordered the length of his arm to be the criterion of the yard measure; and 51 Henry III. declares 32 grains of wheat, dry, taken out of the midst of the ear, to be the standard weight of the twentieth part of an ounce. The foot, the hand, the span, the finger, the pace, are still employed where perfect accuracy is not required. But scientific men have sought to fix on standards derived from nature, not liable to be lost or to vary. In this country, the pendulum that vibrates seconds of mean solar time has been accurately compared with the established standard of long measure. In France, an arc of the meridian has been adopted as the basis of a new standard. From measures of length, those of capacity are deduced by determining the cubical inches which they should contain. And, again, from the measure of capacity is derived the standard of weight, from its contents in some substance, of which the specific gravity is invariable, as pure water. Thus a cubic foot of pure water is found, at a given temperature, to weigh 1000 ounces avoirdupois; and the pendulum vibrating sixty times in a minute, in the latitude of London, is ascertained to measure 39.139 inches, of which the yard contains 36. The ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the meridian is the linear unit adopted in France, or the standard *metre*, and this measure is found to equal 39.371 English inches.

It has been remarked upon these bases of the linear measure,—the foundation of the others,—that, as the earth is not a perfect sphere, having the equatorial diameter longer than the polar axis, an arc of the meridian will vary, the degree increasing from the equator to the pole. In consequence of the spheroidal figure of the earth, a pendulum will vibrate quickest at the poles, and slowest on the equator, because the gravity is the greatest at the poles, from the circumstance of their being nearest to the centre of the earth. Hence the length of the seconds pendulum must be increased from the equator to the pole. Tables have been formed to ascertain these variations, and from them it has been computed that 100 lb.

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on the equator will weigh 100·334 lb. in the latitude of London, and 100·545 lb. at the pole. Other difficulties have occurred in the adoption of standards from nature. An exception has been made to the use of water in determining the standard of weight, on account of the difficulty of ascertaining when a vessel is full. Mr. Troughton has ingeniously proposed, that a metallic cylindrical vessel of any given dimension be made so light that when immersed in pure water of a certain temperature, it will neither sink nor swim: such a body will weigh its dimension in water, and serve as an accurate standard.

We refer our readers for scientific details upon the subject of invariable standards of weights and measures, to the publications at the head of our Article, particularly to the Introduction of the 'Cambist,' and proceed to advert to the practical success of legislative enactments for their enforcement.

In 1816, Commissioners were appointed to 'consider how far it may be practicable and advisable to establish, within his Majesty's dominions, a more uniform system of weights and measures.' They have given an abstract of the various laws enacted for their regulation in commerce, in the Appendix to the *First Report*. The number of these statutes exceeds two hundred. An account of the provincial weights and measures throughout the kingdom is contained in the Appendix to the *Second Report*, and occupies nearly twenty folio pages. The commissioners, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir George Clerk, Mr. Davies Gilbert, Dr. Wollaston, Dr. Young, and Captain Kater, it need not be added, have evinced much science, and bestowed great attention on the subject. They have fixed accurately the established standards; yet they have hardly ventured, after every research and consideration, to prescribe a remedy for the many anomalies referred to in the Reports.

The attempt made by the French government is memorable and recent. Their metrical system is still continued under certain modifications; and it has been partially adopted in some other countries. A commission of scientific men, in 1793, framed a scheme of weights and measures, the basis of which, as before observed, was derived from a portion of an arc of the meridian, and having formed all the multiples and subdivisions by tenths, and given to every one a Greek or Latin denomination, it was thus, at the time, dwelt upon in the *Report of the Comité d'Instruction Publique*:

'Le nouveau système des mesures est digne d'être offert à toutes les nations: aucun ne serait aussi propre à préparer cette communication de lumière et d'instruction, si ardemment souhaitée par les amis éclairés de l'humanité. La base de ce système est immuable comme la nature elle-même. Dès lors cette mesure fondamentale de toutes celles de la république ne peut plus se perdre; aucun événement présumable

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sumable ne saurait l'anéantir; elle appartient à toutes les nations comme à la France, et sans aucune préférence de localité: les hommes qui cultivent les sciences s'en serviront comme du type d'exactitude le plus authentique qui existe; et les peuples, s'éclairant peu à peu, finiront par en adopter l'usage, qui sera déjà suivi depuis long temps par la république Française.

In consequence of this Report, the National Convention issued a decree, 18 Germinal an 3, (1795.)

'Il n'y aura qu'un seul étalon des poids et mesures pour toute la république; ce sera une règle de platine sur laquelle sera tracée le *mètre* qui a été adopté pour limite fondamentale de tout le système des mesures.'

A decree of the 1 Vendémiaire, an. 4 requires, within four months, all traders to exchange the ell measures at the municipalities for the new *metres*, and their half-ells for *demi-metres*. It further declares, that no commercial paper, book, account, acquittance, or writing, describing quantities otherwise than upon the new system, shall be good in law, or cognizable in a court of justice.

Under the consular government, in the year 1800, a law was again made, setting forth, that 'le *mètre* et le *kilogramme* sont les étalons définitifs des mesures de longueur et de poids dans toute la république.'

It might be expected that these repeated enactments would have succeeded; but neither the degree of freedom possessed under the National Convention, nor the absolute power of the imperial government, could enforce the general adoption of the new system. The people were startled at the foreign nomenclature, and however such novelties might be received in the arts, by the learned,—to the uninformed, a shock appeared to be given to nature, to hear, instead of the familiar names of tonneau et quintal, livre et grain, muid et pinte, lieue terrestre et lieue marine, pied de roi et pouce de roi, aune, toise, et arpent, the strange and incomprehensible sounds of myriagramme et kilogramme, decagramme et decigramme, hectolitre et decalitre, myriametre et millimetre, decistere, deciare, decastere, deca-are. All their interests appeared to be threatened and confounded: the trades and crafts, which might see in the new system something more of order, conceived the labour of their lives would be lost, and the secrets of their callings given up with the anomalies which to them seemed inherent parts of their professions. Perhaps the learned themselves, when they descended to the affairs of common life, might be more apt to call for a pint of wine than a *litre*, to cheapen a pound of bread than a *demi-kilogramme*, or, to ask an acquaintance to walk a league rather than a *demi-myriametre*.

A general opposition prevailed, insomuch that, in 1801, the people

people were allowed to resume the ancient vocabulary; and further, in 1812, the imperial government found it expedient, 'with a view to join the respect due to the old habits, with the preservation of the new system,' to permit the use of different subdivisions of the new weights and measures, replacing the decimal system with the binary one of halves, quarters, eighths, &c. By way of distinction the term *usuel* was added to the old names, as *livre usuelle*, *pinte usuelle*, &c. These fractional parts of the new system approached very near to those anciently in use: so that the *livre usuelle* is now only 3 grains more than the old *livre*, *poids de marc*. There are, accordingly, at present, three systems to be studied in France, the *metrical* of 1795, the *usuel* of 1812, and the *ancient* system; which last is still retained over a large part of the country by the common people. But not only was the new system resisted by the lower orders, but merchants of extended transactions in some places adhered tenaciously to their old weights, confining the new ones to the limits of the custom-house. At Marseilles, the *poids de table* was never abandoned; and at Bordeaux, the old French pound, *poids de marc*, is still used in commerce, with the quintal of 101 pounds.

While the strongest measures of a despotic government, unaccustomed to concession, have been thus found unsuccessful in establishing uniformity within one country, the speculations of those visionaries who have aimed at the adoption of one system throughout the civilized world must be considered to be utterly hopeless.

In 1817, a proposition was made in this country of a more practical nature. It was addressed to the Board of Trade, approved, and carried into full effect. This was to ascertain the precise proportions which the standard weights and measures of foreign countries bear to those of this kingdom. In pursuance of this object, a circular letter was issued from the Foreign Office, dated 10th March, 1818, and addressed to his Majesty's Consuls abroad, by Lord Castlereagh, directing copies of the weights and measures of the different governments at which they resided, to be procured and transmitted to this country.

The mode of carrying this operation into effect will be best seen by the following extract from his Lordship's dispatch:—

'His Majesty's government being desirous of obtaining every information as to the standards in use, for the various weights and measures in foreign countries, with a view to ascertain their relative bearings to those in use here, for the benefit of the commercial interests of this country:

'I am to desire that you will use your endeavour to procure, with as little delay as may be, two sets of models, being counterparts in every

every respect, of the standard pound or mark, used at your place of residence for weighing gold and silver, and also of other lesser weights used for that purpose.

‘If, in any place within your consulate, the standard pound or mark, with its lesser weights, used for weighing gold or silver, should differ from those in use at your place of residence, you will procure also two sets of the weights so differing.

‘You will have the accuracy of all these weights regularly attested by the proper authorities.

‘You will state the difference and proportion between the pound which is used for weighing gold and silver, and that pound used for ordinary articles, which is generally known by the name of the “commercial pound.”

‘You will state the contents of the principal measures used at your place of residence, and at other places within your consulate, for the measure of corn, and of the principal measure for wine, and also of their lesser measures.

‘You will add in your letter such other information as you can collect, or may be in possession of, for throwing light upon the general subject of this instruction.’

These orders appear to have been executed in a very accurate manner. Foreign standards, duly attested by the proper authorities, with dispatches containing much valuable information, were received from all the British consuls abroad, and deposited at the Mint. They have subsequently been placed under the charge of Dr. Kelly, with whom the plan originated, and whose eminence in mathematical science and experience in commercial calculations, peculiarly fitted him for the undertaking. It appears that he has diligently superintended the operation through all its stages. With great labour, and no doubt with the utmost accuracy, these foreign weights and measures have been compared with those of this country. This was chiefly carried on at his Majesty’s Mint, and with the assistance of the principal officers of that department, particularly the determining of the relative proportions of the weights employed for the precious metals. The result is embodied in the present edition of the ‘Cambist.’

This undertaking is the first of the kind that has been accomplished upon a great scale, or that has, at any time, been more than partially attempted under the authority of any government. It is peculiarly worthy of this great commercial nation, and must be found extensively useful to foreigners as well as our countrymen engaged in carrying on the intercourse of the inhabitants of different countries and climates. It is to be hoped, that the models thus procured and verified by the respective governments, will be placed in some public repository where they may be preserved: hereafter they may be recurred to by the inhabitants of the quarter

to which they belong, as accurate specimens of their standards, if, in the lapse of time, their own archetypes be lost or impaired.

By the comparison, corrections were made in many proportions hitherto received. From their resting on vague and doubtful authority, this was to be expected. But it may serve as some extenuation of the anomalies in weights and measures existing in common life, to notice that an error in the relation of English and French weights has prevailed for the last eighty years, and of important extent, considering the scientific sources from which it originated.

In 1742, the Royal Society of London and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, exchanged each a set of standards of the weights and measures of the two countries, with a view of determining their relative contents; and it was also decided that the standards when thus compared should be preserved in their respective archives. The societies agreed in all their experiments, and the results are fully detailed in the *Philosophical Transactions* of that year, vol. xlii. p. 185. The French pound was established to be equal to 7560 grains troy; and thence the kilogramme was reckoned to be 15,444 grains.

In the experiments however made at the London Mint in 1820, the kilogramme was found to weigh 15,433 grains only, and the French pound 7555 grains. This difference led to an examination of the standards of 1742, preserved by the Royal Society, when the troy pound was found to be nearly four grains too light: the inaccuracy not having arisen on the part of the learned Societies, but on that of the weight-maker, who had furnished them with a defective standard.

This error of  $\frac{1}{15}$  per cent. in the computed proportion between the weights of England and France has pervaded all calculations in which that proportion has entered during so long a time. To the merchant it might not be of so much importance, because in rough, and even in the more valuable commodities, inattention and unavoidable waste will cause much greater variation. Its chief effect has been in matters of science, and in some objects of finance. Thus the par of exchange between this country and France has sometimes been reckoned to be 25.13, at others 25.20, and now, upon the accurate proportion of the weights, it is found to be 25.22 francs for the pound sterling. It is amusing to reflect how many a political calculator, who, since 1742, has been desponding or elated, as the exchange has appeared above or below par, has been agitated on a basis so far fallacious; and all proceeding from an error of a weight-maker! We are not disposed to lay any great stress upon the fluctuations possible in the exchange between two countries, where each possesses a sound metallic currency, as being either beneficial or detrimental to the one or the other:

other: these fluctuations merely indicate the momentary balance of payments. Besides, as the standard coin of a country cannot be preserved in uniform purity, so the actual par of exchange can never be stated with absolute precision; and though, in that with France, one of the component parts of the calculation, the proportion of the weights, is now rectified and admitted, an assay of the coins in circulation is found to give a par of 25.26.

It is, however, material that the true proportions between foreign standards should be accurately established, although those intricacies and discrepancies, which strike the mind in taking an extensive view of the subject, are not found in practice to be attended with insurmountable perplexity or inconvenience. Commercial society is divided into classes and branches of trade. The sphere of action of each individual in his calling is limited, and the varieties of weights and measures necessary for him to know are soon seized, and prices and bargains come to be regulated and established by long usage accordingly. In countries which are subdivided into small and distinct states, as Germany and Italy, each possessing different systems of metrology, monies, and duties, the several traders between the different districts in their particular branches, apprehend the relations of prices with extraordinary readiness, and with sufficient accuracy for the usual transactions of business. A certain multiple or division of the price of one place is known to give the relative price of another, and a result is thus promptly found without a lengthened calculation of differences of duties, charges, monies, and weights or measures; while occasional variations of exchange are regulated by a per centage added or deducted. An individual trader has accordingly, within the range of his own practice, very few difficulties of this nature to master.

In this country, it would certainly be desirable to make some approaches towards uniformity, if not to be effected in provincial practice, at least in the large markets of the United Kingdom. At present, wheat is sold in London by the quarter, in Scotland by the boll, in Ireland by the barrel; in one place by weight, in another by measure, and every different species of grain probably in a different way. The word, acre, seems to mean different spaces of ground throughout the country. In Scotland, amidst laws from the earliest period continually enacting and regulating with a view to uniformity, every district appears to differ from its neighbour. In Ireland, no attempt has been made to enumerate the diversities of weights and measures. In England, it would be much beyond our limits to endeavour to particularize them.

Attempts have been made in parliament to introduce the decimal system of subdivision in weights, measures, and monies. This would be a great convenience in the calculation of large accounts,

where extreme nicety is not necessary. In commodities of bulk, and moderate value, no prejudice could be discovered. The division of the hundred weight into cents, would be much more commodious in practice than, as now used, into quarters and pounds. In retail trade, we entirely agree in the opinion of the commissioners in their first Report.

‘The power of expressing a third, a fourth, and a sixth of a foot in inches, without a fraction, is a peculiar advantage in the duodecimal scale: and for the operations of weighing and of measuring capacities, the continual division by two renders it practicable to make up any given quantity, with the smallest possible number of standard weights or measures, and is far preferable, in this respect, to any decimal scale.’

The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the several Reports likewise concur with the commissioners as to the inexpediency of changing any standard, either of length, superficies, capacity, or of weight, the accuracy of which is already acknowledged; and that—

‘There is no practical advantage, in having a quantity commensurable to any original quantity, existing, or which may be imagined to exist, in nature, except as affording some little encouragement to its common adoption by neighbouring nations. But it is scarcely possible that the departure from a standard, once universally established in a great country, should not produce much more labour and inconvenience in its internal relations, than it could ever be expected to save in the operations of foreign commerce and correspondence, which always are, and always must be conducted by persons, to whom the difficulty of calculation is comparatively inconsiderable.’

The Committee, having pointed out the contents of the most approved standards, proceed to recommend—

‘That leave be given to bring in a Bill for declaring these standards of length, of capacity, and of weight, to be the imperial standards for Great Britain and Ireland, and for its colonies and dependencies; and they recommend that several copies of the standards be made with the utmost possible accuracy for the use of the Exchequer, for the three capitals, for the principal foreign possessions, for the government of France, in return for the communication of their standards; and especially for the United States of America, where Your Committee have reason to believe they will be adopted, and thus tend in no small degree to facilitate the commercial intercourse.’

‘Your Committee, having directed their attention to the best and most practicable method of bringing the imperial measures into general use, beg leave further to recommend a legislative enactment, by which it shall be declared that all bargains and sales, where nothing appears to the contrary, shall be deemed and taken to be made in conformity with these measures of length, superficies, capacity, and weight; but that, for a time to be limited, it shall be competent for all persons to deal by any other measures, established either by local custom, or  
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founded on special agreement, that they may select; provided always that the ratio or proportion of such local measures to those established by law, may be a matter of common notoriety; and that in the case of a special agreement, the ratio in proportion be therein expressed.'

During the last meeting of Parliament, nothing further was done on this subject. It remains to be seen whether, in the present session, this additional attempt at provincial uniformity will be made. The want of success attending projects for this reform presents a singular instance of the impracticability of schemes, apparently the most reasonable and generally desirable, when devised merely by philosophers in the closet, or persons little used to the dealings and habits of mankind. We are among those who fervently wish success to plans for reducing the perplexity and diversity of weights and measures, and we hold among not the least useful members of the community, those members of the legislature, and other scientific and public-spirited individuals, who direct their time and talent towards the accomplishment of this object: and we have deemed it useful to draw some attention to the difficulties which have, on former occasions, stood in the way of similar endeavours, rather with a view of promoting the eventual execution, than of preventing any practicable attempt at so desirable a consummation. It is with this subject as with laws and manners—constant attempts at improvement appear necessary even to prevent deterioration. Experience shows that few matters have a greater tendency to grow worse, or more obstinately resist correction, than common usages in weights and measures.

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ART. X.—*Memoirs of the celebrated Persons composing the Kit-Cat Club, with a prefatory Account of the Origin of the Association; illustrated with 48 Portraits, from the original Paintings by Sir G. Kneller.* London. 1821. pp. 261.

THIS is a splendid and a costly volume, and if it should fall into the hands of a reader who never before happened to hear of such men as the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, and Mr. Addison, he may find it very entertaining; but we do not hesitate to say, that any one, however slightly acquainted with the political or literary history of the country, must pronounce it one of the most blundering pieces of patch-work that the scissors of a hackney editor ever produced. We do not speak heedlessly—we are aware of the force of the terms we use, and we pledge ourselves that our readers shall, by the evidence we are prepared to adduce, be brought to the same opinion.

We hardly know by what denomination to designate the anonymous personage who has produced this astonishing work—we have called him an *editor*; but that is scarcely correct, because, though



he does nothing but republish what others have written, he publishes it as his own, and affects the tone and rank of an *author*; yet an *author* we can hardly admit him to be, whose sole merit is the cutting out passages from Noble, Walpole, Nichols, and the biographical dictionaries, and who contributes nothing of his own, but the coarse threads which stitch the patches together. The term *compiler* seems to suit him more nearly, yet even that is not quite accurate: for a compiler confesses what he is, and copies his original; while this person aims at a degree of originality, and obtains it—by inserting, wherever he can, blunders and falsehoods, more absurd than we recollect in any similar work. We must therefore beg permission to use the terms *author*, *editor*, or *compiler*, indifferently and inaccurately.

Before we begin a more minute examination, our readers may, perhaps, not dislike to hear what our author says of the *general history* of 'that celebrated association called the Kit-Cat Club.' It was here that his labours might have had some novelty, and even some colour of historical utility; the portraits of the individual members are well known, have been often copied, and some of the most important have been recently exhibited; the biography too of the great majority of the members has been written over and over again, and is to be found in every common biographical work. The most obvious novelty then, that the author could hope to produce, was a general history of the club, and some explanation of the grounds of that forcible eulogy of Horace Walpole, (which is made the motto of the title-page,) that '*the Kit-Cat Club; though generally mentioned as a set of wits, were, in fact, the PATRIOTS that SAVED BRITAIN.*' He seems indeed to have just sense enough to be aware of this; and the following is what he says on this curious and interesting subject,—and it is *all* that he says.

'The celebrated association entitled the KIT-CAT CLUB was instituted about the year 1700, and consisted of the principal noblemen and gentlemen who opposed the arbitrary measures of James II., and conducted to bring about the Revolution. Their ostensible object would seem to have been the encouragement of literature and the fine arts; but the end they labored most assiduously to accomplish was the promotion of loyalty, and allegiance to the protestant succession in the House of Hanover: indeed they carried their zeal, in the cause they advocated, to such extraordinary lengths, that the most beneficial effects resulted from their exertions. Horace Walpole, who had the best information on all political subjects, speaks of them as the "patriots that saved Britain."—*Int.* p. iii.

Here the author dates the establishment of the club *about* 1700; but in the life of Lord Halifax, (p. 111.) he becomes more precise, and *fixes it positively* in the year 1703! We therefore may take the liberty of informing him, that in the year 1703, 'the arbitrary measures

measures of King James' could hardly have needed the union of a patriot club, to bring about the revolution, inasmuch as the revolution had been accomplished about fourteen years before, and poor King James had been two years dead, and had already had two successors, one generally known as King William the Third, and the other called Queen Anne. And we may venture to add, that, during those reigns, the patriots could not very well have inculcated *loyalty* and *allegiance* to the House of Hanover, who did not come to the throne till 1714. In return for this information, so liberally afforded by us, we beg the author to acquaint us 'what were the *extraordinary beneficial effects* which resulted from their exertions' *as a club*: for really, except a few verses on their drinking-glasses we know of nothing produced by this celebrated society.

The truth, however, is that the Kit-Cat Club was established neither in 1700 nor 1703. It was of a much older standing, and was undoubtedly, about the time of the revolution, a convivial assembly of some young patriots, poets, and men of wit,—Montague, Dorset, Prior, Garth;—and the success of the whig politics gave consistency, while the rise of the individual members gave lustre, to the club. Mr. Chalmers, in the notes to his edition of the Spectator, furnishes us with the following succinct and probable account of this institution: 'It was originally (he says) formed in Shire-lane, about the time of the trial of the Bishops, for a little free evening conversation; but in Queen Anne's reign, comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank and quality, merit and fortune, firm friends to the Hanoverian succession.' (vol. i. p. 53.) But though it was a club of wits, professing whig politics, it probably was not until Queen Anne's time that it became so decidedly a political club. Addison, in the paper commented upon by Chalmers, says, 'our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and airy, the philosopher and buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-Cat itself is said to have taken its origin from a mutton pie.' (*Spect.* No. ix.) Thus, Addison, we see, in 1710, speaks of the origin of the club as convivial and remote; and Ward, in his 'History of Clubs,' (a work which our author quotes and pillages, but which he can hardly have read,) gives, in 1709, the whole history of the club as an assemblage of young wits, formed about 1688; for he states that one of its first productions was the Town and Country Mouse by Prior and Montague, which was published at that time. But our author has not only *not read* what he *quotes*, but what he has *written*; for although he so dogmatically places the establishment of the club in 1703, he subse-

quently quotes several letters and facts of that date, which recognize the club as having been *long* established!

On the whole then we conclude, that the club was instituted about 1688, by some young 'men of wit and pleasure about town;' that it had at first no political importance, nor probably any political object, but that its most distinguished members being whigs in politics, it gradually took a more decided whig character, and finally, in the factious time of Queen Anne, became almost exclusively political; and we further conclude that our author knew nothing at all of the matter.

That ridiculous peer for whom his extravagant haughtiness acquired the title of the *proud* Duke of Somerset, became a member of the Kit-Cat Club, when it had risen into such importance as to be considered worthy of his august countenance. With his characteristic vanity he began the celebrated collection of portraits, which adorned the club-room at old Tonson's house, at Barn Elms: the room had been built before the pictures were thought of, and Sir Godfrey Kneller—himself a member of the club—was obliged to invent a new sized canvass, (since so well known by the name of Kit-Cat,) accommodated to the walls; and by these portraits and this accident, the name of the club itself has been immortalized, rather than by any literary renown achieved by the *association*.

Our author tells us that it was dissolved in the year 1720, and for once he may be right. But why does he not account for the fact of several of these portraits being decorated with the garter, which the originals did not possess till after the dissolution of the club and the death of the painter—(Sir Godfrey died in 1723)—for instance—Lord Scarborough, Knight of the Garter in 1724; Sir R. Walpole in 1726; Lord Wilmington in 1727, and Lord Burlington in 1730. We had a right to expect from a person professing to give a critical history of these persons and their portraits a solution of this difficulty.

We shall not attempt to follow the author through his biography of the members of the club; it would be an examination of the peerage and biographical indexes. He has made no search after rare books or family papers. It does not appear that he ever heard that there is a collection of original documents at the British Museum, nor has he taken the pains of reconciling, by the most ordinary attention, the discrepancies and contradictions which his several extracts exhibit; the same pages often contain the most extravagant contradictions; and his style, when he trusts for a sentence or two to his own goose quill, is hardly intelligible. In the very front of his work, and as a general picture of the men and manners of the association, we have the following elaborate passage:

'The Earl of Dorset, the Mécénas of the wits of those days, was one

of the first members of the society. Maynwaring used to be the ruling man in all conversations, and, with Lord Bolingbroke to pass for a great genius, although posterity has never condescended to take heed either of the oratory of the one, or the philosophy of the other.—*Int.* p. iii.

Does this mean that Maynwaring, *as well as* Bolingbroke, used to pass for a great genius; or that Maynwaring used to pass for such *in the opinion* of Bolingbroke? If the former, it would imply that the tory Bolingbroke was a member of this whig club; if the latter, the mention of Bolingbroke is perfectly idle—because, if Maynwaring was the ruling man in all conversation, and so considered by ‘the patriots that saved Britain,’ what offence was it in Lord Bolingbroke to be of the same opinion? but, in either case, what had Maynwaring’s *oratory* to do with Bolingbroke’s philosophy? and above all, what has it to do ‘with the opinion of posterity’ about Bolingbroke’s philosophy? ‘But posterity,’ it seems, ‘has never condescended to take heed of Maynwaring’s *oratory*.’ No wonder; he never was an orator: our editor, even in the preceding line, only says, that he shone in *conversation*. And if, in his ideas, *oratory* and *conversation* are the same thing, then, his assertion that posterity does not take heed of Maynwaring’s oratory is false, for even *he*, one of the most heedless of posterity, has not only heard of it, but recorded it in the very first page of a work dedicated to the celebrity of wit and genius, and the name of Maynwaring stands *second*, even in his account of the eminent men who illustrated this club. As to posterity’s ‘never having condescended to take heed of Lord Bolingbroke’s *philosophy*,’ what can we say? Posterity neither admires nor approves Bolingbroke’s philosophy: but to say that works which have made perhaps more noise than any others of the class published in the last century; which have been answered, criticised, refuted, by the ablest men in England, have passed *unheeded*, requires an audacity of ignorance of which we had no conception.

We shall now follow the author in some of his critical and historical details.

He says, (page v.) that ‘the custom of toasting ladies after dinner was *peculiar* to the Kit-Cat Club,’ and he quotes the *Tatler*, No. 34, in proof of this assertion; whereas the *Tatler* asserts that the origin of the word *toast* was derived from Charles the Second’s time, long before the club was thought of! In fact, however, the whole paper relates *not* to the custom ‘of toasting ladies,’ but to the reason why the custom has been *called toasting*. Our blundering editor confuses the fact and the name, and with the book before his eyes, cannot understand a plain passage.

He sneers at Horace Walpole as a *sage transmitter* of an anecdote

dote which he is yet sage enough to copy, and simple enough to spoil.—

‘It is related of the duke’s ancestor, the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, (we believe by Horace Walpole,) that she was told in the early part of her career by a caster of nativities, (*vulgariter*, a gypsey,) that she should not die whilst she was *building*.’—p. 21.

Now, although we admit that the author is very likely to know what any thing is called *vulgariter*, yet we must beg to acquaint him, that gipsies never were considered as ‘casters of nativities;’ and that telling the fortune of a young lady is a very different thing from casting the nativity of an infant.

‘The South Sea scheme,’ says the author, ‘turned out to be a *specious piece of CHICANERY*, like the Trojan horse!’ (p. 23.) It is quite evident from this, that our erudite friend has heard of one Virgil, and imagines (as we conclude from the following exquisite passage) that he is a Latin *historian*—

‘It is reported by Virgil of Mezentius that he was guilty, among other enormities, of binding dead and living bodies together, and thus dooming the latter to the most dreadful of all punishments, that of rotting to destruction by a premature conjunction with putrescence.’—p. 71.

Our readers have not often, we believe, met with a more distinct and curious account of a change of administration and its motives, than the following passage, in which we are informed that the famous Duke of Newcastle was—‘on July 2, 1757, placed at the head of the Treasury; but quitted his seat there *in favour* of John Stewart, Earl of Bute, in May, 1762, on being created Baron Pelham of Stanmer in Sussex.’—p. 156.—This Duke of Newcastle, who resigned the Treasury *on being created Baron Pelham*, is a great favourite with our editor, who rebukes the ‘*petty malice of the time-serving* Bishop Newton, for having flippantly observed, that “the Duke had been so long used to shuffle the cards that he always knew how to deal the honors into his own hands.” This is not a very decent mode of alluding to a prelate of the character of Bishop Newton; but it is mild and gentleman-like compared with his censures on the Dean of St. Patrick’s.

‘Swift also, with that *coarse malevolence* so peculiar to him, has endeavoured to *malign* the duke. In what he was pleased to term his “*Strictures on public characters*,” we have the following passage: “The Duke of Newcastle has one only daughter, who will be the richest heiress in Europe, now Countess of Oxford, *cheated by her father*.” As there exists no other authority upon which to presume his Grace guilty of chicanery towards his daughter than the simple *ipse dixit* of Swift, we may very naturally conclude it to be one of those *base attempts to calumniate* public character, in which this OBSCENE RHYMESTER so frequently indulged.”—p. 59.

Our

Our readers are, no doubt, astonished at such language: but what will they think when we recal to their recollection, that the Duke of Newcastle, of whom Swift speaks, and the Duke of Newcastle whom our editor defends, were two absolutely *different* persons; confounded by him only because they happened to bear the same title! Every body, except our editor, knows that *John Holles*, Duke of Newcastle, the father of Lady Oxford, the last male of his name and line, died about 1711; while *Thomas Pelham*, the member of the Kit-Cat, was created Duke of Newcastle in 1715; and lived till 1768:—such is the historical accuracy which ventures to charge Dean Swift with ‘coarseness, malevolence, slander, baseness, calumny, and obscenity.’

But it is not enough to convict this compiler of mere ignorance; in such a case as this, it is our duty to expose his impudent negligence. The statement that ‘this Duke *had* a DAUGHTER, the Countess of Oxford,’ is at the foot of the 59th page, and the very first paragraph of the 60th page informs us that, ‘as the Duke *had* no issue, his titles and estates devolved upon his NEPHEW the Earl of Lincoln!’

All this startles belief; but we have something further on the same subject, still more incredible. He confounds—with the pictures and the dates, and *his own* notes, all before his eyes—Henry, *seventh* Earl of Lincoln, born in 1684, with Henry, *ninth* Earl of Lincoln, born 1723. In the text (p. 60.) he says, that ‘the ensuing portrait and notice belong to Henry, *seventh* Earl,’ the husband of the Duke’s sister; and in the note on this very passage, he states the picture to be that ‘of the *son* of the Duke’s sister,’ born, as we have said, in 1723, the Kit-Cat Club having expired, as the editor himself tells us, some years before.

To a meagre account of James, Earl of Berkeley, a celebrated admiral, he adds,—‘the above scanty notice, *derived entirely from the peerage, is all we can collect* concerning the Earl of Berkeley.’

—p. 101. Had he looked into Charnock’s *Biographia Navalis*, or the *Lives of the Admirals*, or any other book but the peerage, he would have found ample details, even in these common works, of the life of this gallant lord: and if he had read Horace Walpole’s ‘*Reminiscences*,’ he would have found a most extraordinary and not very creditable anecdote of Lord Berkeley.

Of the celebrated Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, he tells us that—‘at the commencement of his political career, Montague was one of the *Lords* who signed the invitation to King William.’—p. 108. Montague was not a Lord till a dozen years after the Revolution; and if, by the word *invitation*, he means the celebrated association, we beg to acquaint him that Montague  
neither

neither signed it, nor was, at that period, of a rank or condition to sign so important a document.

He borrows an anecdote from Horace Walpole, and criticises him,—

‘Montague arose to speak upon the question, but after uttering a few sentences, was struck so suddenly with surprise, that he was unable for several minutes to go on. Recovering himself, he took occasion from this circumstance to “enforce the necessity of allowing counsel to prisoners who were to appear before their judges; since he, who was not only innocent and unaccused, but one of their own members, was so dashed when he was to speak before that wise and illustrious assembly.” The same story has been told of the Earl of Shaftesbury by Walpole, in his catalogue of royal and noble authors; but this must have originated in some mistake, as when the speech is related to have proceeded from Shaftesbury, he had no seat in the House of Commons.’—p. 108.

It so happens that Walpole’s story is congruous and consistent; the words *he* assigns to Lord Shaftesbury are, ‘if he, innocent and pleading for others, was daunted at the augustness of such an assembly, what must a man be who should plead *before them* for his life?’ Walpole well knew that no man could plead before the Commons for his life, though he might before the Lords.

In the account of the duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, (p. 122.) our author says,—

‘The day after the dispute, the Duke of Hamilton *sent* a challenge by Lieutenant General Macartney, to Lord Mohun. They met in Hyde Park, on November 15th, 1712, when each fell, mortally wounded, on the *first* exchange of shots.’—p. 122.

This sentence contains almost as many errors as words. The facts are, that Lord Mohun was the challenger—that Macartney was Lord Mohun’s second, and not the Duke’s;—that they did not fight with *pistols*, but with swords—and that, instead of being mortally wounded at the *first* assault, the combat was protracted, and that both the Duke and Lord Mohun had several wounds.

This subject affords the learned author an occasion to propose an important amendment in our criminal law.

‘It would be well for the interests of society, if the legislature were to make the seconds in all cases of duels amenable to the laws as capital offenders. Much misery and bloodshed would be saved by such a provision, and these honorable encounters either cease altogether, or occur much less frequently than they do at present.’—p. 122.

This is very judicious, and we are glad to be able to acquaint the worthy legislator, that such is, and has always been, the state of the law of England on this point.

‘If there be any two names in English politics, law, or literature, with the history of which it is shameful to be unacquainted, they are those



those of Lord Somers and Mr. Addison; and, accordingly, we find our editor admirably well informed on the lives of those eminent persons. He tells us

'That about 1681 Somers took his degree of M. A. *At this time* some compositions in the *belles lettres* (to which he occasionally resorted as a relaxation from graver pursuits), introduced him to the favorable notice of Addison. With talents so superior, and the good offices of such friends to aid and promote their developement, it was not unnatural that Somers's fortunes should have risen rapidly into prosperity.'—p. 125.

Addison was, no doubt, an extraordinary man; but this is the most extraordinary instance of the precocity of his powers that we ever heard of; for this judicious patron of young Somers was himself at this time only *nine* years old, and at school at Litchfield. As Somers was about *thirty*, and probably residing in London, we wish our author had told us how master Addison happened to meet and take such a fancy to this rising lawyer, to whom, however, he seems to have continued his good offices with a constancy above his age, for the very same year that Addison took his degree of bachelor of arts, at Oxford, his *protégé*, Somers, was made lord keeper of the great seal.

This is pretty well: but we have a more complicated instance of the editor's inaccuracy and ignorance in his account of *Richard Boyle, Viscount STANNON*.

'The only account extant of this nobleman (*for the title of Stannon is totally omitted*, even in the late improved edition of Collins's Peerage) is to be found in Noble's Continuation of Granger, from which we have derived the leading facts of the following brief notice.'—p. 131.

We are less surprized at the deficiency of Collins, than at the assistance afforded by Noble; for—will our readers believe it?—there *never existed any such person as Viscount STANNON!*—There was indeed, as every body knows, a Lord Shannon, and the difference of names might have passed for a printer's error, if the author had not taken uncommon care to let us see that the error is of his own head, and not of the press. This we shall prove abundantly:

1st. In page 96, speaking *prospectively* of the thirtieth portrait, which is in an unfinished state, he calls it that of Viscount *Stannon*.

2dly, The name occurs in subsequent parts of the work at least four other times, and is always printed *Stannon*.

3dly, He says the title of *Stannon* is wholly *omitted* in the late edition of the peerage; it certainly is—but the title *Shannon* is to be found there, twenty times over.

By what good fortune he lighted upon the name in Noble we cannot guess; but it is quite clear that he never suspected, that the

the Lord Shannon of the Peerage was the Viscount Stanmon of his list. Having thus shown how completely this little error had thrown him into the dark, it is amusing to see how he blunders and bullies to carry off his ignorance and get through his difficulty.

‘Lord Stanmon is spoken of in terms of high respect by ALL who have had occasion to mention his name. He is described as having been equally distinguished in the senate as in the field; and in the relations of private life is said to have conducted himself so as to make his loss a matter of serious and universal regret.’—p. 131.

We beg our readers to observe, that he here says ‘by all who mention his name,’ having just told us that he never could find any mention of him except in Noble. ‘In the senate and the field’—We beg our author to point out to us where the name of Viscount Stanmon is mentioned, either in the senate or the field. It will not serve to tell us,—now that we have pointed out the blunder,—that the character fits Lord Shannon, because Lord Shannon’s name is to be found in all the peerages, and the whole history of that nobleman was as accessible to the index-hunter as that of any of his other victims.

The life of Sir Robert Walpole has been so often, so fully, and so recently written, that it seems miraculous how an editor, with all his ingenious alacrity in blundering, could have made a mistake on that subject; but he has contrived to fall into two or three of the most palpable and ridiculous errors in the whole work. Sir Robert died in 1745; and yet our editor attributes to him a pamphlet in 1748! another 1752! and a third in 1763! He also gives us a list of Sir Robert’s literary works, to which he adds this sagacious observation;—‘other political productions have been attributed to him, but *without satisfactory authority*.’ (p. 146.) Now it happens that *not one* of the works thus enumerated was written by Sir Robert; and that he *was* the author of 12 *other* political works, not alluded to by the author; and we state all this on pretty *satisfactory authority*, namely, that of Horace Walpole himself, in his father’s article of the Royal and Noble Authors; a book which our author quotes in every second page, and which he either never has read, or cannot understand.

It seems incredible, but it is unhappily the fact, that the year 1821 should have produced a critic, historian, and biographer, capable of writing the following passage, on the subject of Sir Robert Walpole and his celebrated rival Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

‘During the whole reign of Queen Anne, Pulteney warmly espoused the side of the Whigs, and rendered himself particularly conspicuous by his determined opposition to Sir Robert Walpole.’—p. 178.

We need not insult our readers with any animadversions on the historical

historical truth of this statement, but if they could have the patience to turn to the work itself, they would see the whole of this absurd blunder in a still stronger light.

There is no end to the instances we could adduce of his barbarisms, his ignorance, and his inaccuracy. The Duke of Devonshire 'was constituted a member of the House of Commons,' (p. 21.)—while the Duke of Marlbro' 'was chosen a lord of the bedchamber,' (p. 30.)—Lord Godolphin 'was collated to be a teller of the exchequer,' (p. 105.)—and the Duke of Kingston 'was promoted to be lord of the privy seal.' (p. 51.) Faber's Plates, he tells us, (p. iv.) were published in 1723, and in (p. 14.) he states the publication to have been in 1735. Had he looked at them, he must have seen that they were printed ten year later than his first date, and two earlier than his last. He informs us that the old Duke of Dorset died in 1765—but in a subsequent passage (p. 68.) we find his grace risen from the dead, and leading Miss Colyer to the hymeneal altar in 1789. Admiral Lord Berkeley, in Sir George Rooke's engagement, commanded, we are informed, a two-decker called the *Byrne*, (p. 100.)—there never was such a ship. Lord Cornwallis married Charlotte daughter of Butler, Earl of *Anan* (p. 123.)—there never was such an earl. The Duke of Marlborough took *Lecowce* in 1704 (p. 37.)—there never was such a town. Sir George Rooke's expedition took a fort called (p. 112.) *Rendendallo*,—there never was such a fort. He says that the 40th portrait cannot be that of Lieut. Col. Dormer, *because* he was killed in 1707; yet the next portrait but one, is of Stepney, who died also in 1707; and there is also the portrait of the Earl of Dorset, who died in 1705. We could fill our Journal with mistakes of the same nature, but we apprehend our readers are more than satisfied already.

It is not surprizing that an author, possessing such a superfluity of information on the subject he was writing about, should occasionally take an opportunity of digressing to others, in which he is equally well versed. He accordingly enters deeply into the controversy between Mr. Bowles, Lord Byron, and the Quarterly Review, on the subject of Pope's poetical character: and this he does out of pure generosity, for neither Pope, nor Lord Byron, nor ourselves, had, we can assure him, any connexion whatsoever with the Kit-Cat Club—our vanity, however, cannot resist the pleasure of stating that the author entirely differs from us; but we feel so little enmity towards Mr. Bowles, that we will not quote one syllable of what his friend says in his defence and praise.

We must now say a word or two on the prints, and we regret that as *portraits* we cannot give them any great approbation. The mere engraving is indeed good, and the style in which they are finished—(the faces being highly worked, while the outlines and drapery

drapery are lightly stippled in)—is at once agreeable and effective; but this merit of *execution* is not enough. In the first place it is evident that the drawings have *not* been made, as *they profess to have been*, from the original PICTURES, which neither the Editor nor the artists appear ever to have seen. Secondly, they are *copied* from Faber's copies so servilely, that some petty errors and mistakes in the titles of the plates have been preserved. And thirdly, they are *reduced* from Faber's large *mezzotintos*; and we need hardly add that, to preserve so fugacious a quality as *resemblance* by copying from a copy—(the original and the copies being all of different sizes, styles, and modes of process)—is next to impossible. Accordingly the new portraits seem to us very deficient in characteristic resemblance. It is so generally admitted, that even the simple editor has heard of it, that one of Sir Godfrey's chief faults as a portrait painter was the *family look* which he gave to all his persons. In the original *pictures* there is a sameness—not diminished, of course, in Faber's mezzotinto—but in these new plates so far *increased*, that some of the portraits have lost all individuality. There are, we think, nearly one-fourth of the whole, which, if you cover the names, you would find some difficulty in distinguishing from one another. For instances, we will mention Sir Godfrey himself, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Devonshire, Duke of Kingston, Duke of Manchester, the old Lord Dorset, Lord Godolphin, Lord Halifax, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir J. Vanbrugh, Addison, and Stanyan. A great deal of this fault arises no doubt from the sameness of the overwhelming costume in which they are buried; something also is to be attributed to a kind of mechanical process, which Sir Godfrey seems to have adopted; but what we have a right to complain of is, that these errors are *aggravated* in the new plates. We will add a comparison of a few of them with a few of Faber's, in which we think the latter have a manifest advantage in force and character. We begin with the portrait of Charles Lenox, first Duke of Richmond. In the *new* plate we see a plump man, of no very peculiar countenance, who might as well be the Duke of Devon or Sir Richard Steele. Turn to Faber—and you are struck at once with an image of Charles the Second, to whom, Mackay tells us, the Duke was *strikingly like*. The *new* portraits of the Dukes of Devon and Newcastle, Lords Carlisle and Stanhope, we turn over without observation; while Faber's plates of these noblemen remind us forcibly of the present representatives of the blood and honours of these noble persons: this may be, in some degree, fancy; but it is certainly no fancy to think the old portraits the most forcible and characteristic.

The *new* plates of the Duke of Grafton, of Lords Berkeley and Capel,

Capel, and of Addison, and Congreve, have little resemblance to the old; the distinctive character of the faces is wholly lost.

The best of the portraits to our taste are those of Lord Godolphin,—noble and elevated; of Sir Samuel Garth,—somewhat affected, but sharp and characteristic; and of Dartneuf,—very peculiar and individual, and, in Faber's print, decidedly foreign. This latter point is the more remarkable, because we know nothing of the extraction of this celebrated epicure. He is said to have been an illegitimate son of Charles the Second, but the portrait bears no resemblance to that monarch; and there is something in the air and form of the countenance which is peculiarly and entirely French. If Dartneuf was the son of Charles, his mother, no doubt, was French.

On the whole, the plates with their faults, such as we have stated, are incomparably too good for the wretched letter-press to which they are attached; and we may repeat to the editor, with a very slight change of his own elegant words, that, 'as Virgil reports of Mezentius, he is,—amongst other enormities,—guilty of binding good prints and bad letter-press together, and thus dooming the former to the most dreadful of all punishments, that of rotting to destruction by a premature conjunction with putrescence.'

ART. XI.—1. *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. during the Years 1817, 18, 19, and 20.* By Sir Robert Ker Porter. With numerous engravings of portraits, costumes, and antiquities, &c. Vol. I. 4to. London. 1821.

2. *A Second Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, between the Years 1810 and 1816. With an Account of the Proceedings of His Majesty's Embassy under His Excellency Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart. K.L.S.* By James Morier, Esq. late Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia. With Maps, and Engravings from the Designs of the Author. 4to. London.

THE author of the first of these works is neither a geographer, nor an antiquary, nor a botanist, nor a mineralogist: the manners of the people and the face of the country through which he travelled are almost all that he attempts to describe; and even this he has but indifferently executed: but as Journeys in Persia are not every-day occurrences, it is impossible not to feel some interest in the perusal of his narrative. There is besides the additional novelty arising from his having entered the country at its northern extremity, passing through the defiles of Mount Caucasus, whereas most of our recent accounts are from persons who have proceeded from the shores of the Persian Gulph to Shiraz, Ispahan, and the present capital Taheran.

The huge volume before us contains a description of the author's journey through Persia Proper; but he comforts us with the assurance that he meditates another, of equal dimensions, 'on Babylonia, Kourdistan, and those other countries of the empire which formed the subject of so many pages of deep interest in the old histories of the East, whether by classic or native writers.' His motives for undertaking so spirited an enterprize, he tells us, (though not in the most intelligible language) 'were that liberal speculation and generous curiosity, which foresaw a different empire than that of mere human ambition, in this extraordinary circumnavigation of the world—the empire of civilized man over brutal force—and which made him eager to view places which modern story had brought into celebrity, and to visit countries which the past and the present cover with an ever-during fame!' Yielding to an impulse so laudable, he left Petersburg towards the latter end of August, 1817, and took the road to Odessa on the Black Sea, meaning to embark there for Constantinople: a plan, however, which he was obliged to abandon in consequence of the exaggerated accounts of the havoc occasioned by the plague in that turbulent and ill-fated city.

Odessa (to which recent transactions have given a considerable degree of importance) is distant 1833 wersts from Petersburg, and is described as one of the most flourishing cities of the empire, bidding fair to realize the views of Peter the Great, who wished to extend the commerce of his country on the side of Asia. The Turkish fort of Gadgibei formed the nucleus of the present city; it stood on a high cliff, overlooking the sea, and commanding a great part of the coast, with a fine harbour below. A favourable report of its situation being made to government, orders were issued for the foundations of new structures; and, with the rapidity which characterizes the architectural schemes of Russia, in 1796 the Christian city of Odessa began to rise around the battered walls of the Mahometan fortress. Large offers, in the shape of personal privileges, were held out to certain orders of settlers; and the exportation of grain to the Mediterranean soon produced a degree of commercial activity in the adjoining country. In 1817 it was declared a free port; and its population is now said to consist of 30,000 souls.

From Odessa, our traveller proceeds to Nicolaieff, which, he says, is rapidly improving under the good government of Admiral Greig. This officer he compliments in the highest style, as indeed he does all persons in authority: for Sir Robert is a great courtier, and loses no opportunity of bestowing due praise on those from whose protection or hospitality he has any thing to expect. On this occasion, he concludes his encomium by the following judicious remark. 'Without judgment in government and ability in  
agents,

agents, empires cannot be built up; and when up, without the same system they cannot long be maintained.' Continuing his route across the steppe, he witnessed one of those destructive fires, occasioned by the carelessness of bullock drivers or of persons belonging to caravans of merchandise, who halt for the night on the open plain, and on departing in the morning, neglect to extinguish their fires. Near the town of Youchokrak he found himself in the centre of such a conflagration: the actual road was free, having nothing for the devouring element to feed on; but all around was covered with a moving mass of unquenchable flame. The effect produced was an apparently interminable avenue, dividing a volume of fire, which rolled over the face of the country with the awful steadiness and majesty of an advancing ocean.

At Mariopol, Sir Robert reached the shores of the sea of Azof; and journeying onwards by Taganrog and Rostow, being eager, as he says, 'to shake hands, in his own land, with its illustrious Attaman, the ever-memorable Count Platoff, he made his glad entry, about twelve o'clock at night, into New Tcherkask, the present capital of the Donskoy country.' His arrival was the subject of a more general congratulation than falls, we suspect, to the lot of most travellers;—for, on announcing his name to the secretary of the Attaman, he was told by that *good gentleman* that his Excellency had only the day before received intimation from Petersburg that the traveller was proceeding to Persia by a route so distant from Tcherkask, that he must abandon all hope of seeing him. The Attaman, thus unexpectedly relieved from despondency, 'embraced him, repeatedly felicitating himself on the events, whatever they might be, which had induced the traveller to pass through his territory: and'—but we must cut short the rest of his civil speech, on which our traveller expatiates with prolix delight, and which concluded quite sentimentally. 'With regard to you, Sir R. Porter, (alluding,' the author says, 'to my matrimonial alliance with a Russian princess,) the brother-in-law of Prince Alexander Scherbatoff, he whose career I have so often witnessed, and now, with his country, must ever lament its early termination!—did I not esteem you for yourself, you should, for his sake, claim my amplest services.'

On the 23d of September, he left Tcherkask under an escort of Cossacks, and a little before he arrived at the town of Alexandroff, reached the brow of a very steep hill, from which, for the first time, he beheld the stupendous mountains of Caucasus. The prospect, no doubt, was magnificent: the author describes the impression produced by the first glimpse of that sublime range, in the following terms:—

'I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur of



of that I now contemplated. This seemed nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and of Asia. Elborus, amongst whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summits mingling with the heavens, while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves but far beneath its altitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain; their size was mountainous, but being viewed near the mighty Caucasus, and compared with them they appeared little more than hills; yet the contrast was fine, their dark brows giving greater effect to the dazzling summits which towered above them. Poets hardly feign when they talk of the Genius of a place. I know not who could behold Caucasus, and not feel the spirit of its sublime solitudes awing his soul.

On the last day of the month he crossed the river Terek, which separates Russian Europe from Russian Asia. Here he fell in with a convoy, consisting of one six-pounder, 100 chasseurs, and 40 Cossacks, guarding the post or mail, 50 chariots of salt, and as many of European merchandise. There were besides about a dozen travellers, mounted on horseback, and a few wheel-carriages with hard names.

'We now,' Sir Robert says, 'approached the Wlady-Caucasus, the key of the celebrated pass into Georgia:—the road lay over a continuation of the extensive plain, part of which we had crossed the day before, it bore a direction due east; on our right rolled the Terek, breaking over its stony bed and washing with a surge, rather than a flowing stream, the rocky bases of the mountains which rise in progressive acclivities from its bold shores. The day had begun to clear about noon; and the dark curtain of vapours, which had so long shut these stupendous hills from my sight, broke away into a thousand masses of fleecy clouds; and as they gradually glided downwards, exhaled into ether, or separated across the brows of the mountains, the vast piles of Caucasus were presented to my view: a world of themselves; rocky, rugged, and capped with snow; stretching east and west beyond the reach of vision, and shooting far into the skies. It was a sight to make the senses pause; to oppress even respiration, by the weight of the impression on the mind, of such vast overpowering sublimity. The proud head of Elborus was yet far distant: but it rose in hoary majesty above all, the sovereign of these giant mountains; finely contrasting its silvery diadem, the snow of ages, with the blue misty brows of its immediate subject range; and they, being yet partially shrouded in undissolving masses of white cloud, derived increased beauty from comparisons with the bold and black forms of the lower mountains nearer the plain, whose rude and towering tops, and almost perpendicular sides, sublimely carry the astonished eye along the awful picture, creating those feelings of terrific admiration, to which words can give no name.'—p. 65.

From this point the road lay direct through the heart of the mountains;

mountains; the troops were, in consequence, obliged to abandon the field-piece as well as the heavy part of the convoy, and lightened of their loads, they set forth with 'a more volent motion.' The river Terek continued to foam at the bottom of the abyss; the eye cast upwards encountered still blacker and more terrible precipices; huge projections of rocks hung from the beetling steep of the mountain, and every thing appeared terrific and sublime. We are not however informed of the nature of these rocks; but must derive from other sources, of a more tame and philosophical character, our knowledge of their geological structure, and it may perhaps be some little relief, to descend for a moment from the dizzy heights, in which the warm fancy of Sir Robert delights to involve us. According to Engelhardt and Parrot (*Reise in die Krym und den Kaukasus 1812*), the Terek rises twenty-three wersts N. W. from Kobi, between which and Abana, on the right bank of the river, the 'rocks consist of compact, grayish black, slaty limestone; from that place to Stepan Zwinda, porphyry and clay slate; and from thence to Daniel variously alternating beds of green-stone, hornblende-slate, black compact trapp, gneiss and granitic sienite occur. About Laars clay slate with greenstone is found, and lower down from Kaitukina to the foot of the mountain, compact gray, brown and black limestone.'

Our traveller emerged from the sublime and terrific passes of 'this mountain world,' without any attack from the hordes who occupy its dark recesses, or even meeting with any of the untoward accidents which have sometimes befallen his less fortunate predecessors. In 1785, Engelmann escorted an embassy to Persia, through this rugged scenery, and employed eighteen hours in crossing the mountain, though the distance does not exceed twelve miles: his party encountered many grievous disasters; their mules, carrying services of plate as presents to the King of Persia, fell over the precipices, and silver tureens, and dishes were seen bounding from rock to rock in piteous disorder. As they proceeded with trembling steps, a tempest of wind arose, blowing immense drifts of snow in their faces, in the midst of which the Persian ambassador, and his steward with their horses, wandered over the precipice and sunk into the abyss! By dint of labour and ingenuity the ambassador gradually worked his head out of the snow; and the Cossack and Ossetini guides, being let down, fastened ropes round his Excellency, and thus extricated him from his unpleasant situation. His Excellency's steward, we believe, is there still.

'Teflis, (the capital of Georgia,)' to which this perilous pass conducted our traveller, 'stands,' Sir Robert says, 'at the foot of a line of dark and barren hills, whose high and caverned sides gloomily overshadow it. Every house, every building within its walls, seems

to share the dismal hue of the surrounding heights; for a deep blackness rests on all. The hoary battlements above, and the still majestic towers of the ancient citadel; the spires of Christian churches, and other marks of European residents; even their testimonies of past grandeur and present consequence, and what is more, present Christian brotherhood, could not, for some time, erase the horrible dungeon impression of Asiatic dirt and barbarism, received at first view of the town.—p. 114.

With the exception of the residence of the governor, the arsenal, hospital, churches and a few villas in the vicinity, which have an European air, the rest of the town is purely Asiatic, consisting of low flat roofed dingy dwellings, the doors and windows of which are exceedingly small: the streets are narrow and filthy, full of mud in wet weather, and intolerably dusty during the dry season. The hot springs, which have given celebrity to Teflis, rise in the adjacent heights, and mingling with a cool mountain-torrent, flow in a deep ravine at one extremity of the bazar. The public baths are situated at this spot; the waters, Sir Robert says, are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and the stench, disorder and filth of the place offensive in the highest degree. The bath for the men is vaulted; that appropriated to the ladies is a vast cavern, gloomily lighted, and smelling most potently of sulphur. Through dim filmy vapours, wreathing like smoke over the surface of a boiling cauldron, our traveller, who regards no inconvenience where a laudable curiosity is to be gratified, explored his 'uncouth way' and beheld the figures of the Georgian Venuses in various attitudes, performing their ablutions. Some were disrobing apart; others were sitting or lying on a stone divan spread with carpets, and attended by servants employed in making up their persons, blackening their hair, eye-brows and eye-lashes, and painting, or rather enamelling, their faces.

An entertainment of another kind awaited him. Before he quitted Teflis, General Yarmolloff, the governor of Georgia, returned to the capital, and received our traveller with singular kindness. At his house, 'the sunshine of which,' he says, 'overcame the gloom of the city,' he had an opportunity of witnessing the dances of the Georgians as well as of some noble Circassians who were on a visit there; both exhibitions appear to have been grotesque, ungraceful, and somewhat indecorous. On this occasion, Sir Robert (seduced, perhaps, by the spectacle before him) launches into some kindred details on the frank manners and customs of the Circassians: among other things, he tells us that, 'when a traveller arrives at one of their abodes, his host orders one of his daughters to do the honours of his reception, to take care of his horse and baggage, to prepare his meals; and, when night comes on, to share his bed. The refusal of the latter part

of

of the entertainment would be considered as a great affront to the young lady, as well as to her father.'

The skies were beginning to clear towards the 7th of November, when Sir Robert left Teflis, on his way to Persia. At the town of Gumri, a strong Russian post, he found himself within a short distance of the Turkish frontier: here he exchanged his European or Cossack escort for one consisting entirely of natives. Under the protection of this 'murderous-looking band,' commanded by 'a brawny determined visaged man,' who wore round his neck a medal of the Emperor Alexander, and was dressed in a mixed fashion, half Georgian, half Turkish, he ventured to cross the Turkish lines, though unprovided with a passport, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of Anni, one of the ancient capitals of Armenia. On entering the city, he found the whole surface of the ground covered with hewn stones, broken columns, shattered but highly ornamented friezes, and other remains of ancient magnificence. We cannot help regretting that he did not make a sketch of the spot; a slight outline would have been more valuable and infinitely more intelligible than all his laboured description;—but his work strikes us as singularly deficient, particularly when considered as the production of so skilful an artist, in views of places; nor are those with which we are indulged by any means well engraved. His reflections, however, on the scene before him are worthy of praise.

'It is not in language to describe the effect on the mind, in visiting one of these places.' The space, over which the eye wanders, all marked with memorials of the past; but where no pillar, nor dome, nor household wall of any kind, however fallen, yet remain to give a feeling of some present existence of the place, even by a progress in decay; all, here, is finished; buried under heaps of earth; the graves, not of the people alone, but of their houses, temples, palaces; all lying in death-like entombment. At Anni, I found myself surrounded by a superb monument of Armenian greatness; at Adashir, I stood over its grave. Go where one will, for lessons of time's revolutions, the brevity of human life, the nothingness of man's ambition; they no where can strike upon the heart like a single glance cast on one of these motionless, life-deserted "cities of the silent."—

On passing the river Akhoor, he entered the Persian territory, and soon after beheld for the first time the double head of Mount Ararat. He describes the tract of country over which he now travelled, as one vast depopulated wilderness, far surpassing in desolation the wildest steppes of Russia. As he continued his route, Ararat assumed a more imposing character, appearing as if the hugest mountains of the world had been piled upon each other to form this one sublime immensity of earth, rock, and snow. Having reposed himself in the Armenian monastery of

Eitch-mai-adzen, and admired its precious relics, (the stone on which St. Gregory sat, and the spear-head with which the soldier pierced the side of our Lord,) he pursued his road towards the province of Erivan, one of the most fertile districts of the Persian empire; the capital of which, however, furnishes no exception to the state of the other towns which he had seen on his way from Wlady Caucasus.

On his approach to Tabreez, the principal residence of Abbas Mirza, the heir-apparent to the Persian empire, he was met by some of his own countrymen, who were here for the purpose of organizing the new troops according to the European mode. This is a subject upon which we would bestow a few words, though little or no information is to be obtained concerning it from the ponderous volume of our author. It has been well observed that had Persia been placed where Turkey is, in close contact with the powers of Europe, it would by this time have become entirely European; and it might not now have been a question of policy, whether to connive at the atrocities of the lawless hordes of the Grand Signior, or to assist his Christian subjects in their attempts to shake off the yoke of slavery and oppression.

The Persians have, in all ages, been distinguished for a military character, but, though valiant, they possessed no regular discipline: being, however, not so jealous as the Turks, on the score of innovation in military and religious matters, they have recently made considerable advances towards improvement. It is true, that it is chiefly by the enterprize and liberal views of the present Prince, Abbas Mirza, that the system has been brought to its actual state of perfection; but it would appear that attempts to effect the same object had been made by former rulers of the country. The corps of infantry which the Shah, Abbas the Great, raised, in 1602, to render himself independent of his turbulent chiefs, and to oppose the Turkish janissaries, probably owed its discipline to the counsel and aid of two English knights, Sir Robert and Sir Anthony Sherley, and their military followers. The following passage, written by a contemporary, appears to prove this fact.

'The mightie Ottoman, terror of the Christian world, quaketh of a Sherley fever, and gives hopes of approaching fates: the prevailing Persian hath learned Sherleian arts of war, and he, which before knew not the use of ordnance, hath now five hundred pieces of brasse, and sixty thousand musketiers: so that they, which at hand with the sword were before dreadful to the Turkes, now also in remoter blowes and sulfurian arts, are growne terrible.'—*Purchas' Pilgrims*, vol. ii. p. 1806.

About a century after this, Nadir Shah, reflecting that the advantages

vantages obtained by the Europeans over the Turks resulted from the order and regularity with which they made war, secretly procured some French officers, and began by placing the artillery under their management. He reformed his cavalry; divided his army into brigades, battalions, and companies; created inferior officers, and separated his infantry into regiments of the line and sharp-shooters. After his death, the troops fell again into disorganization; and had it not been for the war with Russia, it is probable the military skill which they had acquired would have been lost, and the Turks regained possession of Aderbidjan from which they had been driven by Nadir. Aga-Mohammed-Khan, though he signalized himself in his various expeditions into Khorassan and Georgia, did little for the discipline of the army: a short time after his decease, however, some Russian deserters were received into the service of the governor of Tabreez, where they attempted to organize a few battalions; but, as it would seem, with indifferent success.

Hitherto the Persian armies were solely composed of irregular infantry and some bands of cavalry; their artillery consisted of what are called Zumbooruks (swivels) fixed to the backs of camels, and carrying balls from one to two pounds weight; but in the year 1800, Abbas Mirza, who had been sent into Azerbidjan, to direct the military operations of that province, employed a few Russian deserters, who had recently come over to him, to form and organize different corps.

His first essays in discipline were not, however, attended with much success, as he had to combat the prejudices of the Persian recruits, who unanimously rejected the proposal of being assimilated in any manner to the *Firengees*, (Europeans) and above all to the Russians, whom they more especially affected to despise. The Prince therefore began by setting the example; he adopted the dress of a soldier, and submitted to learn the military exercise from a Russian. He had hardly, however, succeeded in teaching a few of his men the platoon exercise, to march abreast, and to wheel at the word of command, when the opportune arrival of the French embassy from Buonaparte supplied him with a number of able and active officers, who, being put in command of large bodies of troops, advanced his views to the utmost of his expectations.

The Prince subsequently raised a corps of artillery, under the command of Lieutenant Lindsay, of the Madras army, (who accompanied the mission of Sir Harford Jones,) to whom he gave full power to fashion and equip his recruits in any manner he chose, with the single exception of cutting off their beards. On this point he was inexorable; nor would the sacrifice ever have taken place had

had not a powder-horn exploded in the hands of a gunner luckily gifted with a more than ordinary length of beard, which was in an instant blown away from his chin. The Lieutenant produced the scorched and mutilated wretch before the Prince, who was so struck with his woeful appearance that he conceded the long-contested curtailment.

The character of this prince, as given by Mr. Morier, (the able and interesting account of whose Second Journey into Persia, circumstances, which it is now too late to explain, prevented us from noticing before,) is highly favourable both to his talents and disposition. We are indebted to the observations of this gentleman for some of the details which we have given of the military state of Persia; and have been not a little amused with the proof of the actual improvement of the natives in the art of war, deduced from an anecdote related to him by Abbas Mirza, in a conversation on the policy of declaring hostilities against the Uzbeg Tartars. It was suggested that an easy victory might be obtained over these people, possessed as the Persians now were of a good artillery. 'Ah,' said the Prince, 'it would, indeed, be an easy matter—what do they know of guns or manœuvres, and of firing ten times in a minute? I recollect the time when the Persians were as bad as they; my father, Ali-Shah, once besieged a fort, and had with him one gun, with only three balls, and even this was reckoned extraordinary. He fired off two balls at the fort, and then summoned it to surrender. The besieged, who knew that he had only one ball left, sent him this answer:—For God's sake, fire off your other ball at us, and then we shall be free of you altogether.'

Among the most striking buildings of Tabreez, Sir Robert places the massy towers of an ancient fortress. 'In traversing the interior of these ruins,' he says, 'we found several spacious and vaulted apartments, much below the present surface of the ground; and near to them the remains of a magnificent mosque. Heaps of tiles, of dust and of furnace-made bricks, fill up its shattered walls; mixed, in many places, with pieces of the white transparent marble, so renowned by the name of Tabreez marble, and which is dug from the mountains on the borders of the Lake of Ourmia.'

Sir Robert is here in an error; this marble is not dug from the mountains, but procured from what are called the *Petrifications*, at Shirameen, a village not far from the Lake. A very curious and interesting description of this singular place is given by Mr. Morier, whose good fortune led him to the spot.

'This natural curiosity consists of certain extraordinary ponds, or splashes, whose indolent waters, by a slow and regular process, stagnate, concrete and petrify, and produce that beautiful transparent stone, commonly



monly called Tabriz marble, which is so remarkable in most of the burial places in Persia, and which forms a chief ornament in all the buildings of note throughout the country. These ponds, which are situated close to one another, are contained in a circumference of about half a mile, and their position is marked by confused heaps and mounds of the stone, which have accumulated as the excavations have increased. We had seen nothing in Persia yet which was more worthy of the attention of the naturalist than this, and I never so much regretted my ignorance of subjects of this nature, because I felt that it is of consequence they should be brought into notice by scientific observation. However, rather than omit all description of a spot which, perhaps, no Europeans but ourselves have had the opportunity of examining, and on which therefore we are bound (in justice to those opportunities) not to withhold the information which we obtained, I will venture to give the following notes of our visit, relying upon the candour and the science of my readers to fill up my imperfect outline:—On approaching the spot the ground has a hollow sound, with a particularly dreary and calcined appearance, and when upon it a strong mineral smell arises from the ponds. The process of petrification is to be traced from its first beginning to its termination. In one part the water is clear; in a second it appears thicker and stagnant; in a third quite black, and in its last stage is white, like a hoar frost. Indeed a petrified pond looks like frozen water, and before the operation is quite finished, a stone slightly thrown upon it breaks the outer coating, and causes the black water underneath to exude. Where the operation is complete a stone makes no impression, and a man may walk upon it without wetting his shoes. Wherever the petrification has been hewn into, the curious progress of the concretion is clearly seen, and shows itself like sheets of rough paper placed one over the other in accumulated layers. Such is the constant tendency of this water to become stone, that where it exudes from the ground in bubbles, the petrification assumes a globular shape, as if the bubbles of a spring, by a stroke of magic, had been arrested in their play, and metamorphosed into marble. The substance thus produced is brittle, transparent, and sometimes most richly streaked with green, red and copper-coloured veins. It admits of being cut into immense slabs, and takes a good polish. The present royal family of Persia, whose princes do not spend large sums in the construction of public buildings, have not carried away much of the stone; but some immense slabs which were cut by Nadir Shah, and now lie neglected amongst innumerable fragments, show the objects which he had in view. So much is this stone looked upon as an article of luxury, that none but the King, his sons, and persons privileged by special firman, are permitted to excavate; and such is the ascendancy of pride over avarice, that the scheme of farming it to the highest bidder does not seem to have ever come within the calculations of its present possessors.'—p. 286.

The waters of Ourmia have been analysed in this country, and show a degree of saline impregnation greater than that of any other

other lake, with the exception of the Dead Sea; the specific gravity of which is 1211, while that of lake Ourmia was found by Dr. Marcet, who examined a specimen sent home by the late Mr. Browne, to be 1165·07. Salt lakes, entirely unconnected with the ocean, are by no means of frequent occurrence; the water of this last is so nearly saturated that it begins to deposit crystals the moment that heat is applied to it. It contains no lime, but yields about twenty times as much sulphuric acid, and six times as much muriatic acid, as sea-water does. No fish can live in it; the surface, however, is not, as has been stated, incrustated with salt, but appears as pellucid as that of the clearest rivulet.

These curious objects of natural history do not seem to have had any particular charms for our traveller; and fortunately Abbas Mirza (on whom he dwells with great complacency) did him the honour to invite him to join his suite on the visit he was about to make to Taheran, whither the king had ordered him to repair, to assist at the celebration of the feast of the Nowroose. The severity of the cold at Tabreez was greater than we should have expected to find it in this part of Persia.

‘ Scarcely a day passes (Sir Robert says) without one or two persons being found frozen to death in the neighbourhood. Several instances which happened during my stay at Tabreez were particularly distressing; and amongst them was the perishing of three women and two men, with five asses belonging to them, which had taken shelter from a sudden drift of snow and wind under an arch of the Augi bridge. They were discovered after the storm had subsided perfectly dead, and as stiff as the blocks of ice which lay on each side of them. Another calamity of the kind I shall mention, as having a circumstance of greatly augmented pain connected with it. The gates of all towns and cities in Persia are shut a little after sun-set and re-opened at sun-rise. Strict adherence to this injunction, and carelessness or unavoidable delays on the part of travellers, often subject them to the inconvenience of reaching the gates when they are closed. Hence they must stay without till morning. And during the inclement season, at opening the gates, very often a terrible scene of death unfolds itself close to the threshold; old and young, animals and children, lying one lifeless heap. But the particular instance I would now recount relates to a solitary traveller, who had performed a long journey on his own horse, a member of their families to which these people are eminently attached. When he arrived at Tabreez the ingress was already barred. The night was one of the severest which had been known; and the poor man, to save himself from the fatal effects he too surely anticipated, pierced his faithful horse with his dagger, and ripping up its body, thrust himself into it, in the vain hope of the warmth which might remain preserving his own vital heat till the morning; but in the morning,

when

when the gates were opened, he was found frozen to death in this horrible shroud.'—p. 247, 248.

On the 3d of March, he accompanied the prince (who was escorted by a little army) on his journey to Teheran, by the route of Mianna and Casvin. On the way they passed the spot where the unfortunate Browne was murdered, the interesting circumstances of which melancholy event are related as follows.

'This gentleman was a man of indefatigable research, with a persevering industry in acquiring the means of pursuing his object equal to the enterprising spirit with which he breasted every difficulty in his way. Previous to his going to Persia, he had stopped some time in Constantinople to perfect himself in the Turkish language, and before he left that city he spoke it like a native. From a mistaken idea of facilitating his progress amongst the different Asiatic nations through which he might have occasion to pass in the route he had laid down for himself, he assumed the Turkish dress. Being thus equipped, he set forward with an intent to penetrate through Khorassan, and thence visit the unexplored and dangerous regions south of the Caspian, closing his researches in that direction at Astrakhan. During the early part of his Persian journey, he had a conference with His Britannic Majesty's ambassador Sir Gore Ouseley, and at Oujon was admitted to an audience of the Persian king. So little was danger from attacks of any kind apprehended by the persons best acquainted with the state of the country, that no difficulties whatever were suggested as likely to meet him, and accordingly he proceeded in full confidence. Having reached this pass of Irak, he stopped at the caravansary I have just described to take a little refreshment. That over, he remounted his horse, and leaving his servant to pack up the articles he had been using, and then follow him, he rode gently forward along the mountains. Mr. Browne had scarcely proceeded half a mile when suddenly two men on foot came up behind him, one of whom, with a blow from a club, before he was aware, struck him senseless from his horse. Several other villains at the same instant sprang from hollows in the hills, and bound him hand and foot. At this moment they offered him no further personal violence; but as soon as he had recovered from the stupor occasioned by the first mode of attack, he looked round and saw the robbers plundering both his baggage and his servant, the man having come forward on the road in obedience to the commands of his master. When the depredators found their victim restored to observation, they told him it was their intention to put an end to his life, but that was not the place where the final stroke should be made. Mr. Browne, incapable of resistance, calmly listened to his own sentence, but entreated them to spare his poor servant, and allow him to depart with his papers, which could be of no use to them. All this they granted: and, what may appear still more extraordinary, these ferocious brigands, to whom the acquisition of arms must be as the staff of life, made the man a present of his master's pistols and double-barrelled gun; but they were English, and the marks might have betrayed the

the new possessors. These singular robbers then permitted Mr. Browne to see his servant safe out of sight, before they laid further hands on himself, after which they carried him, and the property they had reserved for themselves, into a valley on the opposite side of the Kizzilouzan, and without further parley terminated his existence, it is supposed, by strangulation. They stripped his corpse of every part of its raiment, and then left it on the open ground a prey to wolves and other wild animals. The servant meanwhile made the best of his way towards Tabreez, where he related the tale I have just told.'—pp. 268—270.

As they approached Casvin, the cold, together with the snow, gradually disappeared; numerous flourishing villages were seen amongst rich tracts of land, that already began to put forth the promise of an early and abundant harvest. The plain of Casvin extends south-east beyond Taheran to the foot of a lofty line of mountains south of the Caspian, in which is to be found the famous pass of Kavar, anciently called the Straits of the Caspian. No regular path confined their line of march; so that the horsemen galloped to and fro, throwing the *dgirid*, firing their pistols, shaking their long bamboo lances, and affecting to skirmish.

Before they reached Taheran, they received intelligence of the illness of Dr. Drummond Campbell, a friend of the author, who was attached to the British embassy in Persia, and in seeing whom Sir Robert anticipated much pleasure. For the benefit of his health, he had removed to the village of Kund, a salubrious spot, delightfully situated on the side of the mountains north of Taheran, and thither the author went with Dr. de la Fosse to pay him a visit.

'The night was beautiful; a bright moon, through as clear a sky, cheering us on our way. It was past midnight before we reached the quarters of poor Campbell. He was asleep when we arrived, and being careful not to have him disturbed, we did not see him till five o'clock the next morning. When I entered his melancholy chamber, and again took my friend by the hand, I was shocked to find him far more reduced than even the messenger had described. His pleasure was great at the sight of us, and we did our best to enliven him with hopes of recovery. But he shook his head, though with a kind smile, that showed his resignation and feeling of our motive in thus seeking to cheer him. Our visit was short, but yet as long as his weak state could bear; and we started early that Dr. de la Fosse might make his report of our friend to the prince before he should be encumbered by the ceremonies of his approach to Teheran.'—p. 305.

This unfortunate gentleman soon after died, and Sir Robert indulges in lamentations over his fate, highly creditable to his feelings; though we cannot well understand him, when he observes, that during the spring at Taheran, he often thought of his

poor

poor friend, and wished that he could have borne the last lingering severities of departing winter a little longer, to have inhaled new life in the balmy relenting of nature: for, says he, 'the thermometer of Reaumur, during the months of April and May, never mounts to more than 70 or 80 in the shade;' a degree of heat little short of boiling water!—so dangerous is it for the unlearned to meddle even with the most trifling matters of science.

Between Taheran and Ispahan he crossed one of those immense deserts of salt which abound in Persia. That which stretches from the banks of the Heirmund river in Seistan to the range of hills which divide that province from Lower Mekran, is 400 miles long and 200 miles broad; another, as large, is met with to the north, reaching from Koom and Kashan to the provinces of Mazanderan and Khorassan. This extensive waste encircles the sea of Zereh, and in its dry parts presents to the eye either a crusted coat of brittle earth, or a succession of sand hills which assume the appearance of waves, formed of impalpable red particles that are driven about by the violent north-west winds which prevail in summer. The countries situated in the vicinity of these dreadful wilds are subject to extreme heat, the thermometer of Fabrenheit sometimes standing at  $125^{\circ}$  in a tent. Of Persia generally, it may be said that its chief features are numerous chains of mountains and large tracts of desert, amidst which are interspersed beautiful vallies and rich pasture lands. Except in the province of Mazanderan, where extensive forests are found, the mountains are generally bare, or thinly covered with underwood.

The remainder of the volume is occupied by a description of the traveller's arrival at Ispahan, and of the ruins of Persepolis. On the former subject, we find nothing worthy of notice; on the latter he has bestowed great pains, and indeed it forms by far the most valuable and interesting portion of his work.

In the plain of Merdasht, which is watered on the south-west by the river Bend-emir, the ancient Araxes, stands 'the Throne of Jemsheed,' as the natives call these immense ruins, now generally believed to have belonged to the palace of Darius, to which 'the Macedonian madman' set fire in a fit of drunken revelry, and which was beyond doubt one of the most magnificent structures of the ancient world. If there is nothing in the architecture of the buildings, or in the sculptures and reliefs on the rocks, that can be compared with the exquisite specimens of Grecian art, still it is impossible to behold the remains of Persepolis without emotions of rapture and surprize. The wealth of an unbounded empire was exhausted in their construction; they were adorned with every ornament that the art of the old world could supply, and their history yet lives on the imperishable materials

rials of which they were built. The palace, the face of the mountain at the foot of which it is situated, and many of the rocks in its vicinity, are ornamented with a profusion of sculpture; and afford ample evidence, as Sir John Malcolm observes, that the Persians were in the habit of describing by the graving tool both their religious ceremonies and the principal events of their history.

The impression made on Sir Robert Porter by the first sight of these celebrated monuments was that, both *en masse* and in detail, they bore a strong resemblance to the architectural taste of Egypt. The artificial plane which supports the ruins of this immense citadel, as he calls it, is of a very irregular shape; but nothing can transcend the strength and beauty of its construction. Its steep faces are formed of dark grey marble, cut into gigantic blocks, exquisitely polished, and, without the aid of mortar, fitted to each other with such admirable precision, that when first completed, the platform must have appeared as part of the solid mountain itself, levelled to become a foundation for a structure, many of whose proud columns still remain erect. A flight of steps, situated in its western face, leads to the summit of the platform, and is so stupendous, and on a scale of such astonishing magnificence, as fully to prepare the mind for the corresponding forms of vastness and grandeur to be met with above.

On reaching the platform, the first objects that strike the eye are the lofty sides of an enormous portal, the interior faces of whose walls are sculptured into the forms of two colossal quadrupeds, that on a nearer approach were found to represent bulls. The loss of the heads deprived the traveller of the means of knowing whether they had one or two horns; but he thinks, from what he has seen in other symbolical animals of the same kind in Persia, that they were represented with only one. Around the necks of these bucolic sentinels (as Sir Robert classically calls them) are broad collars of roses, executed with the most critical nicety; and in the very spirited delineations which he gives of them, he has been elaborate, even to a hair, in copying the distinguishing marks of that proud epoch of Persian sculpture. At the distance of twenty-four feet, in a direct line from the portal, once stood four magnificent columns; they were all erect in the time of Chardin, but two only now remain. At an equal distance is another portal, the inner sides of which are also sculptured, but the animals represented are of very extraordinary formation, of gigantic proportions, and monstrous appearance. They have the bodies and legs of bulls, (with enormous wings,) and the faces of men. The blind zeal of the Moslems has miserably mutilated the features, yet enough remains to exhibit a severe and majestic expression of countenance, to which a long and carefully curled beard does

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not a little contribute. Sir Robert asserts that this is the only specimen known to exist in Persia where the human and bestial form are conjoined; and he thinks that this singular hieroglyphic may with great probability be attributed to Cyrus, whose empire over the East was prophesied by Ezekiel, under a similar figure, upwards of fifty years before his accession.

An expanse of 162 feet lies between this portal and the magnificent terrace that supports the multitude of columns, from which the spot has derived its appellation of *Chehal-minar*, or 'the Palace of Forty Pillars.' A superb approach, consisting of a double staircase, projects considerably before the northern face of the terrace, the whole length of which is 212 feet; at each extremity, east and west, rises another range of steps; again in the middle, projecting from it eighteen feet, appear two smaller flights, rising from the same points. The whole front of the advanced range is covered with sculpture, which Sir Robert examined with great care, distinguishing the peculiarities of every figure, and copying them as distinctly and with as much fidelity as he could. The space immediately under the landing-place is divided into three compartments: the centre one has a plain surface; to the left are four standing figures, habited in long robes, holding a spear in an upright position in both hands; from the left shoulder hang a bow and quiver. The nicety with which the details are executed, render these sculptures particularly interesting to the historian; they mark the costume of the time and people, their progress in the form, variety, and use of arms, and indicate with clearness the ancient method of stringing the bow, and the manner of attaching the leather cover to the quiver, to protect the feathers of the arrows from damage. All these peculiarities of archery, the traveller, who says he is an old bowman himself, observed and transferred to his port-folio with great attention.

On the right of the vacant tablet are three figures only, without bows or quivers, but carrying spears with large shields, resembling Bœotian bucklers: these he considers to have been intended to portray the Royal Guards. Two angular spaces on each side of the spearmen are filled with duplicate representations of a fight between a lion and a bull, a most spirited and admirable performance. Sir Robert, after perplexing himself a good deal about the import of this combat, inclines to the opinion that it typifies the conquest of Cyrus over the two great empires of Assyria, and Babylon. The beauty, and truth, and fire with which these quadrupeds are executed are above all praise.

It is remarkable, that wherever any of the brute creation are represented amongst these relics, their limbs, muscles, and actions are always given in a more perfect style than when the



same sculptor attempts the human form; an observation that will be found to hold good with regard also to the antiquities of Egypt, Syria, and India. This consummate knowledge of the ancients in one respect, and their conspicuous ignorance in the other, our author attributes, justly enough perhaps, to the opportunities afforded by their daily sacrifices, of witnessing the minute contorsions and dissections of the brute creation, and the superstition that universally prevailed against putting the hand on a human body.

The rest of this highly ornamented staircase is covered with figures, that, judging from their numbers, their uniform dresses, arms, and positions, are probably the representatives of the vast body-guard, the *Doryphores*, who once held an actual station on this spot. The whole description of the procession that decorates the flight of steps which stretches to the East, illustrated as it is by drawings, executed with great spirit, and, we have no doubt, with great exactness, merits our unqualified approbation.

Our traveller was proceeding with great zeal to examine the excavated tombs scattered over this wonderful spot, when an illness, brought on by heat and fatigue, obliged him to relinquish his pursuits altogether. As he looked from side to side, and up to the rocks, to objects now beyond his compass, he felt the deepest regret at being obliged to abandon his labours. He had the satisfaction, however, to think that he had drawn nearly every bas-relief of consequence, taken a faithful plan of the place, and copied several of the cuneiform inscriptions. Full of high and solemn musing, 'of Cyrus who had planted the empire, and of Alexander who had torn it from its rock,' and lamenting, as he says, that 'such noble works of human ingenuity should be destined, from the vicissitudes of revolution, and the rapine, ignorance, or fanaticism of succeeding times, to be left in total neglect, or, when noticed, doomed to the predatory mallet, and every other attack of unreflecting destruction;' he turned from the tenantless tombs and desolated capital, and continued his route to Shiraz. Here the volume closes.

ART. XII.—*The Pirate.* By the Author of 'Waverley,' 'Kenilworth,' &c. 8vo. 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1822.

IF we could fancy the summit of a poet's ambition, it would be, that he should render classical every scene which he described, and embalm among our recollections every character and incident that he imagined—that the appearance of one of his works should be among the public events of the year—that its perusal and discussion

cussion should instantly engross every eye and every tongue—that, as the buzz of criticism subsided, public attention should turn to what was to follow—that a general whisper should tell that he was again employed—that contradictory rumours should soon state, with more and more decision, the character and the name of the unfinished work—that the different opinions should each find supporters, and even partizans, until the oracular annunciation ‘The — by the author of — is in the press,’ should give certainty on one point, and stimulate curiosity and anticipation on every other, and that at length, like the castle in the vale of St. John, the magical edifice should at once shine forth, from among the mists which concealed it, and display the royal palace, the feudal castle, the modern mansion, the border tower, the highland sheeling, or the Zetland burgh, which the invisible architect thought fit residence for his living creations.

But dazzling as this eminence appears from below, it is, perhaps, less conducive to the happiness of him who has attained it, than many of the humble points of his ascent. He can scarcely hope that any of his subsequent efforts will exceed the excited expectation of the public; he must constantly fear that they will disappoint it. In this, perhaps, lies the great superiority of speculative pursuits over those of the imagination. Every step, which the mathematician, or the chemist, or the political economist, has made, facilitates his subsequent advances. He has, probably, discovered a new instrument, of calculation or decomposition, or a general principle, with which he may tie up the scattered facts that were before independent burthens on his memory; or he has detected the fallacy, or the omissions, which threw doubt and inconsistency over his reasonings. He covers at every succeeding stride a wider space.

But the earlier works of a poet have the same advantage over his subsequent ones, which the earlier poets had over their successors, or which the first settlers in a new colony enjoy over those who follow them: they preoccupy whatever is most beautiful or most productive; they exhaust the scenes, the characters, and the incidents, which are best fitted for description, or which he is best fitted to describe. To revert to our colonial metaphor, he must either break up new ground of inferior fertility, or apply additional labour, with a diminished effect, to what is already in cultivation. Our author has, in the work before us, employed both expedients with characteristic boldness. Nothing can be more barren, than the waste land which he has endeavoured to reclaim—nothing more over cropped, than the old ground which he has ventured still to continue under the plough. Most of his former works derived interest from their mere subjects: the fore ground was filled with distinct portraits of persons, whom we had long been endeavouring

to make out in the distance of history; his back ground was formed of scenery, magnificent in its elements, and splendid from its variety. But the characters of the Pirate are purely fictitious, and the scene is laid in a country too obscure, until our author's genius stamped it with notoriety, to excite attention, and too uniform to detain it. What could be done for Zetland he has done: he has painted with his usual vivid accuracy the few natural objects it afforded: the rocky promontory, the inland sea, the fierceness of a northern ocean, and the caprice of a northern climate, with its misty calm and irresistible tempest, and he has suited to it, with admirable consistency, the habits and character of its inhabitants. The promise of his motto is fully performed—

‘—————nothing of them  
But doth suffer a sea-change.’

Their furniture and their food are, almost wholly, the produce or the gifts of the sea;—all their language and conversation is insular, and almost fishy; limited by the narrow experience, and full of the maritime superstitions and associations, of their situation. In his usual pursuit of national, as well as individual, contrast, he has described his Zetlanders before they became assimilated in feeling to their Scottish proprietors and neighbours, and has attributed to them, in a mitigated degree, the hostility towards the new-comers, which gives spirit to his Saxons in *Ivanhoe*.

It is at Burgh-Westra, the residence of Magnus Troil, the Cedric of the piece, that the story commences: the previous chapters having introduced to us Mordaunt Mertoun, a poor youth on whom the office, not a very high one in our author's court, of *heros en chef*, is forced; and to his father, Basil Mertoun, a misanthropic recluse, marked by the mystery—the silence—the gloom—the general apathy and occasional impetuosity—the sternness and the pride which, at once, indicate, to a practised novel-reader, one of the numerous family of retired criminals, or injured lovers. Minna and Brenda, the daughters of Magnus Troil, we must describe in our author's own words:—

‘From her mother, Minna inherited the stately form and dark eyes, the raven locks and finely-pencilled brows, which showed she was, on one side at least, a stranger to the blood of Thule. Her cheek,

O call it fair, not pale,  
was so slightly and delicately tinged with the rose, that many thought the lily had an undue proportion in her complexion. But in that predominance of the paler flower, there was nothing sickly or languid; it was the true natural complexion of health, and corresponded in a peculiar degree with features which seemed calculated to express a contemplative and high-minded character.

‘The scarce less beautiful, equally lovely, and equally innocent Brenda,

Brenda, was of a complexion as differing from her sister, as they differed in character, taste, and expression. Her profuse locks were of that paly brown, which receives from the passing sun-beam a tinge of gold, but darkens again when the ray has passed from it. Her eye, her mouth, the beautiful row of teeth, which, in her innocent vivacity, were frequently disclosed; the fresh, yet not too bright glow, of a healthy complexion, tinged a skin like the drifted snow, spoke her genuine Scandinavian descent. A fairy form, less tall than that of Minna, but even more finely moulded into symmetry—a careless and almost childish lightness of step—an eye that seemed to look on every object with pleasure, from a natural and serene cheerfulness of disposition, attracted even more general admiration than the charms of her sister, though, perhaps, that which Minna did excite, might be of a more intense as well as a more reverential character.—vol. i. p. 43, 45, 46.

Mordaunt has as yet lived with them both in perfect intimacy, but without apparent preference of one to the other, 'treating them as an affectionate brother might treat two sisters, so equally dear to him, that a breath would turn the scale of affection.' After a visit of a week, immediately preceding the commencement of the narrative, he leaves them to return to his father's residence, Jarlishof, at the foot of Sumburgh-Head, the south-eastern extremity of the island.

'But he had not advanced three hours on his journey, before the wind, which had been so deadly still in the morning, began at first to wail and sigh, as if bemoaning beforehand the evils which it might perpetrate in its fury, like a madman in the gloomy state of dejection which precedes his fit of violence; then gradually increasing, the gale howled, raged, and roared, in the full fury of a northern storm.'—vol. i. p. 61.

He is forced to take refuge at Harfra, the abode of Triptolemus Yellowley, an agricultural enthusiast, of mixed Scottish and Yorkshire blood, and one of the Bores of the work (for unhappily there is a double allowance) whom fate, for his own and our misfortune, had transported, with his sister Babie, to this unfertile and prejudiced region. He is soon followed by Bryce Snaelsfoot, a travelling jagger, or pedlar, (our old acquaintance Andrew Fairservice, with a pack at his back,) who is destined to act an important part in the subsequent events. And, as the storm increased in violence, 'a woman, tall enough almost to touch the top of the door with her cap, stepped into the room, signing the cross as she entered, and pronouncing with a solemn voice "the blessings of God and Saint Ronald on the open door, and their braid malison and mine upon close handed churls." The speaker was as striking in appearance as extravagantly lofty in her pretensions and in her language. She might well have represented on the stage, so far as features, voice, and stature were concerned, the Bonduca or Boadicea of the Britons, or the sage Velleda, Aurinia, or any other fated Pytho-ness, who ever led to battle a tribe of the ancient Goths. Her features were high and well formed, and would have been

handsome but for the ravages of time, and the effects of exposure to the severe weather of her country. Age and, perhaps, sorrow, had quenched, in some degree, the fire of a dark blue eye, whose hue almost approached to black, and had sprinkled snow on such part of her tresses as had escaped from under her cap, and were dishevelled by the rigour of the storm.

‘Such was the appearance of Norna of the Fitful Head, upon whom many of the inhabitants of the island looked with observance, many with fear, and almost all with a sort of veneration.’—vol. i. pp. 117, 118.

Norna’s magic—for she has the supernatural pretensions which sometimes dignify, and more often render absurd, her prototypes in our author’s works, is that of her Norwegian ancestors: it is exercised on the elements. Subsequently (our author can scarcely refrain from saying consequently) to her chanting a Runic invocation, the tempest subsides, and Mordaunt regains his home. But the next morning, when he and his father looked from the verge of the precipice, of which the landward slope was terminated by their house,

‘the wide sea still heaved and swelled with the agitation of the yesterday’s storm which had been far too violent to subside speedily. The tide, therefore, poured on the headland with a fury deafening to the ear, and dizzying to the eye, threatening instant destruction to whatever might be at the time involved in its current. The sight of nature in her magnificence, or in her beauty, or in her terrors, has at all times an overpowering interest, which even habit cannot greatly weaken; and both father and son sate themselves down on the cliff to look out upon that unbounded war of waters, which rolled in their wrath to the foot of the precipice.

‘At once Mordaunt, whose eyes were sharper, and probably his attention more alert than that of his father, started up and exclaimed, “God in Heaven! there is a vessel in the roost.”

‘Mertoun looked to the north-westward, and an object was visible amid the rolling tide. “She shews no sail,” he observed; and immediately added, after looking at the object through his spy-glass, “she is dismasted, and lies a sheer-hulk upon the water.”

“And is drifting on the Sumburgh-head,” said Mordaunt, struck with horror, “without the slightest means of weathering the cape.”

“She makes no effort,” replied the father; “she is probably deserted by her crew.”

“And in such a day as yesterday,” replied Mordaunt, “when no open boat could live, were she manned with the best men ever handled an oar—all must have perished.”—vol. i. p. 160—162.

‘Onward it came, the large black hulk seeming larger at every fathom’s length. She came nearer, until she bestrode the summit of one tremendous billow, which rolled on with her unbroken, till the wave and its burthen were precipitated against the rock, and then the triumph of the elements over the work of human hands was at once completed. One wave, we have said, made the wrecked vessel completely manifest

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in her whole bulk, as it raised her, and bore her onward against the face of the precipice. But when that wave receded from the foot of the rock, the ship had ceased to exist; and the retiring billow only bore back a quantity of beams, planks, casks, and similar objects, which swept out to the offing, to be brought in again by the next wave, and again precipitated upon the face of the rock.

'It was at this moment that Mordaunt conceived he saw a man floating on a plank or water cask, which, drifting away from the main current, seemed about to go a-shore upon a small spot of sand, where the water was shallow, and the waves broke more smoothly.'—vol. i. p. 163–165.

Mordaunt, at great risk, rescues the shipwrecked man; and, by the powerful intervention of Norna, succeeds in placing him, with some of his baggage unplundered, at the cottage of the Ranzelman, or petty magistrate of the hamlet. A scene has, in the mean time, been passing, which is painted in our author's happiest manner. The love of fortuitous gain, which seems one of the strongest passions of uncultivated human nature—which gives zest to the pursuits of the sportsman and the gambler—which makes the soldier prize booty so much above pay—which caused the feudal monarch or his delegate, to bestow so disproportionate an attention on treasure-trove, and wreck, and royal fish, and heriots, and other casual sources of revenue, and forces poor Swertha, Mertoun's house-keeper, to exclaim that 'a ship a-shore is a sight to while the minister out of his very pu'pit in the middle of his preaching'—this universal passion has poured the whole village upon the beach, in earnest unscrupulous plunder of the wreck.

In the evening Mordaunt visits the stranger, whom he finds a tall and well-made man, with a bold, sun-burnt handsome countenance, and manners that, in addition to the characteristic openness of a sailor, have an affectation of bluntness, a sort of defiance, uncalled for by his situation. He describes himself as Clement Cleveland, captain and part owner of the shipwrecked vessel, and departs, the next morning, for Burgh Westra, with an introduction from Mordaunt, in the hope of regaining a part of his plundered property, through the assistance of Magnus Troil. The story is now undramatic for a couple of months, during which a mutual attachment arises between Minna and Cleveland, whom Zetland hospitality had made an inmate at Burgh Westra, and both Cleveland and Troil are disposed to quarrel with Mordaunt; Cleveland, because Norna has informed him that she destines Minna for Mordaunt; Troil, because he has received from the pedlar, Snaelsfoot, and from the gossips of the island, false rumours, that Mordaunt had spoken disrespectfully and presumptuously of his intimacy with the sisters. The anger of Troil shows itself in the interruption of the usual intercourse be-

tween Burgh Westra and Jarlshof : no messenger from Minna asks the words of a Norse ballad, or specimens for her various collections of feathers, or eggs, or shells, or sea-weeds. Brenda sends no riddle to be resolved, or song to be learned; nor does the honest old Udaller, in a rude hand which might pass for an ancient Runic inscription, send his hearty greetings to his good young friend, with a present of something to make good cheer, and an earnest request that he will come to Burgh Westra as soon, and stay as long as possible. Even the grand festival of St. John's eve approaches, and no invitation has reached him. In obedience, however, partly to his own anxiety, and partly to the advice of Norna, he resolves to be present. His road again lies by Harfra, and some of the best broad farce in the novel describes his reception by Triptolemus and his sister, the avidity with which they join in the destruction of his luncheon, (though Babie's only motive is a curiosity to see whether the Shetland folks cure their beef in her own country way) and their united journey during the remainder of the road.

The coolness with which Mordaunt is received by Magnus and his daughters, is alleviated by the warm greeting of Claud Halcro, a poet of Charles's days, again domesticated in his old age among his native islands, and whom our author has associated with Triptolemus Yellowley in a joint commission of bore.

The mighty feast, and the joyous dance, pass before us with the vividness of our author's drama. At the close of the latter, Brenda, in obedience to the commands of Norna, contrives an interview with Mordaunt, so delightfully managed that we can scarcely refrain from extracting it, in which he has an opportunity of hearing, and indignantly denying, the expressions attributed to him. Brenda's object is, to express her fears of Cleveland's influence over Minna; to entreat Mordaunt to avoid any strife with him, but to watch him, and, if possible, discover who he is, and what are his intentions; and to believe that, though her father and sister may appear altered, though she too must wear a face of cold friendship, at heart they are still Brenda and Mordaunt.

'She stretched her hand to him, but withdrew it in some slight confusion, laughing and blushing, when, by a natural impulse, he was about to press it to his lips. He endeavoured for a moment to detain her, for the interview had for him a degree of fascination, which, as often as he had formerly been alone with Brenda, he had never experienced. But she extricated herself from him, and again signing an adieu, and pointing out to him a path different from that which she was herself about to take, tripped towards the house, and was soon hidden from his view by the acclivity.

'Mordaunt stood gazing after her in a state of mind, to which, as yet, he had been a stranger. The dubious neutral ground between love and  
friendship



friendship may be long and safely trodden, until he who stands upon it is suddenly called upon to recognize the authority of the one or the other power; and then it most frequently happens, that he who for years supposed himself only to be a friend, finds himself at once transformed into a lover. That such a change in Mordaunt's feelings should take place from this date, although he himself was unable to distinguish its nature, was to be expected. He found himself at once received, with the most unsuspecting frankness, into the confidence of a beautiful and fascinating young woman, by whom he had, so short a time before, imagined himself despised and disliked; and, if any thing could make a change, in itself so surprising and so pleasing, yet more intoxicating, it was the guileless and open-hearted simplicity of Brenda, that cast an enchantment over every thing which he did or said. The scene too, might have had its effects, though there was little occasion for its aid. But a fair face looks yet fairer under the light of the moon, and a sweet voice sounds yet sweeter amongst the whispering sounds of a summer night.—Vol. ii. p. 61—63.

The effect of this scene on Mordaunt appears to us admirably imagined. Incredulous as we are in love at first sight, thinking it always to require previous acquaintance, and almost intimacy, as a predisposing cause, we believe its actual explosion to be, in general, as trifling as its immediate cause, and as complete in its effects, as in the instance before us. That Mordaunt would become attached to one of the sisters was a matter of certainty; to which of the two, was a matter of chance; and a chance, which circumstances, even slighter than those of which we have given the outline, might have determined. Our author has, with his usual skill, rather left us to infer the history of Brenda's affection, than actually related it. It appears to have been first roused from the slumber in which it lay, unperceived even by herself, while Mordaunt was living in undistinguishing intimacy with both the sisters, by her father's attempt to break off that intimacy. It is strengthened by the harshness with which he is treated by Minna, and the attachment which arises between Minna and Cleveland; the first accustoming her to sympathize with Mordaunt as injured, the second making a friend and lover doubly interesting to her, to alleviate the loss of her sister's confidence, and the mortification which female vanity, even in the simplest mind, must have felt at a decided preference of another to her, when shown by such a man as Cleveland. Under these circumstances, we think our author perfectly justified in leading us, as he does in a beautiful scene between the sisters, to which we are not yet arrived, to conclude that this interview was as decisive of Brenda's feelings as of Mordaunt's, and that it 'at once transformed them both from friends into lovers.'

The next morning is occupied by an attack on a whale which the tide has left in an estuary. After some distant battering,  
Mordaunt

Mordaunt plunges a half-pike into his side; but the boat is stove by a blow from the monster's tail, and he floats senseless on the waves.

From this singular situation, (for we believe no man, stunned by a blow and thrown into the water, ever before floated,) he is rescued by Cleveland, who uses the equality on which this incident places him with his former preserver, to return an almost direct challenge for his thanks. At the evening feast Bryce Snaelsfoot arrives from Kirkwall, his pack distended with satins, silks, and embroideries, part of the cargo of a strange vessel then lying at Kirkwall, which Cleveland discovers to be a consort that parted company from him at the time his own ship was wrecked. The arrival of this vessel materially influences the subsequent events. Cleveland resolves to visit her at Kirkwall, both to reclaim the share to which he is entitled, in her gains, and to prevent the injurious effects of any unprepared meeting between himself and his former friends, if chance should carry them to Burgh Westra. And Troil proposes to go there with his daughters, in order to give them the amusement of the annual fair, to settle with the consignees of his fish, and to traffic with the proprietors of the cargo, of which Snaelsfoot has brought so enticing a specimen. The night is occupied by a scene between Norna and the sisters, of more effort than merit. By the light of a lamp, framed out of a gibbet iron, 'and nourished by what never came either from the fish or the fruit,' she relates to them (apparently with no object but to afford a vehicle of the information to the reader) her relationship to their family, her early history—her seduction by a stranger—the circumstances through which she becomes the accidental cause of her father's death—and the vision in which the Demon Trolld conferred on her the empire of the seas and the winds.

The conversation of the sisters, as they are dressing the next morning, which is turned by a hint of Brenda's, from the events of the night to the subjects nearest the hearts of each, and, after some hints and recriminations, and cautions and disclaimers, ends in a demi-confidence on the part of Brenda, and a full one on that of Minna, is one of the most exquisite scenes in the novel. Its truth, delicacy and ease are inimitable. We cannot bestow the same praise on that which follows, in which Norna in a half serious pastime enshrines herself in a bearskin tabernacle, and returns oracular answers to the questions addressed to her. She prognosticates to Brenda a fortunate marriage,—to Minna a disastrous passion. As our author in this incident indulged at once his favourite propensities, of describing an obsolete custom, and prophetically indicating the subsequent events of his fable, it was not, perhaps, possible, with his weak powers of self-restraint, that he should

should omit it. But it is an unfortunate blemish. The prediction, as to Brenda, is a wanton injury to the interest of the story. Its only effect is, to tell us, what it is the great business and great difficulty of the novel to conceal, that she and Mordaunt will escape all their dangers, and be happily united. If we were right in the distinction between tragedy and comedy which we endeavoured to explain in our remarks on the *Bride of Lammermoor*, (p. 124.) Minna's fate, being tragical, might have been foretold, but not by Norna, who was at that time planning for her, and from her confidence in her own powers, must have believed that she had secured, a totally opposite destiny. And as the prediction is far too definite, and too terrible to have been meant as a mere warning, we cannot conceive on what ground Norna can be supposed to have uttered it. It breaks up the sport, and Troil and his guests hasten to the beach, to watch the boats starting on the first day of the season, for the deep sea fishery.

The bustle and animation of this description well introduce the scene by which it is followed; one of those long conversations which form the principal beauty of most of our author's works, and almost the only one of this before us. The place is the beach of a retired cove, with a tranquil sea on one side, and caverned cliffs on the others. The speakers are Minna and Cleveland, who are forced, apparently for the first time, to look steadily at the difficulties of their situation. It is now that Cleveland assumes the designation of Pirate, a name which he is described, with perfect adherence to nature, as having hitherto avoided, while admitting the actions that entitled him to it, and that he addresses to Minna the question, so often put by the suitor of an heiress, and so seldom satisfactorily replied to 'What will your father say?'—Her answers are delightfully descriptive of her character—of the credulous simplicity and sober vanity, which our author has slyly mixed with her talents, her strong feelings, and high minded enthusiasm, and which were the natural result of those talents and feelings, unenlightened by experience, and put to the test of no rivalry or opposition. She proposes that he should merit her by assisting the Zetlanders in taking advantage of the British disturbances, and re-asserting their independence. 'What is there,' she asks, 'to prevent all this?' In spite of his love, Cleveland's sense of humour is irresistibly tickled. 'Nothing *will* prevent it,' he replies, 'for it will never be attempted; any thing *might* prevent it that is equal in strength to the long boat of an English man of war.' After a burst of indignant touchiness from the lady, he ventures to hint that

'there are lands in which the eye may look bright upon groves of the palm, and the cocoa, and where the foot may move lightly as a galley under sail, over fields carpeted with flowers, and savannahs surrounded  
by

by aromatic thickets, and where subjection is unknown, except that of the brave to the bravest, and of all to the most beautiful.'

Minna's answer, though turning too exclusively on natural objects, is too beautiful to be omitted.

'No, Cleveland; my own rude country has charms for me, even desolate as you think it, and depressed as it surely is, which no other land on earth can present to me. I endeavour in vain to represent to myself those visions of trees and of groves, which my eye never saw; but my imagination can conceive no sight in nature more sublime than those waves, when agitated by a storm, or more beautiful than when they come, as they now do, rolling in calm tranquillity to the shore. Not the fairest scene in a foreign land,—not the brightest sun-beam that ever shone upon the richest landscape, would win my thoughts for a moment from that lofty rock, misty hill, and wide-rolling ocean. Hialtland is the land of my deceased ancestors, and of my living father; and in Hialtland will I live and die.'

To his proposal to live and die with her in Hialtland, she objects the impossibility of her father's consent to her union with an unknown stranger, and at last suggests that he should rejoin his associates, prosecute with them what she thinks a justifiable war against the cruel Spaniards, and oppressive English, and return to claim her hand, the leader of a gallant fleet. In the discussion of this scheme, he is led into details of his own past history, and that of his buccaneering companions, very inconsistent with Minna's preconceived notions of the independent warriors of the western ocean, of the successors of the sons of the North, whose long galleys avenged, on so many coasts, the oppressions of degenerate Rome: and she is so much shocked as to conclude, almost abruptly, the interview.

We feel with pain that we have given a very poor and incorrect outline of this exquisite scene; but the topics are so numerous, the transitions so easy, the different subjects are so often taken up, laid down, and resumed, sometimes shown in one light, and sometimes in another; in short, it so perfectly resembles real conversation, that it is impossible to put it into an abridged or a connected shape.

When the company separate in the evening, Cleveland and Mor-daunt take their formal leave.

'That night, the mutual sorrow of Minna and Brenda, if it could not wholly remove the reserve which had estranged the sisters from each other, at least melted all its frozen and unkindly symptoms. They wept in each other's arms; and though neither spoke, yet each became dearer to the other; because they felt that the grief which called forth these drops had a source common to them both.

'It is probable, that though Brenda's tears were most abundant, the grief of Minna was most deeply seated; for long after the younger had sobbed herself asleep, like a child, upon her sister's bosom, Minna lay

awake,

awake, watching the dubious twilight, while tear after tear slowly gathered in her eye, and found a current down her cheek, as soon as it became too heavy to be supported by her long black silken eye-lashes. As she lay, bewildered among the sorrowful thoughts which supplied these tears, she was surprised to distinguish, beneath the window, the sounds of music.—vol. ii. pp. 235, 236.

We have not room for the words of Cleveland's poetical address, to which Minna, unable to stir without awakening her sister, and unwilling to admit her as a witness of the interview, is forced to listen in silence. He re-commences, and is

'again silent; and again she, to whom the serenade was addressed, strove in vain to arise without waking her sister. It was impossible; and she had nothing before her but the unhappy thought that Cleveland was taking leave in his desolation, without a single glance, or a single word. He too, whose temper was so fiery, yet who subjected his violent mood with such sedulous attention to her will,—could she but have stolen a moment but to say adieu—to caution him against new quarrels with Mordaunt Mertoun—to implore him to detach himself from such comrades as he had described,—could she but have done this, who could say what effect such parting admonitions might have had upon his character—nay, upon the future events of his life?

'Tantalized by such thoughts, Minna was about to make another and decisive effort, when she heard voices beneath the window, and thought she could distinguish that they were those of Cleveland and Mertoun, speaking in a sharp tone, which, at the same time, seemed cautiously suppressed, as if the speakers feared being overheard. Alarm now mingled with her former desire to rise from her bed, and she accomplished at once the purpose which she had so often attempted in vain. Brenda's arm was unloosed from her sister's neck, without the sleeper receiving more alarm than provoked two or three unintelligible murmurs; while, with equal speed and silence, Minna put on some part of her dress, with the intention to steal to the window. But, ere she could accomplish this, the sound of the voices without was exchanged for that of blows and struggling, which terminated suddenly by a deep groan.

'Terrified at this last signal of mischief, Minna sprung to the window, and endeavoured to open it, for the persons were so close under the walls of the house that she could not see them, save by putting her head out of the casement. The iron hasp was stiff and rusted, and, as generally happens, the haste with which she laboured to undo it only rendered the task more difficult. When it was accomplished, and Minna had eagerly thrust her body half out at the casement, those who had created the sounds which alarmed her were become invisible, excepting that she saw a shadow cross the moonlight, the substance of which must have been in the act of turning a corner, which concealed it from her sight. The shadow moved slowly, and seemed that of a man who supported another upon his shoulders; an indication which put the climax to Minna's agony of mind. The window was not above  
eight

eight feet from the ground, and she hesitated not to throw herself from it hastily, and to pursue the object which had excited her terror.

'But when she came to the corner of the buildings from which the shadow seemed to have been projected, she discovered nothing which could point out the way that the figure had gone; and, after a moment's consideration, became sensible that all attempts at pursuit would be alike wild and fruitless.'—vol. ii. pp. 240—242.

She regains her room, and again stretches herself by the side of her unawakened sister; and, exhausted by fatigue and terror, sinks into a sleep so profound, that the next morning

'She almost doubted if what she recalled of horror, previous to her starting from her bed, was not, indeed, the fiction of a dream, suggested, perhaps, by some external sounds.

"I will see Claud Halcro instantly," she said; "he may know something of these strange noises, as he was stirring at the time."

'With that she sprung from bed, but hardly stood upright on the floor, ere her sister exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! Minna, what ails your foot—your ankle?"

'She looked down, and saw with surprize, which amounted to agony, that both her feet, but particularly one of them, was stained with dark crimson, resembling the colour of dried blood.

'Without attempting to answer Brenda, she rushed to the window, and cast a desperate look on the grass beneath, for there she knew she must have contracted the fatal stain. But the rain, which had fallen there in treble quantity, as well from the heavens as from the eaves of the house, had washed away that guilty witness, if indeed such had ever existed there. All was fresh and fair, and the blades of grass, overcharged and bent with rain-drops, glittered like diamonds in the bright morning sun.'

Minna eludes her sister's anxious inquiries by the pretext of an accidental hurt, but her mind and body sink under the miserable secret. Her father carries her for aid to Norna, and the result of the visit is a promise that her sorrow shall cease,

'When crimson foot meets crimson hand,  
In the Martyr's aisle, and in Orkney land.

The whole of this scene, if it was intended to be serious, is an egregious failure. The *tout ensemble* of Norna's uncouth watch-box, the tame seal, the more uncouth pet monster whom she conceitedly styles Pacolet, the old lady's eyes glaring through a cranny in the wall, and her elementary adjurations are as ludicrous to us as they were to Magnus Troil, who almost burst with laughter the instant he regained the open air. Our author contrives to account for his mirth on some other ground, but we have no doubt that it was occasioned by the absurdities he had been witnessing.

The whole *dramatis personæ* are now on the road to Kirkwall; Basil Mertoun, who had consulted Norna on the disappearance of  
Mordaunt,

Mordaunt, having been appointed by her to meet in the outer aisle of the cathedral of St. Magnus a person who would give him tidings of his son, and Norna herself having intended to transport Mordaunt thither as soon as she has cured him; for we must state parenthetically that he was wounded by Cleveland in the scuffle below Minna's window, and that Norna obtained possession of him immediately afterwards.

The first who arrives is Cleveland. His old associates in the piratical sloop are now in an anxious situation; they cannot leave the Orkneys without fresh supplies, the Kirkwallers have detected their character, the *Halcyon* frigate is known to be in the neighbourhood, and the majority have no reliance on their captain, Goffe, an old drunken ruffian of the Blackbeard school. We have not room for the scenes in which Goffe is deposed and Cleveland prevailed upon to accept the command until he shall have extricated them from their difficulties. They are bustling and vivid, and appear to us faithful, some readers may think too faithful, representations of the feelings and language of a pirate's crew. His first measure ends unfortunately for himself. He proposes an arrangement with the authorities of the town which we shall best give in the words of the parties.

"Suppose that I run round this island of yours, and get into the roadstead at Stromness? We could get what we want put on board there, without Kirkwall or the Provost seeming to have any hand in it; or if it should be ever questioned, your want of force, and our superior strength will make a sufficient apology."

"That may be," said the Provost; "but if I suffer you to leave your present station, and go elsewhere, I must have some security that you will not do harm to the country."

"And we," said Cleveland, "must have some security on our side, that you will not detain us, by dribbling out our time till the *Halcyon* is on the coast. Now, I am myself perfectly willing to continue on shore as a hostage, on the one side, providing you will give me your word not to betray me, and send some magistrate, or person of consequence, aboard the sloop, where his safety will be a guarantee for mine."—vol. iii. pp. 168, 169.

But Triptolemus Yellowley, on whom the part of hostage for the town has been forced, escapes from the pirates, and the magistrates betray an inclination to break faith with Cleveland, who has remained, according to the treaty, in their hands. Minna has by this time arrived at Kirkwall, after having been intercepted and released by the pirates, an incident which influences the catastrophe only by giving her a clearer perception of the nature of her lover's profession. Cleveland is permitted by the magistrates to walk in the outer aisle of the cathedral of St. Magnus, the open entrance being guarded. And the interview between the lovers, which  
Norna,



Norna, our author best knows how, was enabled to predict, the meeting of the crimson foot and the crimson hand, now takes place. It is broken off by Norna, who enables Cleveland to escape through one of the subterraneous passages so frequent in the ruins of romance, and dismisses him to his ship with an injunction, if he would avoid utter destruction, to depart within twenty-four hours; a warning which she might safely give, as she had sent intelligence to the Halcyon which would bring her to the Orkneys at the expiration of that period. As he walks the deck, looking on at the provisioning of the vessel—

‘Thoughts of remorse were now rolling in his mind, and he may be forgiven if recollections of Minna mingled with and aided them. He looked around, too, on his mates, and profligate and hardened as he knew them to be, he could not think of their paying the penalty of his obstinacy. “We shall be ready to sail with the ebb tide,” he said to himself—“why should I endanger these men, by detaining them till the hour of danger, predicted by that singular woman, shall arrive? Her intelligence, howsoever acquired, has been always strangely accurate; and her warning was as solemn as if a mother were to apprise an erring son of his crimes, and of his approaching punishment. Besides, what chance is there that I can again see Minna? She is at Kirkwall, doubtless, and to hold my course thither would be to steer right upon the rocks. No, I will not endanger these poor fellows—I will sail with the ebb tide. On the desolate Hebrides, or on the north-west coast of Ireland, I will leave the vessel, and return hither in some disguise—yet, why should I return, since it will perhaps be only to see Minna the bride of Mordaunt?—No—let the vessel sail with this ebb tide without me. I will abide and take my fate.”—vol. iii. pp. 169, 170.

His meditations are interrupted by the news that Magnus Troil, with his daughters and Mordaunt, to whom he has been reconciled by Norna, are in the house of Stennis, at a short distance from the bay in which the sloop is lying. In spite of presentiment and prediction, Cleveland delays sailing till the next day’s ebb, and employs the interval in arranging a last interview with Minna. The pirates, vexed at the interference of their captain’s love with his duty, resolve to use this opportunity to get possession of Minna, and use her as a pledge for her lover’s services. At daybreak the next morning the meeting takes place, in the Druidical circle of Stennis. In execution of their project, the pirates surprize the lovers, and Mordaunt with a party of his friends rescues Minna, as in duty bound, and makes prisoners Cleveland and his lieutenant, Bunce, the contriver of the plot. We must transcribe part of the conversation between Cleveland and Bunce, in the apartment overlooking the sea, in which they are confined.

“I forgive you from all my soul, Jack,” said Cleveland, who had resumed his situation at the window; “and the rather that your folly is  
of

of little consequence—the morning is come that must bring ruin on us all.”

“What, you are thinking of the old woman’s prophecy you spoke of?” said Bunce.

“It will soon be accomplished,” answered Cleveland. “Come hither; what do you take yon large square-rigged vessel for, that you see doubling the head-land on the east, and opening the Bay of Stromness?”

“Why, I can’t make her well out,” said Bunce, “but yonder is old Goffe, takes her for a West Indiaman loaded with rum and sugar, I suppose, for d—n me if he does not slip cable, and stand out to her!”

“Instead of running her into the shoal water, which was his only safety,” said Cleveland—“The fool! the dotard! the drivelling, drunken ideot!—he will get his liquor hot enough; for yon is the *Halcyon*—See, she hoists her colours and fires a broad-side! and there will soon be an end of the *Fortune’s Favourite*! I only hope they will fight her to the last plank. The Boatswain used to be staunch enough, and so is Goffe, though an incarnate demon.—Now she shoots away, with all the sail she can spread, and that shows some sense.”

“Up goes the Jolly Hodge, the old black flag, with the death’s head and hour glass, and that shows some spunk.”

“The hour glass is turned for us, Jack, for this bout—our sand is running fast—Fire away yet, my roving lads! The deep sea or the blue sky rather than a rope and a yard-arm.”

There was a moment of anxious and dead silence; the sloop, though hard pressed, maintaining still a running fight, and the frigate continuing in full chase, but scarce returning a shot. At length the vessels neared each other, so as to show that the man-of-war intended to board the sloop, instead of sinking her, probably to secure the plunder which might be in the pirate vessel.

“Now Goffe—now Boatswain!” exclaimed Cleveland, in an ecstasy of impatience, and as if they could have heard his commands, “stand by sheets and tacks—rake her with a broadside, when you are under her bows, then about ship, and go off on the other tack like a wild goose. The sails shiver—the helm’s a-lee—Ah!—deep-sea sink the lubbers!—they miss stays, and the frigate runs them a-board!”

Accordingly the various manœuvres of the chase had brought them so near, that Cleveland, with his spy-glass, could see the man-of-war’s-men boarding by the yards and bow-sprit, in irresistible numbers, their naked cutlasses flashing in the sun, when, at that critical moment, both ships were enveloped in a cloud of thick black smoke, which suddenly arose on board the captured pirate.

“*Exeunt omnes*,” said Bunce, with clasped hands.

“There went the *Fortune’s Favourite*, ship and crew,” said Cleveland, at the same instant.

But the smoke immediately clearing away, shewed that the damage had only been partial, and that from want of a sufficient quantity of powder, the pirates had failed in their desperate attempt to blow up their vessel with the *Halcyon*.

‘Shortly after the action was over, Captain Weatherport of the Halcyon sent an officer and a party of marines to the house of Stennis, to demand of them the pirate seamen who were their prisoners, and, in particular, Cleveland and Bunce, who acted as Captain and Lieutenant of the gang.’—vol. iii. pp. 308—311.

The catastrophe is now at hand. It begins by a series of discoveries; that the real name of Norna is Troil, and that of Basil Mer-toun and Cleveland, Vaughan; that Basil was the early seducer of Norna, and that Cleveland is their son; that Cleveland and his father, while they both exercised piracy in the West Indies about eight years before, had at about the same time received an account of each other’s death, and had been prevented from detecting its falsehood by each changing, at about the same time, his name. It appears too that Basil Vaughan, having also heard a report of his mistress’s death, had never inquired into the particulars of her fate when he returned to Zetland; and, though Norna was the most marked person in the island, and the especial protectress of his son Mordaunt, had never heard, what must have been notorious to every body else in the island, and was so even to the provost of Kirkwall, that she had borne the name of Troil. The effect of all this is, to drive Basil into a foreign convent, and make Norna abdicate her elemental kingdom and die penitent and devout. Cleveland, in return for some acts of generosity while a pirate, is pardoned, received into the British navy, and falls in action. Minna dies an old maid; Brenda and Mordaunt are married, and Magnus Troil enjoys a jovial old age.

Such is the fable—full of interest, activity, confusion, negligence, and improbability. The gentlest, the most confiding reader must be startled at the triple recognition, at the recurrence, in three distinct instances, of the same combination of events, a combination as unusual in real life, as it is trite in fiction. And he must be gentler still who can believe in the probability of Cleveland’s pardon, or in the possibility of his reception into the British service.

Among the characters, our favourite is Magnus Troil. He is drawn with such vigour and consistency; the broad features of his natural disposition are so well marked, and the peculiarities which modify them are so well accounted for, they smack so much of his soil and culture, and are so incapable of being transferred to any other person, or any other situation, that he dwells in our recollection as more than an imaginary acquaintance. We are sure that at some indefinite period of our lives, we must have visited the sturdy Udaller, been greeted with his honest and hearty burst of hilarity, dined at his groaning table, danced in his rigging loft, and drank from the mighty ‘Mariner of Canton.’ His hereditary rank and wealth,

wealth, and his neglected education among inferiors or dependents, exclude both the virtues and the vices which a more varied social intercourse, a collision with equals, and rivals and superiors, must have produced. His disposition has not been soured by neglect or injustice, his vanity stimulated by contest, his liberality confined by the necessity of saving, his selfishness rendered intense by the pursuit of personal aggrandizement, or his feelings blunted by habits of frequently subduing, and, still more frequently, concealing them; while the same circumstances have deprived him of controul over his temper, have left his prejudices unenlightened, and driven him for amusement to sensual excitement or promiscuous hospitality. He is, as we observed when he first was mentioned, a Zetlandish variation of Cedric, though with more shrewdness and practical sense, and less exaggeration, than our author chose to infuse into that worthy, but somewhat absurd, Thane. We wish, however, that his rupture with Mordaunt had been better accounted for. Our author himself has made the slightness of its grounds more striking, by so long delaying to explain them, a delay which we are inclined to attribute, either to his not having decided what they should be, or to his feeling ashamed of their inadequacy. The honest frank-hearted Udaller would never have cast off his 'good young friend' in sulky silence, on the reports of the pedlar, a liar by profession, even aided by the tattle of Lady Glowrowrum. Their reconciliation is effected as clumsily, and slurred over as sneakingly.

Minna and Brenda are the sisters of Flora Mac Ivor and Rose Bradwardine, with the

'——— facies non una,  
Nec diversa tamen'—

which has long been appropriated to that relationship. Minna has all Flora's high-blooded courage, and enthusiasm, and generosity, unchecked and uninformed by her experience and literature, by her knowledge of books and of the world. Brenda differs less from Rose, in accidental features, and more in natural ones. Her education has been nearly the same, but her spirits are higher, her talents weaker, and her feelings less susceptible. She defends her lover boldly and vehemently, but she required strong circumstances to direct her attachment to him, and she is ready to sacrifice him, even while undertaking his defence, if Minna will give up Cleveland. When Flora ridicules Waverley, Rose is silent—but she had given him her affection, she had gone through fatigue and danger to protect him, while he was the avowed lover of another. An alteration in external circumstances alone, would have identified the two former: if Flora had been a Zetlander she would have been Minna. But an alteration in mind would be necessary to make Brenda coincide with Rose. We do not recollect a stronger instance of

our author's talents, of the clearness with which his characters are conceived, and the consistency with which they are developed, than the points of resemblance and dissimilarity in these four exquisite portraits. In ordinary hands they would have been exact imitations of each other, or totally unlike.

Norna is a more palpable copy than any of the preceding characters. She is not, like them, the representative of a class whose existence we might have conjectured *a priori*, but belongs to a race of beings common, enough and more than enough, in our author's pages, but who probably never were, and never will be, found any where else. They are all tall, mysterious females, addicted to declamation and gifted with ubiquity, with strong talents and passions, and disordered imaginations, and without the hopes, or fears, or sympathies of ordinary mortals; who forward the catastrophe by totally different means, and on totally different motives, from those of the other agents in the fable. The first and the best (if we must exclude the Lady of Braxholm Tower) was Meg Merrilies: and even she touched the borders of nature; and all her successors, down to Magdalen Græme, have gone farther and farther in transgressing them. But hitherto they have had a method in their madness—their features have been exaggerated, but they have been imposing and consistent. Norna is a perfect busy-body, and wastes her energy in restlessness and an affectation of activity as undignified and fidgety as that of the Wierd Sister. She seems continually exclaiming

‘I’ll do, and I’ll do, and I’ll do.’

She sends intelligence to the Halcyon of Cleveland’s movements, and then warns him of his danger—hides money under Yellowley’s hearth, that she may hoax him with imaginary wealth, of which her pet dwarf is to deprive him; intrudes into his house to frighten him and show off her power over the winds, breaks in upon the convivial party, and deranges their game of conjuration, in order to alarm them by her prophecies, conceals Mordaunt’s safety from his friends, that they may stare at his reappearance, and plays fifty such charlatan tricks, with no adequate purpose. All this would have done if the character had been avowedly burlesque, but it is intended to be lofty and dignified. She may please our transatlantic brethren, for they have an expression which seems made for her: she is ‘awfully smart;’ but we fear she will be understood by no one to whom the combination of ideas contained in that singular phrase is not familiar.

Cleveland appears to have won prodigiously on our author during the progress of the story, and we do not recollect a stronger instance of the ill effects of parental fondness. His feelings and his conduct on his first appearance are perfectly consistent with his previous

previous history. His miraculous escape impresses him with no awe, the loss of his companions and friends with no regret or compassion. 'The dogs had their pay, and I can afford to pardon them. The boats swamped in the current—all were lost—and here am I,' is his only remark. If he feels any gratitude towards his preserver, it turns, as in a heart of the very worst description it naturally would, to malignant aversion the instant he thinks that he stands in his way. The obligation is a bridle to his resentment against his unconscious rival; but in his impatience of the restraint, 'he could gnaw the curb until his lips were bloody.' His hatred is so vehement that it survives its cause, and he is forced to attribute it to natural dislike, to a principle of instinctive antipathy. The instant that he has in some measure requited his services, he challenges his benefactor, though he knows he has nothing to fear from him as a rival in Minna's heart, insults him the next evening, and soon after stabs him when unarmed and defenceless. He repays the frank hospitality of Magnus Troil, and the unsuspecting confidence of his daughter, by endeavouring to persuade Minna to elope with him to his piratical haunts in the West Indies. Until he quits Burgh Westra, he is what we know a pirate must be,—hard-hearted, selfish, ungrateful and ferocious. And we cannot but suspect that, up to this period, our author had reserved for him a pirate's fate: that he had intended him to adorn the yard arm, or to display in a court of justice, the audacity of his prototype Gow, or to succeed in his threat of 'snapping a pistol in the powder room.' That he should live honourably and die gallantly must, we think, have been an afterthought, for it is only by such a sudden alteration of his destiny, that we can account for his sudden alteration in disposition and conduct. He now feels that 'to avail himself of the enthusiastic error of Minna, would outglare and outweigh all his former sins, were they doubled in weight and in dye.' He feels remorse for having 'turned Bunce from a stroller by land to a rover by sea;' resolves 'to turn an honest man and use his criminal life no longer,' assumes the temporary command of the piratical sloop from mere disinterested generosity, surrenders to Mordaunt, instead of making his escape, with no apparent motive but to atone for his crimes, forgives Bunce, with Quakerlike placability, the ruin he has brought upon him, and bids farewell to Minna, with an acknowledgment of the honour and mercy of his judges, and the hope of being useful to his country. Such are the inconsistencies, the lame and impotent conclusions, into which a writer, with even our author's powers, may be betrayed by haste.

We need add little to the remarks which we have incidentally applied to the remaining characters. Mordaunt is as insipid, and Yellowley and Halcro are as tiresome, as might be anticipated from

their respective parts of hero and bore. The last is our peculiar aversion: perhaps from his resemblance to some of the tolerated small wits whom we have had the misfortune to encounter in blue society: the *τεττιυροσιν εοικότες* of Homer, clamorous, squeaking, and frisking in the full enjoyment of a green old age of emptiness. The pirates are bold and vigorous sketches, and the chain of bullying by which Cleveland secures the affection of Bunce, and Bunce that of Fletcher, is happily imagined, and so is the adherence of the younger part of the crew to Cleveland, and of the weatherbeaten veterans to Goff, notwithstanding his propensity to be 'damned funny,' and run the ship ashore, or shoot his friends under the table, by way of frolic.

The poetry is below our author's standard: Halcro's address to Bet Stimbister, and the song of the Pirates as they bear off Cleveland, 'Fire on the main-top,' &c. are perhaps the best specimens. The latter, short as it is, has infinite spirit. You fancy you hear its triumphant chorus as they gallantly bend to their oars. It is a spark of fire carelessly struck out by a powerful hand—the same perhaps that gave words to the bold Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.

When we think over the work, of which we have given this very inadequate sketch, we must confess that its scenes do not recur to our memory as readily, or as agreeably, as those of most of its predecessors. It is superior, in its characters, to the 'Monastery,' and in its fable to the 'Legend of Montrose,' and, as a whole, perhaps to the 'Antiquary,' and inferior in almost all parts to the others. It would have raised high the fame of an untried author, and has rather lowered that of 'the author of Waverley.'

ART. XIII.—*A Second Dissertation prefixed to the Supplemental Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, exhibiting a General View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Moral and Political Philosophy in Europe, from the Revival of Letters.* By Dugald Stewart, F.R.S. &c. 1821.

THE present is the third occasion, on which we have had an opportunity of delivering our opinions respecting the merits of those views in metaphysical science, which have been embraced by Mr. Stewart. In the execution of this task, which we have never gone out of our way to seek, but which our office naturally imposed upon us, we certainly did not compliment Mr. Stewart with any foolish expressions of unbounded admiration; nor did we affect to approve those principles in speculative philosophy, which belong to that particular school of which he is generally considered as the ostensible head; but we spoke of his talents without disrespect, and urged our reasons for differing from him in opinion, with courtesy



tesy and, as we hoped, with candour. It seems, however, that he was displeased with the freedom of our animadversions; and we can truly say that we have seen it with regret. We collect the fact merely from a short sentence in the Dissertation before us, in which our comments are alluded to, in terms that plainly indicate the kind of impression which they must have made upon his mind; and we notice the passage only in order that we may have an opportunity to explain and apologize.

In our review of the former part of this Dissertation we said, 'that in the plan which Mr. Stewart has adopted, if he has not consulted his *strength*, he has at least consulted his *ease*; for supposing a person to have the requisite talent and information, the task which our author has performed is one which, with the historical abstracts of Buhle or Tenneman, cannot be supposed to have required any laborious meditation.' On this passage Mr. Stewart comments with perfect mildness, but still evidently under the influence of feelings, of which we cannot but be sorry to be the object.

'On the insinuation contained in the foregoing passage I abstain from offering any comment. I have only to say that it is *now* for the first time (summer of 1820) that I have seen the work of Buhle; and that I have never yet had an opportunity of seeing that of Tenneman. From what I have found in the one, and from what I have heard of the other, I am strongly inclined to suspect that when the anonymous critic wrote the above sentence, he was not less ignorant than myself of the works of these two historians. Nor can I refrain from adding (which I do in perfect confidence) that no person competent to judge on such a subject can read with attention this historical sketch, without perceiving that its merits and defects, whatever they may be, are at least all my own.'—*Dissertation*, p. 250.

That we must have expressed ourselves awkwardly and unpleasantly in the passage which has drawn down from Mr. Stewart the remarks which we have just quoted, is sufficiently plain from the tone in which he speaks of it. We have, however, read the passage over both by itself and in conjunction with the context, and we own, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Stewart must have been under the influence of some hastiness of feeling when he extracted from it a sense so perfectly at variance with the general tenour of our criticism, as that which his comment upon it supposes. We certainly meant no *insinuation* of any kind in what we said; and the suggestion that he had been borrowing from Buhle, of all writers in the world, must no doubt have seemed so extravagant, that we can readily excuse Mr. Stewart for insinuating, in his turn, that we never could have seen the work when we preferred, as he imagined, a charge of such utter improbability. That this last

supposition, however, is not true, is in fact a mere matter of accident; for we put down the names of Buhle and Tenneman (respecting which last writer we really do know no more than Mr. Stewart, except that we have seen his work) simply as happening to be the first which occurred in our recollection. What we meant to say was, that a man of Mr. Stewart's abilities and acquirements would only need to take down the book of some such compiler as we had instanced, in order to refresh his memory respecting the names and opinions of writers, and he would be able, without any further research at the moment, or any expense of meditation, to produce such a composition as that which we had then under our eye. This was no compliment to the first Dissertation, nor did we intend it to be such; but it was, we conceive, a personal compliment to Mr. Stewart; for we assumed the 'requisite talent and information' in the writer; and we had before admitted that the work was elegant, spirited and entertaining. All that we can say further is, that if he really did bestow any considerable labour, either of thought or reading, upon the composition of his essay, beyond what we had supposed, such a confession would materially affect the opinion which we entertain of the powers of his mind; and if he did not, as we cannot but suppose he will admit, then we are confident that he is too just, after this explanation, to retain any angry feelings against us, merely because we have said, that with all his merits, he is not without faults as a writer; and that viewing him as a philosopher, we see many reasons to doubt the soundness of his opinions. The several objections which we urged against his conclusions may, no doubt, have been unfounded; but we hope Mr. Stewart will do us the justice to admit (and if he will not we should appeal with confidence to our readers) that our objections were neither captious in themselves nor uncourteously expressed. If in the warmth of composition, or in any momentary interval of forgetfulness, we trespassed upon the respect to which his age and character justly entitle him, all that we can do is, once more to repeat our regret. It is difficult for people to differ widely without appearing to differ warmly; but if metaphysicians, of all the species of philosophers, cannot discuss such abstruse points as commonly form the subject of their disputes, without mutual anger and impatience,—we can only say that they are likely to be very bad company for each other; for there are hardly any two points about which, as the science now stands, they can reasonably be expected to agree.

Having said thus much, however, in vindication of ourselves from an accidental misapprehension, we have no further apologies nor explanations to offer; nor do we feel at all anxious respecting any possible misconceptions for the future. Whatever may be thought

thought by others of the opinions which we have expressed concerning the merit of Mr. Stewart's writings, we have said nothing respecting them which we are at all inclined to disavow. We think now, as we thought formerly, that his works are stamped with the image of an eloquent and elegant mind; and we give him full credit for extensive reading and for the most sincere zeal in the cause of what he believes to be the truth. If we have not formed so high an estimate of his powers of reasoning as some of our readers may probably have formed, we are at the same time perfectly ready to admit, that it is a point respecting which we are very possibly not in a situation to deliver an impartial judgment; for we differ so entirely from Mr. Stewart in his views of metaphysical science in general, that we really feel no difficulty whatever in supposing ourselves to be in error, as to the opinion which we may have formed of his talents in the mere dry work of abstract argument. We are aware that it would in many cases be almost as unjust to measure the ability of a metaphysician by the value of his discoveries, as to calculate the merit of a general solely by the number of his victories. A person, however, must be a very competent judge indeed of the matter in dispute, before he can be expected to form his judgment without any reference to these vulgar standards of opinion; and in the present case, it is so seldom that we feel disposed to adopt the conclusions, or even to allow the premises from which Mr. Stewart systematically reasons, that in a debate merely as to the extent of his genius for metaphysical science, we cannot but see that it seems almost like begging the question, for us even to hazard an opinion.

With respect to the *Dissertation* before us, this second part is, in every respect, so like its predecessor, that we have little more to say about it, than what we ventured to express on a former occasion. As part of a preface to an *Encyclopædia*, or in the more elevated diction of its author, as a 'sketch of the intellectual progress of the species,' we certainly are unable to comprehend the use which is to be made of it. It is so totally without any general views, and it is so impossible to draw from it any distinct and uniform conclusion, that it quite defies all systematic criticism. In saying this we really wish to pass no censure; for the essay before us is probably all that it was intended to be by its author, or even a good deal more; and viewed with reference, not to the reputation of Mr. Stewart, but simply to the purposes for which it was designed, it is undoubtedly a performance of a much higher kind than the public had any right to expect. We are told in the 'Advertisement' that the author's original design (as is well known to his friends) was to comprize in ten or twelve sheets all the preliminary matter which he was to contribute to this 'Supplement.'

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It has now extended to about six times this length; and yet we are informed that he has only discussed *one* of the *three* divisions, under which he had projected to arrange his subject. We cannot but observe, that we think this fact sufficiently justifies all that we had ventured to say of the unpremeditated and desultory manner in which the work must have been prepared. It is in the laying out and arrangement of our thoughts that the laborious part of composition principally consists; the materials are seldom difficult to find; and the value of them, when found, depends, commonly, more upon the quality of the mind in which they were created, than upon the painfulness of the effort by which they were produced.

As Mr. Stewart does not appear to have been guided by any particular rule in determining upon the order in which he has treated his subject, we cannot pretend to follow him step by step from name to name and criticism to criticism. To abridge our author's opinions, spread as they are over such an immense surface, would literally be impossible; and to review them, would often require more room than to repeat them at the entire length with which they are given. That portion of the Dissertation which is now more immediately before us, commences with some observations on the account, which Locke has given, of the origin of our ideas, and of the mistakes into which the French metaphysicians have been led, from not having properly understood his opinion. From Locke Mr. Stewart proceeds to Leibnitz;—Newton, Clarke, Collins are next considered; and after them the opinions of the Hartleian school are examined. From this we are taken to a class of writers who, without having been metaphysicians by profession, contributed nevertheless to the diffusion of a taste for speculative science; such are Bayle, Addison, Fontenelle. Kant and the German metaphysicians come next in order; and the Dissertation closes with a long and not very luminous account of Hume's philosophy, and that of the school which succeeded to him in Scotland. The titles, however, prefixed to Mr. Stewart's chapters, convey but a very imperfect account of the multifarious nature of their contents. The text is illustrated in most places by two, and in many by three *tier* of notes; and there is scarcely a name of any celebrity in modern times but is mentioned either in the body of the text or in the commentaries. As to the critical acumen which is displayed in these rapid sketches, we are in many instances, from ignorance of the writers whose works or opinions are brought under our notice, quite incompetent to venture an opinion. The fault, however, which we should find, judging from those examples that are more familiar to us, is that Mr. Stewart does not always take a sufficiently comprehensive view of the several systems to which he directs our attention. He seems always to take for granted

granted that the reader is acquainted with their general outline, and accordingly seldom does more than merely animadvert upon particular observations. This is remarkably the case in the instance of Locke, of Leibnitz, of Berkeley, and even of Dr. Reid. It would be impossible to divine the general character of the several views in philosophy, of which these writers were respectively the advocates, from any thing which Mr. Stewart says in this Dissertation. The only exception to our remark would perhaps be found in the case of Hume, to whose metaphysical writings he seems to attach a degree of importance which to us is quite incomprehensible. We speak with some confidence as to the justice of what we are now saying, from having ourselves experienced the disappointment which, we are persuaded, every reader will meet with who consults the essay before us for any specific purpose, be that purpose what it may. If there is one subject rather than another respecting which it might have been hoped that full information would have been found, it is on the subject of what may be called the systems of Locke and Dr. Reid. The metaphysical views of most of those who have written upon the science of the human mind in this country, during the last hundred years, may justly be referred to one or other of the schools of which these writers are respectively considered as the head; and yet, in no work, have we ever been able to find what appeared to us a true and satisfactory account of the principles by which their metaphysical systems are distinguished. It was principally in the hope of seeing this point more accurately explained, that we felt any considerable anxiety for the appearance of this second part of Mr. Stewart's Dissertation; and our readers may perhaps remember that, while reviewing the former part, we purposely reserved, until the present occasion, and in this very hope, the examination of the principles of Mr. Locke's philosophy. If Mr. Stewart had contrived his essay on purpose to disappoint us in our expectation, he could not have succeeded more completely; but, however, as we pledged ourselves to our readers to give this subject a more full investigation than we have hitherto had an opportunity of accomplishing, we shall make no apology to Mr. Stewart for omitting all further consideration of the particular merit of the present dissertation, and proceed at once to redeem the promise which we made.

To speak plainly, we are more disappointed than surprized, at the little light which is to be found either in this, or in any of Mr. Stewart's writings, respecting what we consider as the fundamental peculiarity in Locke's views of metaphysics, when compared with those of every other writer with whom we are acquainted. It is a common way of speaking to talk of Locke's theory, of Locke's followers, and of the school which Locke founded; nevertheless if we

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were to ask the greater number of those who make use of these phrases, what the opinions are to which they allude, as constituting Locke's claim to be considered as the founder of a system, we doubt much whether we should often be able to procure such an answer, as would meet the question. And the same remark might be applied to Dr. Reid. People talk very fluently of inductive philosophy and Scottish metaphysics, and seem, no doubt, to understand the signification of these phrases, while they are reading the writings of Mr. Stewart; but were we to inquire what it is that they mean by inductive philosophy, as applied to the study of the human mind, or what are the points of disagreement between the views which were taken of metaphysical science by Dr. Reid, and those which we meet in the Essay upon the Human Understanding, we should soon discover how imperfectly the real character of that new system of philosophy, which passes under the name of the Scotch school, has been apprehended even by those who profess to be in the number of its disciples. The vulgar supposition seems to be, that Dr. Reid's claim to distinction is founded upon the attempt which he made to overturn Locke's system, by refuting the theory of ideas. But be Locke's system what it may, it certainly is totally independent of the particular opinions which he may have embraced respecting the ideal theory. Mr. Stewart is no doubt perfectly aware, that as that theory is usually interpreted, and as it was interpreted by Berkeley and Hume, very few writers, at least in this country, can properly be said to have received it. Locke took the theory as he found it; but in his review of Malebranche he has pointedly and emphatically disavowed that particular interpretation of it against which Dr. Reid directs his attack. It seems to have been a hypothesis respecting which, as a hypothesis, he meant not to deliver any opinion. It was currently received at the time in which he wrote, and served the purpose of his argument as well as any other; but he tells us, nevertheless, repeatedly, that by 'ideas' he only meant to express '*whatever* is the object of the mind when thinking.' This is the definition from which he invariably reasons; and we think it may be safely asserted, that in no instance does he deduce any conclusions, which would not be just as sound upon the supposition of Dr. Reid's theory of perception, as upon that of Plato's phantasms or Aristotle's species.

With respect, indeed, to Hume and Berkeley, the case is different; the ideal hypothesis is, in their writings, the corner-stone of the argument, which being removed, the whole edifice which they reared, proofs, conclusions, premises, and theories, crumbles at once to the ground. On this point, then, the merit of Dr. Reid is clear and unquestionable. His writings have shown satisfactorily that the supposition of ideas, as a medium of thought, is a mere  
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assumption, founded neither upon experience nor reason, nor common sense. Be the merit of this observation, however, what it may; it is of a character too negative to come within the definition of a discovery; at all events, the mere denial of a fact cannot be made what is called, a principle in philosophy. One part, indeed, of Dr. Reid's opinion in the matter of this controversy is, we admit, of a more positive and tangible character: we mean his doctrine respecting the nature of the secondary qualities of matter when considered merely as sensations in the mind. But in order to understand the merit and true bearing of his reasonings upon this subject, it may be useful, perhaps, to premise a few words connected with the history of his opinions.

The great argument by which Malebranche endeavours to disprove the existence of a material world, is deduced not so much from any theory respecting the nature of ideas, as from the manifest fallacies which are imposed by the senses upon our understandings; and with a view to the illustration of this fact, the leading topic in his book upon Truth is, that our senses give us no information respecting the properties of bodies, as they are *in themselves*, but only as they affect our *particular constitution*. This point he fully, and, as we think, most satisfactorily demonstrates, (so far as our knowledge of bodies is founded solely upon *sensation*,) by showing in the instance of every particular sense, but more evidently in that of sight, that our sensations are merely *signs* by which nature instructs us to avoid, among the bodies around us, whatever is hurtful to our constitution, and to seek whatever is necessary to its preservation. In the case of the visible properties of matter, it may be proved, almost to a geometrical demonstration, that the *final cause* of our perceptions is merely, that we may judge of the relative distances of the objects around us; and in like manner, hardness and roughness, smell and taste, are also symbols by which other qualities of bodies are signified to our minds. Why a particular sensation in my mind shall represent to my imagination a property in bodies, to which it cannot possibly bear a real resemblance, any more than the sounds of a language bear a real resemblance to the things for which they stand, is doubtless a secret which it would be just as impossible to divine, as to explain why the properties themselves, of which we are thus admonished, should be noxious or otherwise to a particular frame. But the fact itself is not the less certain on that account; nor ought we to withhold the praise which is justly due to the philosopher by whom it was first observed, because he did not himself at once perceive all its importance. A finer or a more profoundly true remark has never been made by any metaphysician; and we feel singular pleasure in thus attributing the full honour of it to its real



real author, the eloquence and originality of whose writings have never yet been sufficiently appreciated.

It was from that part of Malebranche's argument in which he examines the means by which the eye judges of distance and magnitude in bodies, that Berkeley evidently took the first hint and no small portion of the matter of his 'Theory of Vision;' the only *original* part of which consists in his remarks concerning the confusion which has arisen from not distinguishing properly between tangible and visible dimension. Whether at the time when Dr. Reid published his 'Inquiry' he had ever read the writings of Malebranche, is a point which it is of no importance to determine; but it is quite certain that his explanation of what he calls the 'Theory of Perception,' so far as concerns the *fact*, is in all fundamental respects precisely the same as that of the French philosopher. Dr. Reid does not speak of the 'Theory' as a discovery of his own, except so far as it is connected with his system of 'original instinctive principles;' and, in point of fact, there is no doubt but that the whole of what he says on this subject was originally suggested to his mind from Berkeley's book. The illustrations which he adduces, the analogies by which he supports his argument, in some places almost the very words which he uses, may all be found in the 'New Theory of Vision.' In saying this we have no desire to detract from Dr. Reid's general merits; and we cheerfully admit, that the acuteness with which he seized Berkeley's theory as to the nature of our knowledge respecting the visible and tangible properties of bodies, and turned it against the same writer's own conclusions on the subject of our knowledge in general, intitles him to the highest praise; but still the merit of originality, so far as regards the principle, is unquestionably due solely to Malebranche; but for whose book neither Berkeley's 'Theory' nor Reid's 'Inquiry' would, it is possible, have ever seen the light. Let the praise, however, of Dr. Reid's account of 'Perception' belong to whom it may, there can be no controversy, we think, respecting the truth of the very important fact upon which it is founded, or in which, to speak more properly, it consists. When, indeed, it is added, that the judgments which follow in our minds from the intimations of sense, are produced by a 'principle of human nature, hitherto unnoticed by philosophers,' and which has been given to us by our Maker, for the express purpose of creating a belief in the information of our senses, here we are involving ourselves in quite another question, and one which it will be more convenient to examine hereafter; but all that we are at present concerned to show is, that when we talk of Dr. Reid's philosophy as opposed to Locke's, it is altogether a mistake to imagine, that the point where the difference between them begins is at the opinions

opinions which they respectively maintained concerning the nature of our ideas. There can be no question but that upon this subject the views which Locke entertained were extremely loose and inconsistent; and this probably happened, solely because his object did not properly impose upon him the necessity of either adopting or refuting any particular theory respecting them. Accordingly, a person who has studied the writings of Dr. Reid, will be enabled to correct many phrases and some opinions in the 'Essay upon the Human Understanding,' which are, no doubt, very objectionable; but there is nothing that we remember in the theory of perception, considered by itself, that shakes any general conclusion, or even supersedes the importance of one single chapter of Locke's work. The division, which is made by Locke, of the qualities of bodies into primary and secondary; his account of the operation of the mind in abstraction, in judging, reasoning, remembering; his remarks upon the use and abuse of words; upon the principal causes of the errors into which men are apt to fall, in their speculations upon particular subjects;—these are all just as true and just as valuable to one who takes Reid's account of the origin of our knowledge, as to those who follow the old Cartesian hypothesis. It will, perhaps, be imagined from what we are saying, that all which we suppose Dr. Reid to have effected in metaphysical science, must consist in having worked about the roots of Locke's Essay, or strengthened the foundations upon which it was built; or otherwise, in having completed the edifice which the latter had commenced, by carrying his principles to their full conclusion. Nothing, however, could be farther from our meaning, or farther from the truth; and this will easily be understood when we observe, that if it is meant to institute a comparison between the metaphysical principles which are developed in the Essay upon the Human Understanding, and those which are expressed in that school of philosophy to which Mr. Stewart belongs, it is not to the points from which they start, that the attention should be called, but rather to the opposite directions which they respectively pursue.

The truth is, that although it is usual to class the writings of Locke and Dr. Reid under the same head in philosophy, and to call them both by the name of metaphysics, yet the subjects themselves which they profess to investigate cannot, properly speaking, be considered as the same. If any one should be desirous of satisfying himself as to this point, he will form some idea of what we mean to say, by merely casting his eye over the heads of chapters in Mr. Stewart's 'Elements,' (in which the author speaks of himself as at length beginning to rear the edifice, the foundation of which had been cleared by Dr. Reid,) and comparing it with those in the Essay upon the Human Understanding. In the former, the subjects  
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treated are, 'powers of external perception,' 'abstraction,' 'memory,' 'conception,' 'fancy,' 'imagination:' whereas in Locke's *Essay* the order of inquiry is into 'ideas simple and complex,' 'modes,' 'substances,' 'relations,' and thus, through all the supposed elements of which our thoughts are composed. That is to say, in the latter case, the immediate inquiry is into the *objects* of our consciousness, in the former, to speak scholastically, it is into what may be called the *subjects* of it. The end of metaphysical science, according to Locke, is to investigate the principles of our *knowledge*; according to Reid, the investigation should be into the principles of our *minds*.

Now without expressing any opinion concerning the comparative wisdom of these different views as to the proper ends of metaphysical science, it is sufficient to say, that they are obviously not the same either in themselves, or in the line of reasoning into which they lead, or in the results to which they are directed; and to be convinced of this, we need, indeed, only look to the manner in which Mr. Stewart uniformly expresses himself, when speaking of those effects to which he directs his hopes, as the proper fruits of his inquiries, and compare it with the language employed by Locke.

In the long and eloquent introduction prefixed by Mr. Stewart to the first volume of his elements, he formally states and enforces what he considers to be the proper object to which metaphysical pursuits should be directed, and in subserviency to which they are chiefly valuable. Among a great variety of passages which would equally illustrate the nature of his views, we shall select only a single example; others equally explicit might be quoted, but as his opinion upon this subject seems to be perfectly uniform, it may be as fully represented by one as by a greater number.

'The remarks which have been already made,' he tells us, 'are sufficient to illustrate the dangerous consequences which are likely to result from a partial and injudicious cultivation of the mind; and at the same time to point out the utility of the intellectual philosophy, in enabling us to preserve a proper balance among all its various faculties, principles of action, and capacities of enjoyment. Many additional observations might be added on the tendency which an accurate analysis of its powers might probably have, to suggest rules for their further improvement, and for a more successful application of them to their proper purposes; but this subject I shall not prosecute at present, as the illustration of it is one of the leading objects of the following work. That the memory, the imagination, and the reasoning faculty are to be instantly strengthened, in consequence of our speculations concerning their nature, it would be absurd to suppose; but it is surely far from unreasonable to think, that an acquaintance with the laws which regulate these powers, may suggest some useful rules for their gradual cultivation;

cultivation; for remedying their defects, in the case of individuals; and even for extending those limits which nature seems, at first view, to have assigned them.'—*Elem.* vol. i. p. 30.

It is now considerably more than thirty years since Mr. Stewart wrote the passage which we have here extracted; and it is upwards of sixty years since the publication of Dr. Reid's Inquiry. In the mean while our author has diligently and devotedly applied himself to those researches respecting which he appears, in the morning of his life, to have formed such sanguine hopes and expectations; nor is there any reason to believe, that the analysis of our faculties and of the laws upon which their operations depend, is not at this moment as complete as it will ever be. We pretend not to be very skilful adepts in what is called the 'Philosophy of the Mind,' but yet it may be permitted us to say, that we know of no problems in the science that have been proposed and now remain unsolved; nor have we heard of any regions in the mind that have not been explored and surveyed; and yet no reports have reached us of any discoveries that have been made: no inventions have been introduced for assisting the labours of thought; no cures have been found out for the remedy of the many aberrations to which the human understanding is subject; no processes discovered for the cultivation of the faculties, that are not as familiarly known in our Sunday schools, as at Oxford and Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh and Glasgow.

We trust Mr. Stewart will believe us when we say, that we do not mean these remarks to convey any thing in the nature of a taunt; which would be as foreign to our feelings as it would be disrespectful to his. But we simply mean to state a fact; which is, that the 'Philosophy of Mind,' to use the fashionable phrase, is at this moment precisely in the situation in which it was found, or, at least, in which it was left by Dr. Reid; and the high opinion which we entertain of the talents and acquirements of Mr. Stewart, prevents us from indulging any sanguine expectation, that a study which has produced so little in his hands, will probably be more fruitful in results, when it shall have devolved into the hands of others.

Be the objects, however, which Mr. Stewart professes to pursue as the end of his labours, ever so sober and practical in their own nature, (and no difference of opinion can exist as to their desirableness,) still it will be true that they are not the same as the objects to which Locke directed his thoughts.

'Our business,' this last tells us in the Introduction to his Essay, 'is not to know all things, but those which concern our conduct. If we can find out those measures whereby a rational nature, put in the state in which man is in this world, may and ought to govern his opinions and actions depending thereon, we need not be troubled that some other things escape our knowledge. This was that which gave the first rise

to the *Essay concerning the Understanding*.—For ‘that men extending their inquiries beyond their capacities, and letting their thoughts wander into those depths where they can find no sure footing: it is no wonder that they raise questions and multiply disputes, which, never coming to any clear resolution, are proper only to continue and increase their doubts, and to confirm them at last in perfect scepticism. Whereas, were the capacities of our understandings well considered, the extent of our knowledge once discovered, and the horizon found which sets the bounds between the enlightened and the dark parts of things, between what is and what is not comprehensible by us; men would perhaps with less scruple acquiesce in the avowed ignorance of the one, and discourse with more advantage and satisfaction on the other.’—*Essay, Intro. § 7.*

If we compare these different conceptions, which we have here quoted, of the true end and aim of metaphysical researches, with each other, and consider them only in the abstract, there can be no question, but that the science of ‘preserving a proper balance among all our various faculties, principles of action, and capacities of enjoyment,’ and of ‘extending the limits which nature seems, at first view, to have assigned to our intellectual powers,’ is a much higher and more desirable object than that which Locke proposes. But the proposition, which we are now interested to prove, does not embrace this question; we simply wished to show, that Dr. Reid’s views in science pointed towards a totally different direction from those which are developed in the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*; if any further comparison should be instituted between them, the only ground upon which we would contend for the superiority of the last, would be on that of the greater certainty which it affords, of arriving ultimately at solid and practical results.

In confirmation of this proposition we shall not be reduced to the necessity of reasoning from merely probable conjecture; but may confidently appeal, at once, to the testimony of experience. For let any one compare the state of speculative science since and before the age of Locke’s *Essay*, and he will easily perceive how great a revolution the publication of it has effected, in the character of philosophy. If we take up the writings of Bacon or Boyle, or Descartes or Malebranche, or of any other celebrated authors of the times immediately preceding, scarcely a page will be found in which questions are not proposed, and subjects discussed, which every undergraduate, in the present day, has learned to appreciate and despise; and though some part of this effect may no doubt have resulted from the general progress of knowledge in the world, yet it is difficult to read Locke’s *Essay* and to remember the extensive circulation which it obtained through every part of Europe, without attributing much of this improved state of things to the effects produced by those peculiar principles of metaphysical inquiry, of which

which his book furnished the first, and we may almost add, the last example. What these principles are, we shall proceed shortly to examine; but in the mean time we may be permitted to indulge for a moment our admiration of a work, which we never read or even dip into without improvement. There is scarcely an event of our lives to which we look back with more lively recollection, than to the period when we first read the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*. It still remains in our memory, like an era in the history of our thoughts, from which we seem to date a sort of revolution in the very constitution of our knowledge. For it is not with a view to opinions that the writings of Locke are to be studied; but rather for the sake of witnessing the operation of his mind. There runs through his *Essay* such a vein of precise and admirable reflection; he places his thoughts, right or wrong, in so clear a light; distinguishes and discards all trifling and merely verbal disputes; makes us understand ourselves so unequivocally, in the words which we employ and in the subjects upon which we are meditating; that we know not any work that could be named in which the exercise of thinking may be so safely taken. This is never so strongly felt as when we come to his writings, fresh from the pages of some modern metaphysician. It is like changing the smoky atmosphere of a city for some pure and mountain air; the mind feels as if it were inhaling health from the very thoughts which it breathes; so much singleness and directness and integrity is there about all his opinions; such a contempt for paradox; such superiority to all the little tricks by which the common-place thoughts of common-place minds are trimmed out in the present day; and decked, if we may so express ourselves, in the mere cast-off clothes of real learning and philosophy.

Our present business, however, is not with the character of Locke's writings, considered with reference to the qualities of mind which they display, but with his views and principles of metaphysics. We have shown how materially the *object* at which he aimed in his writings, differs from that of Dr. Reid's philosophy; our readers will therefore of course be prepared to find that the *method* which he pursued for the accomplishment of what he appears to have regarded as the true end of metaphysical science, differs as widely from the method pursued by the Scottish philosopher and his disciples, as do the ends themselves which, if our explanation of the matter be admitted, they were respectively pursuing.

'My purpose being,' says Locke, to 'inquire into the original certainty and extent of human knowledge, together with the grounds and decrees of belief, opinion and assent; I shall not at present meddle with the physical consideration of the mind:—It shall suffice to my present purpose, to consider the discerning faculties of a man as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with.'

It was in this respect, that the study which Locke was recommending differs from what is properly called logic. In this last, the end proposed is merely to lay down the laws and explain the forms of reasoning, with a view to a demonstration of the principle, upon which the certainty of the *conclusion* depends. Now it is to the principles upon which the certainty of the *premises* depends, that our attention is altogether directed in the Essay upon the Human Understanding. A very little reflection will easily satisfy us, that not only ought this last inquiry to take precedence of the other, but that it is in every respect one of infinitely greater importance. For if we were to examine into the grounds of the various errors which have at different periods obtained general credit in the world, we should find, probably with scarcely any exception, that the great and leading source of all the mistakes that have been made, has originated not in false deductions but in false assumptions.

So far as Locke's views are confined to this single object, (which manifestly forms the great and important feature of his Essay,) we are not aware of any fault that can be found with the manner in which he has executed his task. He begins with telling us, that as it is his intention to consider the discerning faculties of a man, 'as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with,' it is necessary, in the first place, to state what he conceives these 'objects' to be. By the *objects* of our faculties, he understands what is generally expressed by the word 'idea'; and before he proceeds to enter upon his argument, he formally explains both his reason for the frequent use of the term, and also the meaning, which he attaches to it. 'It being that term, which, I think, seems best to stand for *whatsoever* is the object of the understanding when a man thinks: I have used it to express whatever is meant by phantasm, notion, species, or *whatever* it is, that the mind can be employed about in thinking.' *Intro.* §. 8.

Having thus stated his subject, the first point which he considers is the '*origin* of our ideas.' He next proceeds to examine them 'considered with regard to their *objects*,' and lastly 'with regard to their *qualities*.' As our only wish, at present, is to point out to the attention of our readers, the method which Locke pursued, it is not here necessary to enter further into a more minute analysis of the arrangement which he adopted. We may, however, take the opportunity to observe, that however complete and judicious his method of treating his subject may have been, viewing his Essay merely with reference to *dialectics*, yet if we examine his arrangement in the light of an attempt to give a *theory of human knowledge*;—which we suspect to have been the view which he himself had formed of his subject, and which in fact it ought to have been, if considered with reference to *metaphysics*;—it is plain that the mode in which he has treated

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the matter is altogether faulty, and about as unphilosophical as it well could be: and it is really astonishing to observe the number of mistakes, into which his successors have been led from ignorance of the defect, which, in this point, runs through the whole of the second book. He considers our ideas, 1st. as they originate in sensation or in reflection; 2d, as they are simple or complex; 3d, as they are clear or obscure—adequate or inadequate. Now it is obvious that it throws no more light upon the difference which exists between our idea of 'gold,' and that of 'volition,' to say, that the former is an idea originating in sensation, and the latter in reflection, than would be thrown upon the difference between copper and gold, if a chemist should say that the latter is found in South America, and the former in Wales. These are facts which it may be expedient, and even necessary to state; but they convey not the slightest information as to the nature of the objects themselves. Again: what should we think of a system of chemistry, in which metallic substances were classed under the same head with acids or gases, merely because they are alike incapable of analysis, and cannot be resolved into any simpler elements? And yet these substances are not at all more dissimilar from each other in physics, than are the ideas of *green*, and of *memory*, for example; which Locke classes together in metaphysics, merely because they are both of them what he calls *simple ideas*, that is to say, ideas, the knowledge of which cannot be conveyed by definition. It is perfectly plain that such a classification as this, is founded upon no principle of philosophical arrangement; the ground of distinction is here totally independent of the nature of the objects themselves; and depends upon an accidental point of agreement among them, in a matter of fact, which has nothing whatever to do with their real differences. And the same remark will apply still more evidently to the third head under which he considers our ideas; we mean with regard to their *qualities*. Adequate and inadequate, perfect and imperfect, clear and obscure, as applied to our conceptions of things, are like such words, as large and small, near or distant, quick or slow, as applied to things themselves. They are attributes which may belong to the most dissimilar objects; and therefore can never serve to any useful purpose, as a means of distinguishing things among each other. It may be highly necessary to know whether our ideas, in any instance, be clear or obscure, perfect or imperfect; and nothing may be more desirable than to be possessed of rules, by which we may ascertain the point. All we mean to say is, that the determination of the question involves no metaphysical truth; and however admirable and valuable Locke's remarks may be, in this part of his Essay, yet they furnish no materials whatever for a philosophical delineation of our knowledge. It is upon the third and fourth books that the great and durable merit

of Locke's fame will be found to rest; but these books manifestly contain the rules, by which the understanding ought to be guided in matters of abstract speculation; the truths with which they abound are, for the most part, altogether practical and belong more properly to the Art of Thinking than to the Science of Metaphysics. The positive contributions which were furnished by Locke to the previous amount of our knowledge, in this department of philosophy, cannot we think be rated very highly; the services which he rendered to the cause were those of an adviser and counsellor rather than of an actual discoverer. He pointed out the erroneous maxims by which former philosophers had been misled, and indicated the proper field in which their future researches ought to be prosecuted; and though he made no progress himself, or at least none that is at all commensurate with common opinion, and does not even appear to have formed a very exact conception of the precise subject of inquiry; yet he showed the road which those who come after him ought to pursue; and left behind him a system of rules for the direction of their conduct, containing more wisdom and good sense than are perhaps to be found, in any single composition, which the wit of man has yet produced.

At this point then it is, that our difference with Dr. Reid commences. Whatever may have been the particular errors that are to be found in the Essay upon the Human Understanding, yet we feel confident that the *method* of inquiry which is there suggested, is the true and proper method, by which all our metaphysical inquiries ought to be conducted. This, of course, is a point which, in an argument with Mr. Stewart, we cannot have any right to assume; nor is it one which can easily be demonstrated antecedently to actual experience. We cannot, it must be admitted, speak very boastingly of the fruits which have, as yet, been reaped in metaphysics by Locke's professed disciples; but if the manifest unsoundness of the plans which have been hitherto substituted for his, afford any presumption in his favour, we feel inclined to think, that the argument may be used with complete success, as far, at least, as regards the particular principles of Dr. Reid.

The corner-stone of Dr. Reid's metaphysical opinions, as distinguished from those of Locke, and indeed, as we shall show, from those of every philosopher of any note, who had ever written upon the subject, consists in the supposition that the mind is composed of certain simple and uncompounded faculties, distinct from the mind itself and equally distinguishable from each other, not merely in their operations, but, if we may so express ourselves, in their causes. Agreeably to this view, he seems to conceive that the work, which the metaphysician has to perform, is to watch the secret processes which take place within his mind when he exerts his faculties,

faculties, and to note down whatever facts the phenomena present. In short, that metaphysics is only another branch of natural philosophy; and subject to the same rules of experimental induction as Bacon directed to be used in physics. We cannot pretend to say that we very clearly comprehend the manner in which this is to be done; nor are we, in point of fact, able to attach any very precise meaning to much of the phraseology, which characterizes all the writings that proceed from Dr. Reid's school in philosophy. The words 'intellectual processes,' 'laws of mind,' 'mental phenomena,' 'inductive reasoning,' and a whole class of expressions of a similar character, are, to our apprehension, either so utterly unintelligible, as applied to the subject of the mind, or else mean something so exceedingly trite and obvious, that we are always fearful of falling into some involuntary misrepresentation whenever we talk upon the subject; and are therefore desirous of warning our readers to distrust our explanation of the philosophy in question, and rather to put their own interpretation upon the following statement, which is to be found in the writings of Mr. Stewart, and which contains a more formal declaration of his opinion, as to the proper aim of metaphysical inquiry, than any single passage that we could, at the present moment, produce.

'It would probably contribute much to accelerate the progress of the philosophy of mind, if a distinct explanation were given of its nature and object; and if some general rules were laid down with respect to the proper method of conducting the study of it. To this subject, however, which is of sufficient extent to furnish matter for a separate work, I cannot attempt to do justice at present; and shall therefore confine myself to the illustration of a few fundamental principles, which it will be of essential importance for us to keep in view in the following inquiries.

'Upon a slight attention to the operation of our own minds, they appear to be so complicated and so infinitely diversified that it seems to be impossible to reduce them to any general laws. In consequence, however, of a more accurate examination the prospect clears up; and the phenomena which appeared at first to be too various for our comprehension, are found to be the result of a comparatively small number of simple and uncompounded faculties, or of simple and uncompounded principles of action. These faculties and principles are the general laws of our constitution, and hold the same place in the philosophy of mind, that the general laws we investigate in physics hold in that branch of science. In both cases the laws which nature has established are to be investigated only by an examination of facts; and in both cases a knowledge of these laws leads to an explanation of an infinite number of phenomena.

'In the investigation of physical laws, it is well known that our inquiries must always terminate in some general fact of which no account can be given but that such is the constitution of nature. The case is

exactly the same in the philosophy of mind. When we have once ascertained a general fact, such as the various laws which regulate the association of ideas, or the dependance of memory on that effort of mind which we call Attention, it is all we ought to aim at in this branch of science.—vol. i. p. 11.

Now, if we were disposed to take an unfair advantage of the explanation which is here given of Dr. Reid's notion of 'the philosophy of mind,' we might, perhaps, call the observation of our readers to the seriousness with which we are here told that when a philosopher has ascertained such facts 'as the dependance of Memory on that effort of mind we call Attention,' all we ought to aim at in this branch of science is accomplished. That all the discoveries which have hitherto been made by what Mr. Stewart would call the *inductive principles of metaphysics*, amount to nothing more than a mere naked enunciation of some such familiar facts, is, we think, an opinion that can hardly be disputed. But this may be the fault, it will perhaps be said, of the unskilful manner in which the subject has hitherto been managed. We possibly might have been of the same opinion, had Mr. Stewart been an ordinary man; but as it is, we suspect that we must look somewhat deeper for the cause; and this we think it will not be difficult to find without casting any imputation upon the talents or zeal of the accomplished author whose name is at present more immediately before us; and whose writings we consider as being the principal occasion of whatever reputation the philosophy of Dr. Reid continues to enjoy.

We are told in the passage, which we just now extracted, that all the various intellectual operations which strike, at first, as being so complicated and various, 'are found to be the result of a comparatively small number of simple and uncompounded faculties,' and that 'these simple and uncompounded faculties,' are the 'general laws of our constitution, and hold the same place in the philosophy of mind, that the general laws we investigate in physics hold in that branch of science.' With respect to the theory of mind which is developed in the above quotation, we cannot speak very confidently about it; because we are by no means sure that we fully comprehend the proposition which it contains. In what sense memory, or the act of thinking upon something which happened to us yesterday, can be called a *law* of the mind, we do not immediately understand. It is indeed a law of the memory, that *we cannot remember what we do not attend to*; but memory itself is a *property* of the mind, and not a *law* of it; and as nothing can be more distinct in physics, that an inquiry into the properties of any substance, and an inquiry into the laws upon which the action of those properties depends; so one should have thought that a distinction ought to have been drawn between 'the simple and uncompounded faculties'

faculties' of which the mind *consists*, and the particular circumstances, by which the exercise of those simple and uncompounded faculties is *regulated*. These, however, and a multitude of difficulties of the same nature which we could easily point out, we must leave the disciples of Dr. Reid to settle among themselves: we ask him for a proof of the fact itself, which is assumed in every page of his work; and upon which alone his total departure from the principles of Locke, respecting the proper and legitimate aim of metaphysical science, can for one moment be maintained.

Locke had told us, that the true end of metaphysics is 'to consider the discerning faculties of men, *as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with*;' Reid tells us that metaphysics may 'be truly called an *analysis of the human faculties*; and till this is performed, it is in vain to expect any just *system* of the mind; that is, an enumeration of the original powers and laws of our constitution, and an explication from them of the various phenomena of human nature.'—*Inquiry*, p. 11.

Here then it might reasonably be expected, that the real and substantial existence of these 'simple and uncompounded faculties which it is the peculiar province of philosophy to analyse' should be a matter, that either had never been supposed to admit of any controversy, or else, that it had at least been regularly discussed and satisfactorily demonstrated. Our readers, however, will perhaps be surprized to hear the fact. So far is it from being true that the theory of the mind, which Dr. Reid assumes, is a point which no person had dared to dispute, that there is hardly a metaphysician of any celebrity, who has not thought it necessary to warn his readers against the false notion, or, as they conceived it to be, the vulgar error, upon which the whole of his philosophy, considering it as a *system*, is entirely built. And what is stranger still, with the works of these very metaphysicians in their hands, they have proceeded to take their principles for granted, and to construct the most important speculations solely upon the facts so assumed, without so much as either attempting to adduce the necessary proofs, or even allowing a hint to transpire, that their premises had on any occasion been called in question.

We had always been accustomed to consider this false slip which is made by Dr. Reid, at the very threshold of his philosophy, as an instance of extraordinary inadvertency; and on the occasion of reviewing Mr. Stewart's second volume, we took the opportunity of pointing out to him, the peculiar difficulties to which the supposition so gratuitously embraced by him, was manifestly exposed: showing at the same time, from the nature of things, that whether the theory in question were true or false, it never could be demonstrated, and consequently was, at all events, a most improper foundation,

dation, on which to build a school of systematic philosophy. It appears, however, from a note in the Dissertation before us, that in ascribing the silence of Dr. Reid and of his zealous disciple, to mere negligence on their part, we were misinformed as to the fact. In a note to the Dissertation before us, Mr. Stewart produces a passage from the writings of Addison, in which the doctrine that we had asserted and attempted to establish by proof, is clearly laid down. It is as follows. 'Although we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself; since it is the *whole* soul that remembers, understands, wills or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves, on such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.' In another part of the same paper Addison observes, that 'what we call the faculties of the soul, are only different ways or modes in which the soul can exert herself.'

This remark might almost seem to have been borrowed from Crousaz; whose book, judging from the similarity of expression, was possibly in the hands of Addison when he was writing this paper. 'On se tromperoit grossièrement (says this old and intelligent writer), si on prenoit occasion de ces noms, Entendement, Sens, Imagination, de supposer dans l'âme trois facultés distinctes une de l'autre, comme le sont les pieds d'avec les mains et la poitrine. C'est la même âme, la même pensée qui pense en trois manières différentes.' In the Art de Penser, which is attributed by Mr. Stewart to the celebrated Arnauld, this error (if we may be allowed so to call it) is adduced, as an example of the sophism termed *non causa pro causâ*. 'Quand nous voyons un effet dont la cause nous est inconnue, nous nous imaginons l'avoir découverte lorsque nous avons joint à cet effet un mot général de *vertu* ou de *faculté*, qui ne forme dans notre esprit aucune autre idée, sinon que cet effet a quelque cause, ce que nous savions bien avant d'avoir trouvé ce mot.' The reader on this subject may also consult Malebranche, vol. ii. p. 129.—vol. iii. 99. and Berkeley, Principles of Human Knowledge, § 143. But no writer has expressed himself more positively to the purpose of what we are now considering, than Locke himself, who has devoted several sections in his chapter upon Power, to the exposition of the vague and improper manner in which the word *faculty*, as applied to the mind, has commonly been used. Mr. Stewart refers to Locke's observations on the same subject, and we wish he had extracted the passage itself, to which he directs his reader. 'The introducing into discourses,' says Locke, 'with the name of faculties, a notion of their operating, has, I suppose, as little advanced our knowledge in this part of our-

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selves, as the great use and invention of the like use of faculties, or the operations of the body, has advanced us in the knowledge of physic. Not that I deny there are faculties both in body and mind: they both of them have their powers of operating, else neither the one nor the other could operate. Nor do I deny that these words and the like, are to have their place in the common use of languages that have made them current. It looks like too much affectation wholly to lay them by: and philosophy itself, though it likes not a gaudy dress, yet when it appears in public, must have so much complacency, as to be clothed in the ordinary fashion and language of the country, so far as it can consist with truth and perspicuity. But the fault has been, that faculties have been spoken of and represented as so many distinct agents.—*Essay*, book ii. ch. 21. § 20. The reader may also consult §§ 6. 16, 17, 18, 19. of the same chapter.

Mr. Stewart introduces the quotation from Addison, which we alluded to above, with the following observation, which we have read over till we know it by heart; and must take the liberty of saying, that a passage better calculated (though unintentionally we doubt not) to mislead the reader, or at least to leave him in the dark, as to the sentiment which the writer means to avow and acknowledge, could not easily have been devised, had it been purposely so contrived. 'I quote the following passage,' says our author, 'from Addison, *not* as a specimen of his metaphysical acumen, but as a proof of his good sense in divining and obviating a difficulty, which I believe most persons will acknowledge, occurred to themselves when they first entered upon metaphysical studies.' p. 99. Now when Mr. Stewart describes the remark which he quotes from Addison, as having *obviated* the difficulty in question, are we to understand that he agrees with those whose opinions Addison was repeating, in supposing the word *faculty* to be a mere phrase invented for the convenience of language,—for that is the solution of the difficulty which Mr. Stewart praises? or are we to understand that he regards the word, as signifying some more real and substantial distinction in the nature of our mental powers, as his language in all his other writings unequivocally declare? From the praise which he bestows upon Addison's 'good sense' on the occasion before us, we are naturally led to suppose that he agrees with him in opinion; but when he adds, that the difficulty which Addison obviated, is one which only occurs to us at our '*first entrance* upon metaphysical studies,' we are naturally led to conclude, that the opinion which he really intends to acknowledge, is that which he afterwards decided to embrace; and which consists, as we before said, in the supposition, that the operations of the understanding are carried on by a certain number 'of simple and un compounded



uncompounded faculties,' distinct not only from each other, but from the mind itself; and the analysis of which is to be effected by the same logical rules of induction, as have been found so successful in the case of physics.

Now that this last is truly the opinion of Mr. Stewart, will not, we hope, be questioned. To suppose that when he and Dr. Reid speak of memory, imagination, volition, and other operations, as 'original principles,' 'simple and uncompounded faculties,' 'ultimate laws,' and so on, in our constitution, they meant to say that these words only represent different *actions* of one and the same principle, this surely would be at once to say, that the whole theory of their philosophy is founded merely upon a peculiarity in the use of language. Both Mr. Stewart and Dr. Reid uniformly speak of these faculties as 'the *subjects* of our consciousness,' which it is plain they would not be, if they were mere *acts* of the mind, for then they would be the *objects* of it. Besides, how are we to reconcile such phrases as the following, which abound in every page and almost every line of their respective writings?

'Of the various powers and faculties we possess, there are some which nature seems *both to have planted and reared*;'—'there are other powers of which nature has only planted the *seeds* in our minds;'—'reflection, the only *instrument* by which we can discern the powers of the mind, comes too late to observe the progress of nature, in raising them from their *infancy* to *perfection*.' These passages we take at random from a mere casual inspection of the first half dozen pages of Reid's 'Inquiry.' Let the reader only substitute for the words 'powers' and 'faculties' in the above passages, the words 'actions' or 'operations,' and he will then at once perceive, whether Dr. Reid can have used these several words as synonymous phrases. So also Mr. Stewart talks 'of a cautious circumspection, in *conducting our intellectual processes*,' lest the words we make use of should '*awaken* the powers of conception and imagination;' and tells us to defer the study of logic, 'till the faculty of reflection, (the last which *unfolds* itself) begins to *solicit its appropriate nourishment*.' His theory of dreaming is founded upon the hypothesis that there are some faculties which are subject to the faculty of volition, and some over which volition has no controul: and it is by the anarchy occasioned in consequence of these last being awake while the mind itself is at rest, that he explains the phenomena.

But it is useless to accumulate proofs of our author's opinions on this subject; nor indeed should we have thought it necessary to produce the above passages and instances, except from the somewhat ominous ambiguity of the passage which we quoted above. If Mr. Stewart should be disposed to enter into any explanation  
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tending to qualify the language which he has hitherto adopted, when speaking upon the subject of the intellectual faculties, or even to recal any opinions which, upon further consideration, he may have seen reason to change; this will, of course, be no imputation upon his talents; on the contrary, it ought rather to raise than to lower the high reputation which he enjoys: but we must, nevertheless, take the liberty of warning him, that the slightest deviation from Dr. Reid's hypothesis, respecting the theory of our intellectual operations, involves the safety of his whole system.—If all that we know of the operations of the mind, is simply that we are conscious of performing certain *acts*; and if all that we know of these acts of the mind (as Dr. Reid will probably be the last person to dispute) is from reflection upon the nature of the ideas which it perceives, of course it will follow, that the true method of study in this branch of science is that which was pointed out by Locke. On this supposition, it will be in a survey of human knowledge, in an analysis of the relation in which our different opinions stand to each other, with reference to the grounds on which they are built, the degrees of assent to which they are entitled, and to other considerations of the same nature, that the science of metaphysics truly and properly consists: in short, it is to a philosophical account of the various *objects* of our consciousness, that we must look, if we mean to make any discoveries or improvements in this department of knowledge. But on the other hand, if that which we call the mind is a complex principle and formed of the union of a certain number of simple and uncompounded faculties, which are made known to us by consciousness, so that the only account which we can give of the distinctions among our ideas (viewing them as metaphysical abstractions) is, that they are respectively the *occasions* on which our several faculties are exercised; (for this is Mr. Stewart's language;) and the *origin* of them, in each particular case, only the *first* occasion of the corresponding power being brought into operation;—in this case, of course, if we wish to look into our minds, or even to arrive at any fixed knowledge concerning the nature of our ideas, it is plainly to the 'subjects of our consciousness,' (as our faculties are distinctly asserted to be) that we must, in the first place, direct our attention. It is, as Dr. Reid says, 'in an enumeration of the original powers and laws of our constitution, and an explication *from them*, of the various phenomena of human nature,' that the science of metaphysics will consist upon this hypothesis; and viewing his subject in this light, he is quite justified in considering it, as he always does; as only another branch of natural philosophy; and directing us to apply to the investigation of it, the same rules of analysis,

analysis, as were recommended by Bacon, in the investigation of physical science.

Now whether we infer the nature of our faculties from the nature of the objects about which the understanding is conversant, as Locke attempted, or, in imitation of Dr. Reid, attempt to deduce the nature of the objects of the understanding, from a consideration of the nature of our faculties, this may, perhaps, seem only like taking up the rope at different ends. And as to the question, whether the operations of the mind, as memory, conception, abstraction, are performed by one and the same simple and uncompounded principle, or by many, it would seem at first sight to be a matter of still less importance. But however near these two explanations of the intellectual functions may lie together, they are manifestly quite distinct in themselves; and when we come to draw conclusions, and propose theories, and correct errors, and construct systems—the difference between them soon becomes very apparent. However close two persons, holding these opinions may be together when they set off, yet, if they begin to follow up their principles, and pursue them to their conclusions, they will quickly find themselves at opposite points of the compass. And if we may judge from the experience which is furnished us by the examples of Locke, and those of Dr. Reid and Mr. Stewart, we should say, that, while the one philosopher would be found at the close of his researches, making a survey of human opinions—examining their foundations—weighing their evidence—correcting their errors;—the other would be employed in inventing definitions—balancing phrases—puzzling himself about names—devoting himself, in short, precisely to that very occupation, from which it was the great object of the *Essay upon the Human Understanding* to recal us.

For let any person take up for a moment the writings of Dr. Reid, and, we are unwillingly compelled to add, of his able disciple, whose works are more immediately under our consideration:—what is, in fact, the subject of them? It is not that they pretend to have discovered any *new* functions in the mind; nor that they can throw any light upon the nature of those that are already known, beyond what was familiarly understood by their predecessors;—but the discussion is, whether such or such an operation (the *existence* of which is, of course, known as familiarly to the clown as to the philosopher) is to be *called* by this name or that. Whether, for example, when we speak of any particular idea, we should call it an act of Memory or of Conception; whether the word *imagination* signifies several acts of the mind, or only one single operation;—whether our belief in this or that fact is to be distinguished by this or that name, and what is the sense in which such or such  
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a word is used by the best writers? In all these instances, there is seldom any discussion as to the things themselves: whether we agree with Mr. Stewart or Dr. Reid in their opinions of the distinction between Memory and Conception; and of the nature of Fancy as compared with Imagination; the only consequence will be, a difference as to the use of terms: as to any essential difference that they have pointed out, among the operations of these or any other faculties, beyond what was known before, or any light which they have thrown upon the laws on which the exercise of them depends, we cannot, at the present moment, call to our recollection an instance in which this has even been attempted. Nor, perhaps, need this occasion surprize. These 'simple and uncompounded faculties,' (if we may believe Locke) have no existence in the nature of things, but only in the fictions of language; and therefore, of course, whatever discussion may be raised concerning them, can only exist, as to the propriety of terms. 'For faculty, ability, and power, are but different names of the same things; which ways of speaking, when put into intelligible words, will, I think, amount to thus much: that digestion is performed by something that is able to digest, motion by something able to move, and understanding by something able to understand.'—*Locke's Essay*, vol. i. p. 23.

In the remarks which we have hitherto been making, our attention has been confined to what we have been accustomed to consider as the fundamental distinction of Dr. Reid's philosophy, viewing it as a system. His opinions concerning the nature of our belief in the existence of a material world; in the permanency of the laws of nature; and in various other truths of a similar character,—which, we believe, are what is commonly meant, when people speak of Dr. Reid as the founder of a school in metaphysics,—these we consider, not as the principles upon which his system is built, but rather as doctrines which grow out of it. This is perhaps not historically true;—for in point of fact, we imagine, that the theory of Dr. Reid, respecting the nature of the mind and the proper objects of metaphysical inquiry, was invented in consequence of the conclusions to which he had arrived concerning what he calls 'our instinctive principles of belief,' and by no means preceded these last;—it is, however, if we may so distinguish, metaphysically true: for if all that we know of the nature of the understanding is from what we are able to collect concerning the nature of the objects about which it is conversant; then the question is not by what faculty we perceive this or that idea, but to what denomination in philosophy it is, that the idea belongs. It is the same with respect to our belief: if all the functions of the mind are only different operations of one and the same principle within us, the question here likewise is, not whether our belief, in any particular truth,

truth, originates in this or that source of opinion, call it instinct, or reason, or by any other name, but to what class of truths it belongs, and what is the degree and kind of assent to which it is entitled? Whether the mind be a complex principle, compounded like material substances of independent properties, which it is the business of philosophy to decompose and resolve into the respective elements upon which they depend;—or whether it be one single, simple, uncompounded and immortal principle, unsusceptible of analysis, and indivisible even in idea;—these are hypotheses which metaphysicians may respectively embrace, according as they see reason. We cannot, however, doubt but that they must necessarily lead to very different views, as to the proper business of speculative science, and conduct to very different conclusions. Meanwhile, all we wish is, that when people embrace these views of Dr. Reid's philosophy, and talk of the mind as consisting of *distinct faculties* and *original principles*, and recommend us to watch our *intellectual processes*, and attend to the *subjects of our consciousness*, and apply the *Baconian logic* to the investigation of the philosophy of mind,—they would bear in mind that these phrases plainly involve an important hypothesis, and one which, if it be not true, ought surely not to be lightly admitted. If, indeed, these phrases are mere metaphors and forms of expression adopted for the sake of convenience, or in accommodation to the prevailing custom; in that case we have nothing to say, except that a system of philosophy which is built upon mere verbal distinctions may be very harmless, possibly, but it is certainly most unlikely to be productive of any benefit to mankind; and the sooner it is laid aside the better.

We might here, perhaps, not without advantage, conclude our observations upon the subject of Dr. Reid's philosophy. But the question relating to the grounds of our belief in the existence of a material world, and in some other facts of the same class, is so closely connected with many of his speculations, and has indeed formed so fruitful a subject of discussion among metaphysicians in almost every age, that a few remarks upon this part of his writings will probably be not unacceptable to our readers.

It is clear to any one who will consider for a moment the opinions and judgments which are formed by the mind, that they naturally arrange themselves into certain classes, which, although they may possess a character in common with respect to the universal assent of mankind, are yet plainly distinguished from each other, in almost every other point. The judgment which we form in a matter of abstract truth, is as different from that which we pronounce upon some particular fact—and this again, is as distinct from the judgment which we form in a matter of feeling, as we can easily conceive

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any three things to be. What it is, in which our knowledge respectively consists, when we are reasoning from premises which resolve themselves into any of these principles of belief, is a point respecting which there may be a difference of opinion; but whoever will take the trouble of examining the various theories of philosophers, from Pythagoras down to Kant, will, we think, find that the attempt to reduce all these classes of opinions to some one general standard of universal truth, is a key to almost all the disputes by which the world has been divided, either in ancient or modern times. That this attempt is perfectly impracticable seems tolerably evident from facts. Philosophers are at this day no nearer to the solution of the problem, than they were in the days of Plato; and in the mean time, the extravagant conclusions, the utterly wild and visionary theories, to which the prosecution of the subject has given rise, may be considered as the strongest possible presumption that the attempt itself must have been founded in some radical misconception of the true objects of philosophy.

It would be a task no less curious than instructive, to trace the influence of this notion (as it easily might be traced) through the opinions of all the various schools of metaphysical speculation, from the present day, up to the very origin of such disquisitions; but this would lead us far beyond the limits which we must impose upon ourselves. It will be sufficient for our present purpose, to illustrate the truth of the observation which we have just made, in the instance of the particular discussion that gave rise to the writings of Dr. Reid, relative to the grounds of our belief in the evidence of our senses.

Now it ought to be premised, as a point very necessary to be borne in mind, that in this discussion there is no controversy on the question of fact. No philosopher has disputed, but that mankind do actually believe in the permanent and independent existence of a material world: of course the only question can be, as to the grounds of this belief. These, it has been said, cannot be traced up to any truth with which our reason acquaints us, but solely to certain impressions upon the mind, for which we are confessedly indebted only to the blind perceptions of mere sense. When we assert the reality of some external and permanent cause of these perceptions, which is independent of our minds, and continues to exist when we have ceased to perceive it, we are plainly here stating a *proposition*, and one, the truth of which, mere sense cannot possibly assure us; and the question is, whether the inference which it supposes, is drawn by reason? If we answer in the affirmative, we are asked for our proof; and if we cannot give one, what intelligible ground of belief then remains by which the opinion of mankind can be supported? Dr. Reid, indeed, admits that no *reason*, nor, in fact,

any 'other principle hitherto noticed by philosophers,' 'can be produced for our belief in the existence of an external world;' but he tells us that the source of it must be sought in an 'original instinctive principle of our constitution,' implanted in us for this express and exclusive purpose, and of which he pretends not to give any other account, except that such is the law of our nature, and that none but philosophers have ever dreamed of doubting its authority.

Now it is perfectly plain, that however satisfactory this method of cutting the knot may be to the great majority of mankind, who, as Dr. Reid justly observes, never dream of questioning the evidence of their senses, or more properly never give themselves any trouble about the matter; yet as addressed by one philosopher to another, it is surely rather a magisterial mode of settling the discussion. *Qui stultis eruditi esse volunt*, says Quintilian, *eruditus stulti videntur*. If Dr. Reid wrote simply that he might persuade the vulgar not to doubt concerning the reality of the things around them, he might, we think, have spared himself the pains; and if he wrote for the edification of philosophers, it is not easy to perceive in what respect they are the wiser for being told, that the belief in question is founded upon an *original* instinct. Supposing we are to depend upon mere instinctive principles for the vindication of our belief, one instinctive principle is as good a ground of faith as another; and if it be really true that no *reason* can be given for it, it would seem to be a matter of indifference, so far as the question of the existence of a material world is concerned, whether this instinctive principle be called sensation or perception, or is hereafter to be known by some other appellation. The real force of the objection has nothing to do with the ideal or any other hypothesis; it results from the supposition that the existence of matter cannot be proved from *reason*; and the affirmation of this very fact is part of the proof of Dr. Reid's theory.

To talk, therefore, of Dr. Reid, as if his writings had opposed a barrier to the prevalence of sceptical philosophy, is an evident mistake. Dr. Reid successfully refuted the principles by which Berkeley and Hume endeavoured to establish their conclusions; but the conclusions themselves, he himself adopted as the very premises from which he reasons. The impossibility of proving the existence of a material world 'from reason, or experience, or instruction, or habit, or any other principle hitherto noticed by philosophers,' is precisely the argument, and the *only* argument, by which he endeavours to force upon us his theory of instinctive principles; and although his philosophy, as he explains it, is certainly far removed from what is called sceptical; and in fact comes altogether under the denomination of dogmatical (using the words according to their

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technical signification;) yet we must confess, that the grounds upon which he places the question seem on that account only to be the more alarming.

We have no right, however, to reject a demonstration merely because it leads to consequences which are not pleasant. If, indeed, Dr. Reid has proved, that our belief in the evidence of our senses, can be explained upon no 'principle of human nature hitherto noticed by philosophers,' it is, of course, a waste of time to investigate the *truth* of the information which they afford; because that can only be determined by reason, and reason is excluded from the debate by the terms of the proposition. This is a doctrine which, in some respects, is doubtless sufficiently uncomfortable; but it clearly involves no absurdity; and consequently is intitled to a free and candid examination. Still, however, it is a doctrine which is not to be admitted with the same facility as if it merely concerned a question in geometry. Where the conclusions to which it leads would end it is, perhaps, not easy to foresee; but in order to show how extremely important the consequences are, which this part of Dr. Reid's philosophy involves, we might instance the case of that particular instinct upon which he dwells with so much emphasis, as the ground of our belief in the continuance of the laws of nature.

Mr. Stewart says, in the Dissertation before us, that this 'inductive principle,' as he phrases it, is 'now received among all *candid and intelligent inquirers*, as an acknowledged fact in the Theory of the Human Mind;'—a mode of speaking, which when a man's own controverted opinions are concerned, would not seem to be the most proper that might be chosen;—a very few words, however, will suffice to show that it is at least a principle which ought to be established upon the most solid reasoning, and placed beyond the reach of controversy; for if it really be, as Mr. Stewart supposes, 'an acknowledged fact in the Theory of the Human Mind,' it will throw a shade of doubt and uncertainty upon some truths, viewed in comparison with which, he himself, we are confident, would not regard, for a moment, the reputation of any particular hypothesis which he may have embraced in philosophy.

The maxim, 'that whatever has had a beginning must have had a cause,' is one of those axioms which cannot be denied, it has been supposed, without a speculative absurdity. This has been disputed, we are aware, by Mr. Hume; but as it is admitted by Dr. Reid, it is not necessary that we should examine his objections. Whether right or wrong, it is certain that the converse of the maxim is equally self-evident. If nothing can *begin* to exist without a cause, then nothing can *cease* to exist without a cause. Metaphysically speaking, the two propositions are identical; *ex nihilo nihil fit* being the ground of the axiom in both cases. Both of

these maxims, moreover, are of equal importance in natural religion. Upon the one is laid the foundation of our reasoning to demonstrate the existence of a supreme Being; from the other we derive the only philosophical evidence which we possess, for proving the immortality of the soul.

With the truth of Mr. Stewart's opinions concerning the foundation of our belief in the matter before us, we have at present no concern; our object is merely to give an instance of the important consequences which threaten to follow, from the establishment of his premises. We say, then, that if we have not Reason, but Instinct only to guide us, in our belief that the course of nature will be the same to-morrow that it has been to-day; then, upon the same principle of argument, we have no *reason* to suppose that the sun which is now blazing in the front of the sky, will not in another instant of time be extinct; or, to push the principle still farther, there is no *reason* why worlds may not come and go, like the thoughts which rise in our minds, without external agency or any interposing cause, and by mere spontaneity of being. But if this be possible, then it is plain that the very foundations upon which the evidence of natural religion reposes, are altogether removed; on the other hand, if it be not possible, in that case, it must be contrary to *reason*. To say that it is impossible, because it is contrary to *instinct*, is a proposition which no one, we imagine, would pretend to maintain.

To recur then to an observation which we have already made; if the existence of Dr. Reid's 'inductive principle of belief' had been fairly and logically established, upon direct and intelligible evidence, we again repeat, that we should not think ourselves justified in using the argument which we have here been employing; that is, frightening people from inconsiderate concession, by merely warning them of the train of consequences, which the doctrine carries along with it. But then, on the other hand, neither are we to be driven to a rash determination, merely by being told, that the fact in question is now acknowledged by 'all candid and enlightened inquirers.' If Dr. Reid or Mr. Stewart could demonstrate, either from the nature of things in general or from that of the Human Mind in particular, that our belief in the continuance of the laws of nature can be explained by 'no principle hitherto noticed by philosophers,' this would assuredly go far to show, that it must probably be founded upon some *original* and *peculiar* principle in our nature; and having admitted this, we would certainly not quarrel about the name Instinct.

But we affirm, with confidence, that neither Dr. Reid nor his eloquent disciple, has proved any such thing, as that the fact in question can be explained upon 'no principle hitherto noticed by philosophers;'

philosophers;’ they have not even attempted to prove it. Mr. Stewart takes for granted that it has been proved by Dr. Reid; Dr. Reid takes for granted, on the other hand, that it ‘has been proved by unanswerable arguments by the Bishop of Cloyne, and the author of the Treatise upon Human Nature.’ These ‘unanswerable arguments,’ however, as every one knows, were deduced altogether from the ideal hypothesis. If then Dr. Reid has refuted this hypothesis, how can the conclusions which have been drawn from it remain? On the other hand, if Dr. Reid has himself demonstrated, that no hypothesis, which has hitherto been adopted, will explain the phenomena, we have only to express a hope, that when Mr. Stewart comes next before the public, he will point out the passage or chapter, whether in his own writings or in those of Dr. Reid, in which it is severally shown, that neither ‘reason, nor experience, nor instruction, nor habit, nor any principle in human nature hitherto noticed by philosophers,’ can be of any avail towards a solution of the difficulty. In a matter so important as this, it is too much to call upon his readers either to prove from reason that they have a right to expect that the sun will rise to-morrow, or else subscribe to his opinions; it is for him to prove from reason, that such an expectation is, and can be, only founded upon Instinct.

No one pretends to say that he knows by what means his life is sustained or will be continued; or that he understands the secret power by which the earth is retained in her orbit. All that people suppose in the matter is simply this: that if the constitution of our bodies and that of the things around us remain the same to-morrow as they are to day; (which, unless some reason be given that may lead them to expect a change, they have apparently a right to assume, upon the principle that nothing can be annihilated without a cause;) in that case, they require no instinct to assure them, that bread will continue to nourish them, and fire to burn them, and the sun to give them light, in the time to come, as in the time past. Mr. Stewart does not affirm that people act *contrary* to reason, in believing that the laws of nature, which have been established from the beginning of time, will hereafter be continued; and we think he would probably admit, that the grounds of this expectation are some such grounds as those which we have named; but he affirms that they are the result of Instinct and not of Reason. Now here we evidently come to this plain issue: what is meant by Instinct, or rather what is it that we are to understand him to mean by Reason?

With respect to Dr. Reid, although we remember to have kept our eye particularly upon this point while examining his writings, we think we can take upon ourselves to say, that it is nearly impossible

to collect from any part of them, a satisfactory account of the precise sense in which he understood the word; and we think that we may, with tolerable safety, extend the remark to the writings of Mr. Stewart. And to speak the truth, considering that the precise and philosophical definition of this single word involves a question of life and death (if we may so express ourselves) with regard to their whole theory, the almost total omission of any attempt to put the reader in possession of their exact meaning, when they say that such and such a fact cannot be known from Reason, reflects no small discredit upon the general reputation of their philosophy. It would be easy to produce an accumulation of examples to show the loose manner in which they apply this word; but it would be troublesome to look through their works for this sole purpose; more particularly as the two instances which we are about to quote from Mr. Stewart will sufficiently illustrate the truth of our animadversion. 'How is it possible to explain,' he says in one of his Essays, 'upon this principle alone, by any metaphysical refinement, the operations of that Reason which *observes these phenomena*, which *records the past*, which *looks forward to the future*, which *argues synthetically* from things known to others which it has no opportunity of subjecting to the examination of the senses, and which has created a vast science of demonstrated truths, presupposing no knowledge whatever but of its own definitions and axioms.' *Essay*, p. 123. *second edition*. Now we do not mean to find fault with the propriety of this manner of speaking, considering it with reference to the mere usage of language; because we know that in common speech, there is perhaps no word that admits so much latitude of interpretation as the word before us; but we cannot help thinking that a little more precision might have been expected in a metaphysician. It is clear that in the above passage, Mr. Stewart is using the word Reason in the sense of Understanding in general. In the second volume of his *Elements*, however, we are presented with a regular dissertation upon the word; and the manner in which he ascertains its meaning is sufficiently characteristic. He does not enter into an investigation of the operation itself, which is attributed to Reason, nor point out what those objects are, about which it is conversant; but he quotes Pope and Milton and Addison and Moliere, in order to define, not the nature of the thing itself, viewed with reference to the constitution of the mind, but merely the 'sense in which the word is used by the best writers.' Accordingly the definition which he finally prefers, and to which he says that 'no philosopher can object,' is precisely what might have been expected from such a mode of induction;—it denotes, we are told, 'the power by which we distinguish truth from falsehood, and combine means for the attainment of ends.' Under the title of Reason, he considers also 'what-

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ever faculties and operations appear to be more immediately and essentially connected with the discovery of truth, or the attainment of the object of our pursuit;—more particularly the power of reasoning or deduction; and he adds, that ‘the latitude, in which this word has been so universally used, seemed to recommend it as convenient for a general title, of which the object is rather comprehension than precision.’—*Elem.* vol. ii. p. 12.

We are willing to take for granted, that Mr. Stewart is justified in stating that the word Reason is really used by the best writers, in the variety of senses which he has pointed out; but whether it is or not, is plainly a question in philology and not in metaphysics. A writer upon such a subject as that of the philosophy of the mind, is surely not bound to accommodate his classification of our intellectual operations, to that which the common use of language may point out; but rather, having first explained and described the nature, the power and operations of the mind itself, it becomes his duty to point out what name will most easily express them. Thus in the instance before us: instead of referring us to the best writers for the meaning in which the word Reason is commonly used, he should have referred to the mind itself for the nature of this operation; and having ascertained this to the best of his ability, it would then have been time to examine what particular word would serve, with least constraint, to represent it.

To illustrate this point, we need only recur to the subject that led us into this slight digression. In the instance of our belief concerning the permanent and independent existence of an external world, what is it, after we have freed ourselves from the equivocation of terms, that we really want to know? Whether the confidence which we repose in the evidence of our senses, be founded upon Reason, or Experience, or Habit, or Instinct, or any unnamed Principle in our nature, is in fact, except as a mere subject of speculative curiosity, a matter of no importance whatever to mankind, provided only we can be certain, that our belief is founded in truth; or, to speak still more unambiguously, provided we have no cause to suspect, that we are believing any thing to be, which does not really exist, and which we are not justly warranted in supposing. Putting aside, therefore, all consideration of the proper use and signification of words, the question to be determined in this dispute, is not by what name we are to distinguish the knowledge, which we possess of the qualities and constitution of the things around us, but *what* it is, in which that knowledge consists. Whether we ought to say that our knowledge, be it what it may, is derived from Instinct or Reason, will of course materially depend upon the sense in which these words are applied.

If we are to understand that all knowledge is founded upon In-

distinct, which is not deduced by what is called 'reasoning,' that is to say, 'by conclusions drawn from premises,' in that case it is plain that the question, as to the *certainty* of our knowledge, is altogether left out of the discussion: for in this sense, we do not know by Reason, that the whole is greater than its part, or that two and four are equal to six; and yet no one, we take for granted, can, for a moment, doubt as to the truth of these axioms, because the denial of them involves a palpable contradiction in terms. If, on the other hand, we admit that these Truths are known by Reason, but only exclude from its province all belief in mere matters of fact, which depend solely upon the evidence of our senses; here again, the discussion is still nothing more than a dispute, as to the proper use of words. It involves no debate as to the foundations of our belief; which, for any thing that is here said, may possibly be just as certain in the one instance as in the other, even though the names, by which we distinguish them, are not the same.

There are so many difficulties in most metaphysical disquisitions which seem entirely to arise from want of precision in the application of the words Reason and Truth, and of one or two other phrases connected with these terms, that perhaps our readers will feel inclined to excuse us, if we venture to subjoin a few observations, before we conclude, upon this much controverted subject.

One of the senses in which the word Reason is commonly used, as we are told by Mr. Stewart, designates the particular faculty by which 'we distinguish Truth from Falsehood.' We believe this definition to be substantially correct. It is evident, however, that before we can make any use of it, in a metaphysical discussion, we must, first of all, be accurately informed, as to the precise signification of the word Truth. In answer to any inquiries as to this point, it is probable we should be told, that 'a Truth is a proposition which cannot be denied without involving ourselves in a contradiction of terms; and it is distinguished from what we call a Fact, by being deducible *a priori*.' This, no doubt, is an intelligible answer; and would perhaps, for common purposes, be satisfactory. It is, however, no answer to a metaphysical inquirer; because it merely presents us with a *test*, by which Truth may be distinguished; whereas what he wants, is a definition of the thing itself. The laws of gravitation, of impulse, of reflection and refraction, it would have been impossible to know, except from actual observation and experiment; but a person, who had never measured the angles of a triangle, might easily be certain, that they are equal to two right angles. The fact, in this case, is familiarly known: the difficulty consists in detecting the principle upon which it depends.

It cannot be doubted, but that the distinction, which exists in the respect which we have just stated, between the truths which  
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are the objects of geometry and the facts which form the foundation of natural philosophy, does not consist simply in the difference of the channels, through which the knowledge of them may be conveyed into the understanding. If in the one case it is made known to us by Reason, and in the other by Experience, or Instinct, or any other supposed principle of the mind, this is plainly, because the objects of our knowledge are, in the two cases, antecedently different; and to state what that antecedent difference is, and to be informed of the circumstance in which it consists, seems to be precisely the purport of our question, when we ask for a definition of Truth or Reason.

Bearing this, then, in mind, as the point to which our inquiry is directed, let us examine what is the proper signification of these words, as applied to the subject from which we have just been taking our examples. It is now admitted by every writer, that our knowledge, whether of mind or matter, is merely relative;—that is to say, we know nothing respecting the qualities either of our own minds or of the things around us, as they are in themselves, but only as they stand related to each other. When we talk of the properties of bodies, in common discourse, we affirm nothing, in our thoughts, respecting the secret manner in which they operate upon our senses; nor do we conceive any opinion, as to the causes on which their respective operations depend; we merely reason upon a supposition, that they notoriously affect, in a given manner, our particular constitution, or produce such or such effects upon each other. It is, then, these Relations, that are in our mind, when we speak of the qualities of matter; which, as our readers are probably aware, have usually been divided into Primary and Secondary. We shall not trouble ourselves to examine the several accounts which have been given of the principle, by which these are distinguished from each other; not only because this would occupy more room than we can spare, but because we conceive that the classification itself is incomplete. If we take up any particular substance, be it what it may, and attempt to classify its Properties, or, to speak more philosophically, the Relations in which it stands to the things around it, we shall at once perceive that they arrange themselves not under *two* but under *three* heads. Suppose, for example, we take a piece of wax; its taste and smell are manifestly Relations in which it stands to our particular constitution. Its property to be melted by fire, is a particular Relation in which it stands to another given substance; but its size, that is, its extension, its solidity or capacity of filling space, its state of rest or motion—these are ideas which we acquire, not by comparing its particular qualities as wax, with the particular qualities of any other substance, but by a comparison of those qualities which belong to it



as a body in general, with those qualities or accidents, which belong to other bodies in general.

That every material substance actually stands in this threefold relation to other substances, is not an hypothesis, but a plain statement of a fact, which, we take for granted, no one will dispute. According to Locke's division, it is evident that those qualities, which result from the *particular Relations of specific substances among each other*, are entirely omitted. The *primary qualities* as enumerated by him, consist entirely of the general relations of bodies, as universal parts of matter; while the *secondary* are formed altogether from the relations of bodies to our particular constitution. Taking, however, his arrangement for granted, it will still be true, that the difference between them does not consist in any fanciful *resemblance* which, as he supposes, exists between the primary qualities and the ideas of them in our minds; but must be sought for, in the circumstance which we have pointed out. And this may easily be proved. The taste of sugar, or the pain which intense heat creates, would have been just as well understood as they are at present, supposing them to be the only sensations, which we had ever experienced, from these respective senses; but had we never seen or touched but one object in our lives, it is clear that we never could have predicated of it, that it was either large or small, or have described its shape and nature as being either round or square, quick or slow, or indeed have formed any notion whatever respecting it, except that it was the cause of certain sensations arising in our minds: for except from comparison of bodies with each other, the ideas which we attach to such words as round, square, large, small, quick, slow, and innumerable others which might be mentioned, could not possibly have been conveyed to our understandings.

If what has now been said respecting the principles of our knowledge in all questions of real existence, should be allowed, it is evident that we shall, at once, be able to define the specific differences on which our ideas depend, when we talk of Truth and Reason, as distinguished from mere Facts, and from the information which we derive solely from experience. It is obvious, on mere inspection, that the subject of our reasoning in all discussions of pure mathematics, is extension or quantity, or motion, or some one or other among the general Relations, which may be predicated with certainty of all bodies, whatever their particular properties, in other respects, may be. Whereas, in chemistry, or electricity, or natural philosophy, the datum, from which we reason, is invariably some one or other among the Relations which bodies possess, as belonging to some particular class of substances, and not as mere parts of matter in general. Carrying then this distinction in our mind,

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if we should now examine upon what principle it is, that we may deduce all geometrical truths (and the same might easily be shown of all other classes of truths) *a priori*, and why they cannot be denied without a contradiction in terms, the difficulty we think will be explained in a very few words. I require not to know whether the sides of a particular triangle be made of wood or metal, before I can affirm that its three angles are equal to two right angles; because this truth results, not from a comparison of the particular Relations, which belong to the substance from which it may happen to be made; but from a comparison of Relations, which necessarily belong to every substance which occupies space. Whether or not, however, a particular body will be dissolved if put into water, this is plainly a fact which I can only learn from experience; because this is not a necessary property of matter, which may be predicated universally of all bodies, but one which is only found in particular classes of them.

Again, if a person should deny that the loaf which is before me, will afford nourishment, there is in this no contradiction of terms; it is only saying, that the substance in question is not bread, but some other substance. But if instead of denying the particular Relation, in which the substance before me, stands to my particular constitution as *bread*, he should deny any of the general Relations belonging to it, as *body*; if he should affirm, for example, that it does not fill space, or that a part of it is greater than its whole, this is to affirm that body is not body; it is therefore a manifest contradiction in terms; it is not merely, as in the other instance, a particular error, but involves a proposition which is universally false.

We know not whether we have made ourselves so clearly understood as we might have wished; but we have trespassed so long upon the patience of our readers, that we must consult brevity, even at the risk of being obscure. The sum of what we have been saying may be included in a few words. Truth is an universal fact, and a Fact is a particular truth; and as Truth and Reason, like Fact and Experience, (to which they are opposed) are correlative terms in the present inquiry, if our readers are able to define the one, they can never be at a loss to explain the other. Whether, however, the definitions which we have been giving, be allowed or not, is of no material importance to the real argument; we have merely stated the principles to which our knowledge may be referred; and if the distinctions which we have suggested be founded in nature, our conclusion will not be affected, by any difference of opinion which may still exist as to names.

We wish only, before we conclude, to add one remark which is, perhaps, of some importance. If the principle by which we have just been endeavouring to distinguish between the primary and secondary qualities be true, in that case the question as to the existence

istence of a material world, would seem to be at once banished from philosophy. That the mind actually perceives certain properties in the bodies around us, which are known by the name of *primary qualities*, such as extension, figure, solidity—this is a matter of fact which no writer, we believe, has ever called in question. The doubt has been, as to their existence, independently of a substance perceiving them. But if what we have been saying be allowed, the assertion of this fact constitutes the very *definition* of such qualities; and is precisely the exact point of distinction, in which our knowledge of them altogether *consists*. Finally, we may observe, that this way of viewing the subject, if once adopted, puts at once an end to all debate as to the comparative *certainly* of our knowledge. It seems to have been frequently imagined, that such qualities, as solidity, extension, number, and others of the same class, are more palpably inherent in bodies, than colour, taste, combustibility, and so on. And in one sense, perhaps, this may be asserted; but assuredly not in any sense which need at all affect the character of our belief. The property of gold to be dissolved in a certain acid, is just as *certain*, as its property to exclude all other substances from occupying the place which it fills. We may, if we please, distinguish between these properties, in the common way, and say, that the one is conveyed into our minds by this faculty, and the other by that; that Reason tells us it is impossible, that two bodies should occupy the same point of space, in the same instant of time; but that we have only Instinct to guide us, in expecting that the piece of metal, which I hold in my hand, will be dissolved in the liquid before me. No doubt it is plain that our knowledge in these two cases is different in *kind*; but there is nothing, in all this, to prove that it is different in respect to its *certainly*. It is surely just as possible for particular substances to possess particular relations among each other, as to possess others, which are mutually common to all bodies; and it is an evident absurdity to say, that the difference between solidity and solubility consists in the difference between Reason and Instinct, be these words defined as they may; for the things themselves are plainly different; and the perception of this difference is that which constitutes all the knowledge of them which we possess.

We had intended, before we finally concluded, to have said a few words on the subject of Mr. Hume's philosophy, which occupies a space in the present Dissertation and in the admiration of Mr. Stewart, altogether disproportioned, as we cannot help thinking, either to the ability which they display, or to the peculiar and most offensive character of the opinions, which it was the great and unworthy object of his metaphysical writings to enforce. With respect to the latter part of our remark, we do not doubt, indeed

deed we are confident, that Mr. Stewart must feel as we do, and as every good man must feel. But we cannot conceal our surprise at the extravagant and hyperbolical language in which he speaks of the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' viewing it solely in respect of its philosophical acuteness. It is a work which was disowned by its author, not on account of the opinions which it contained; for these he subsequently embodied in his Essays; but because it was written at an age, when his judgment was not mature, and because it was, on that account, unworthy of his subsequent reputation. The opinion of the public respecting it, is sufficiently exemplified in the fact, that notwithstanding the great popularity which the author afterwards acquired, a second edition of it was never called for, until within these last few years. We have read the book, on the strength of the recommendation which has been so lavishly bestowed upon it; and most cordially do we acquiesce in the judgment, which the author himself and the public in general, have so unequivocally pronounced upon it. We would, without any hesitation, bind ourselves to produce more flagrant instances of bad reasoning, of unintelligible speculations, extravagant assumptions and crude hypotheses, from the first volume of the 'Treatise upon Human Nature,' than from any work of celebrity, which has been written in our language, during the last century. And strange, indeed, would it be were it otherwise. A work whose professed object, at least whose manifest tendency, was to destroy the distinction between right and wrong, to disprove the existence of a God, and to sap the foundation of every principle, upon which the welfare of society and the eternal happiness of mankind depend, must necessarily, in every step of it, be opposed to truth and solid reasoning. It is really a contradiction in terms, to praise the philosophical genius of a man, who attempted to establish such utter absurdities as Hume openly supports in his 'Treatise upon Human Nature,' and more covertly in his Essays. He may have been an acute sophist, but he could not possess in his mind even the first elements of true genius in philosophy. There is an ingenious person of the present day, who has published more volumes than one, to disprove the Newtonian theory of gravitation; and every one who is informed of the fact, will be at once satisfied, as to the sort of ingenuity which such speculations must display. Can we then doubt as to the character of a system of metaphysics, which professes to call in question the great truths of natural religion? And is it not a valuable testimony in favour of the immutable foundations on which those truths repose, when we find, that so shrewd and sharp witted a man as Hume, was unable to impugn them, except upon principles of reasoning, by which he was also able to deny the truths of geometry, and to affirm that there was neither sun or moon or stars in the heavens, nor mind or matter, in the earth?

But

But it is time to draw our remarks to a conclusion; which we shall do with briefly expressing our hope, that nothing which we have said will lead Mr. Stewart to doubt the respect which we feel for his writings, so far as the talents which they display are concerned, or for the objects which, we are sure, it is the first wish of his mind to promote. If the objections which we have made to the principles of his philosophy are really not solid, they may, at least, be useful, in turning his attention to those parts of his theory which require light, or call for further confirmation. If on the other hand,—as we of course suppose, but should be most unwilling to affirm,—they are founded upon weighty and sufficient reasons, we cannot for one moment imagine, that any thing which we have said, will be construed by him, into an occasion of anger or complaint. To dispute warmly and earnestly against a man's favourite opinions necessarily puts his candour to the test; but if the opposition is conducted with civility and fairness, it certainly ought not, and more especially in matters of philosophy, to be any trial of his temper. In the heat of composition, and in the haste of argument, we may have appeared, at times,—though we are not aware of the occasion,—to forget for a moment the great reputation of Mr. Stewart; but we can truly assure him, that our fault has proceeded merely from forgetfulness; and that our wish and intention have uniformly been to deliver our sentiments with freedom, but at the same with courtesy; and without ever leaving it to be supposed, that we considered the consequences which we have deduced, in one or two instances, from his philosophy, as being any part of his opinions.

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ART. XIV.—1. *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages, de la Géographie et de l'Histoire; publiées par MM. J. B. Eyriès et Malte-Brun.*

2. *Mémoire sur les Voyages exécutés dans l'Océan Glacial Arctique, au Nord de l'Amérique Septentrionale; par Le Chevalier Lapie, Géographe. Paris, 1821.*

WE really thought that the ghosts of Laurent Ferrer-Maldonado and Bartolomeo de Fonté or de Fuéntes, had long ago been laid, and for ever, in the Red Sea; but we were mistaken,—for here we have them once more 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon,' and haunting an unfortunate Frenchman, who designates himself Le Chevalier Lapie, *géographe*, a title of honour given by his countrymen to every paltry map-maker, of whom, from the specimen before us, we venture to set down the Chevalier as about one of the worst that Paris produces.

M. Malte-

M. Malte-Brun is probably known to most of our readers as the author of a systematic work on geography;\* he is besides the editor of a periodical digest under the title which stands at the head of this article; the first as much superior to the compilations of our Guthries and Pinkertons, as the other is to the garbled productions of our Truslers and Mavors. How so competent a judge of the value and importance of geographical subjects could stoop to disgrace his 'Annales' with such trash as that we are about to notice, is to us perfectly inexplicable. We will not think so ill of M. Malte-Brun as to suppose, that he would lend himself to the unworthy purpose of endeavouring to persuade the French nation, (always too ready to believe whatever promises to detract from the honour and reputation of England,) that the north-west passage round America is already known, and has actually been made; and that consequently Captain Parry will have no claim to merit on the score of discovery, in the event of his being successful.

But whatever share M. Malte-Brun may be pleased to take in the present brilliant performance, he long ago recorded his deliberate opinion on the productions ascribed to the two worthies above mentioned, as well as on those who have been simple enough to defend them. 'Certain modern enthusiasts (he says) have imagined that the navigators of the sixteenth century, in passing through Baffin's Bay, and traversing the eternal ice of the Polar seas, had made the tour of America by the north,—a dream which it would be ridiculous even to wish to refute.' (*Précis de la Géog.* vol. i. p. 504.) Again: 'the most competent judges place the voyages of Maldonado and Admiral de Fonte, in the class of fables;' the latter, in particular, (he adds) 'in all the circumstances which attend it, wears the character of imposture.' (p. 507.) In a subsequent volume he points out the many geographical and physical absurdities in what he calls 'the pretended sea-voyage of that impostor, Ferrer Maldonado.' (vol. v. p. 237.) And what seems yet more extraordinary, in the very same 'Annales' in which the Chevalier Lapie's idle trash now appears, he inserted the complète refutation of Maldonado's voyage by the Baron de Lindenau, with a special declaration that it coincided altogether with his own opinion on the subject! Had his journal been a mere repository of voyages and travels, real or fictitious, M. Malte-Brun might insert in it what he pleased; but as it forms a kind of *Geographical Review*, in which the various matters are discussed, and criticized, the present article is utterly incompatible with the former one, and every way unworthy of the work.

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\* \* *Précis de la Géographie Universelle.*

After the complete exposure of the falsehoods, absurdities, and even impossibilities contained in the relation of the voyage ascribed to Maldonado, by Malte-Brun, the Barons de Lindenau and Humboldt, the late Admiral Burney, Mr. Barrow, and by ourselves;\* it may seem a waste of time to give it a moment's further notice; but as people are apt to forget what they read, and as it may be useful to let the French, (the worst geographers, as a people, in Europe,) distinctly see what pretensions the Chevalier Lapie has to the title he assumes, we shall dedicate a few words to the two voyages so unaccountably dragged forward by Malte-Brun; and which, we flatter ourselves, we shall be able to fling back to merited scorn and oblivion.

The impostor, whether Maldonado or (as Burney suspected) some Fleming, who fabricated the account of the voyage, called by his name, sails through Hudson's Strait without interruption, as high as the 75th degree of latitude, in the latter end of February and the beginning of March; passes Behring's Strait (till then unknown, but conjectured to exist under the name of the Strait of Anian) in the commencement of April; remains in the Pacific till the middle of June; and then returns, without the least obstruction, by the way which he had come!

There is no instance, since the date of the Hudson's Bay Company's charter, of any of their ships being able to pass the first, or Hudson's, strait, though in lat. 62° only, sooner than the middle or end of *June*, and generally not till July; even Capt. Parry, on his present expedition, could not, with his iron-bound ships, and every exertion that he was able to make, clear this strait sooner than the *22d of July*. Yet this pretender sails not only in lat. 62° but up to the 75th degree, and from thence across the polar sea, and through the Strait of Anian, between the end of *February* and the beginning of *April*. We all know that Captain Parry, about the 75th degree, and in the height of summer, used every possible exertion for two successive seasons, without making the least progress beyond the western extremity of Melville Island.

How then, it will be asked, has the Chevalier Lapie contrived to surmount these obstacles? Nothing so easy. In these northern countries, he tells us, the seasons and the temperature are constantly changing; and he illustrates his position by the two voyages of Ross and Parry, of which he has heard, but evidently read not a syllable. 'Ross,' he says, 'was stopped by the invincible obstacles which nature threw in his way! Lancaster Sound was *completely closed up with mountains of ice*; but Parry, on the contrary, found it the following year entirely free from ice, and pro-

\* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI.



ceeded under full sail to Melville Island.' We have therefore only to concede to M. Lapie, that the season of the year 1588 was a remarkably mild one, and every difficulty at once vanishes.

The next part of Maldonado's narrative, which we shall select, is not only ridiculously false, but impossible; for if we take the courses and distances stated by this precious navigator, we shall find that, instead of coming out at Behring's Strait, he had, unknown to himself, sailed across the whole peninsula of Kamtskatka, and got as far as to the middle of the sea of Okotsk! Nor is this all; for should we even admit that some mistake might occur in the courses or distances, as set down in the manuscript, and that he actually passed through the Strait, the difficulty would not be at all diminished, as we are next informed that, on leaving it, he sailed south-west along the coast of America, *keeping sight of it*, until he reached the 55th parallel of latitude; that is to say, a course which is directly *from* the coast of America into the open sea—and out of sight of all land! Sailing on the *sea*, however, is contrary to his usual practice; for he is so fond of a land navigation that, on his return, and previously to his reaching 'the Strait of Labrador,' he informs us that, having arrived at the Arctic circle, he lost not the sight of the sun: and as the Arctic circle neither passes over, nor comes near, any part of the polar sea, he must necessarily have steered his ship right across the continent of America, and come out about Wager river!

The Chevalier Lapie, however, is nothing daunted by these absurdities; 'the simplicity and *naïveté*,' with which, he tells us, this relation is written, have inspired him with such confidence, that he believes every word of it. Poor Amoretti (less bold than himself) was somewhat staggered at the transfer of the strait of Anian into the sea of Okotsk; but calling to his aid an earthquake or two, by which one strait *might* have been shut up, and another *might* have been opened, he contented himself with the argument used by Sganarelle when the liver of his patient had usurped the place of the heart,—*à présent, on a changé tout cela*. Our *Géographe*, however, takes another line. He places Behring's Strait where it is now well known to be; and by cutting off 150 leagues here, 50 there, and changing 440 into 200; by taking away two degrees of latitude in one place, and adding them in another; and by opening a passage from Norton Sound into the polar sea, and a few other trifling corrections of the assumed mistakes of the impostor, or his transcriber, he triumphantly brings him within 5° 30' of the latitude assigned to the port in the strait of Anian by Maldonado—that is to say, instead of 60°, the Chevalier tells us, it ought certainly to be 65° 30'. This alteration is made with all imaginable gravity, and with a perfect conviction

on his mind that nothing is more reasonable, than to suppose that one figure may have been mistaken for another by the transcriber, in the copy published by Amoretti. But this sweeping assumption, we take the liberty of informing him, will not serve his turn. Conceiving it possible that the copy of Amoretti *might* contain some errors, we have been at the pains to procure, through the means of Don Filipe Bauza, superintendant of the hydrographical department in Madrid, an authenticated copy of the manuscript from the library of the Duc d'Infantado; and we can venture to assure M. Lapie there is *no* difference whatever in the numbers as contained in Amoretti's publication, and in the said manuscript.

With regard to his proleptical discovery of nearly 1000 Hanseatic vessels in the port of St. Michael, before it was so named, and when the whole town contained only nine houses, and its trade was confined nearly to nine English ships;—to his meeting with a Hanseatic ship of 800 tons, which accompanied him through Behring's Strait, passed the north-east cape of Asia, which has once only been passed by Deschneff, and the Cape Cevero Vostochnoi, which has never been passed at all;—to the discoveries of Quiros to which he alludes, but which had not then been made, with several other extraordinary circumstances incompatible with the period of the voyage, the Chevalier is wholly silent. He notices, however, the beautiful fruit-trees which Maldonado found in  $60^{\circ}$  N. lat. or, as *he* will have it, in  $65^{\circ} 30'$ —the apples, pears, plums, grapes, and, above all, 'the *lechias*!'—The *litchi* (the fruit meant) grows only in the southern provinces of China, and is so delicate, that we believe it has not yet been ripened in England, except in the *hot-house* of Lord Powis. These choice fruits were not *ripe*, we admit, in the month of May; but plenty of the last year's growth were still hanging on the trees. 'And have not Cook and Mackenzie,' says M. Lapie, 'equally gathered fruits thus dried upon the trees?' What they may have done in some 'temperate clime,' we cannot tell; but in  $65^{\circ} 30'$ , or even in  $60^{\circ}$  of north latitude, we are quite sure that they gathered nothing better than whortleberries:—enough, however, of Maldonado.

The fictitious Voyage of Barthelemy de Fonté will not detain us long. It purports to have been performed in the year 1640 with four ships, fitted out at Callao in Lima. The Admiral sailed along the coast of California, and among the islands, to the 53d degree of north latitude, where he fell in with the mouth of a large navigable river, (which has no existence,) called Rio dos Reyes. From this visionary point, he dispatched one of his captains, Pedro de Bernarda, up another river, which he ascended, without interruption, as far as a certain Lake Valasco, where he

left

left his ship; and, embarking in three canoes, with two Jesuits and thirty-six natives, sailed on various courses till he reached lat. 77° N. Meantime, the Admiral proceeded up the Dos Rôyes easterly to Lake Belle; thence down a river, called Parmentiers, which fell into another lake, named after himself, and which communicated with a third lake called Estricho de Ronquillo: here was an Indian town, the inhabitants of which informed him, that a little farther to the eastward there was a great ship lying at anchor, where none had ever been seen before. This ship was found on the spot pointed out, having on board an old man and a boy, from whom he learned that she came from a town in New England, called Boston. Shortly afterwards the captain made his appearance, with the owner, a certain Seimor Gibbons, with whom De Fonte had various dealings. The Admiral then returned, by the way he had come, to his ships in Lake Belle. Here he received a letter from the adventurous Capt. Bernarda, stating that he had been at the head of Davis's Strait, which terminated in a fresh lake, about thirty miles in circumference, in the 80th degree of north latitude; so that there was no communication out of the Spanish or Atlantic sea by Davis's Strait:—and the Admiral concludes his wonderful narrative with stating that he found there was no passage into the South Sea by what is called the Northwest passage;—a conclusion which we should not have expected, after he had himself told us that he sailed from the Pacific to the shores of Hudson's Bay, where he found the ship from Boston.

Not to say that the palpable absurdities of this pretended voyage could hardly be supposed to deceive any one; the very circumstances under which it was first given to the world were more than sufficient to stamp it as a forgery. In April 1708, sixty-eight years after this voyage was said to have been performed, it made its first appearance, without explanation and without comment, in a periodical work published in London under the name of the *Monthly Miscellany*, or *Memoirs for the Curious*, a work that had risen out of the ruins of a previous publication, called *Weekly Memorials for the Ingenious*. Here, in all probability, it would have found that oblivion which it so well merits, had not Messrs. Delisle and Buache, nearly fifty years afterwards, accidentally stumbled upon it; and as a Frenchman is ever ready either to dispute what is matter of fact, or to defend what is problematical, these two 'Members of the Academy' (geographers, like the Chevalier Lapie) undertook a translation of the narrative, accompanied by a memoir to prove its authenticity, and a map invented to elucidate De Fuenté's discoveries. The Academy, however, received the paper with an unusual degree of

caution ; but it was finally printed, and from the French translated into the Spanish language. The Spaniards caused a minute search to be made into their records both at home and in Peru ; but neither the names of the Admiral, his captains or ships, nor the slightest trace of such an expedition, could be found. We should indeed have been surprized, if they had ; for, after a close inquiry in England, in consequence of the resuscitation of this fable on the continent, every thing but absolute proof appeared, that it was a *hoax* (without the malignity, however, of a modern hoax) of a Mr. James Petiver, apothecary to the Charter-house, and a celebrated botanist of that day, whose collection of plants is still in the British Museum. This gentleman either conducted or contributed largely to the 'Monthly Miscellany,' and was in the constant habit of visiting the British Museum for the purpose of making extracts from rare and curious voyages and travels, to work up into 'Memoirs for the Curious.\*'

We acquit Mr. Petiver of any unworthy motive ; we believe, on the contrary, that as a botanist he was anxious to extend his herbarium, and that his sole object was to stimulate the nation to undertake geographical discoveries,† which it had entirely neglected since the voyages of Foxe and James, a period of seventy-seven years. His fictitious voyage was not ill calculated to provoke inquiry, and would, perhaps, have done so had the times been favourable for physical research. It just laid such a foundation in facts, as was sufficient to render it probable that it might not be altogether a fiction. The Spaniards had prosecuted their discoveries as high up as the port of Monterey, and the Jesuits had established themselves in that neighbourhood. The French had made themselves acquainted with the chain of lakes in Upper Canada ; they had fitted out a ship from Quebec to explore the coasts of Hudson's Bay, where was discovered, on the banks of Nelson's river, a solitary hut, with half a dozen miserable wretches, on the point of perishing with famine. They were part of the crew of a ship from Boston, which, while they were on shore, had been driven from her anchors in a gale of wind, and never returned ; thus far therefore he had facts to work upon. The name of his hero too was well selected. The Burgomaster Witsen, in his 'Nord and Oost Tartarye,' mentions a celebrated Portuguese seaman of the name of Da Fonta, who, in 1649, at the

\* It might be said of Mr. Petiver, what the late Admiral Burney facetiously observed to a friend whom he met on the Museum steps, and who, like himself, had been in search of materials : 'I see, my friend, you and I are following the same trade,—making new shoes out of old upper-leathers.'

† If this was the object, it completely failed ; as more than thirty years elapsed before Middleton was sent out in search of a North-west passage.

cost of the King of Spain, visited the Terra del Fuego and Staten Land, and examined every creek. These materials were fully sufficient for the fabrication of a voyage of far more interest and ingenuity than that of De Fonté, which, in fact, possesses a very small share of either.

Of all these circumstances poor M. Lapie is wholly innocent. He seems to have blundered on the work by mere chance, and burns with a laudable zeal to impart the discovery to the world. Not a doubt arises in his mind as to the reality of the voyage, or the truth of all the monstrous falsehoods which it contains. Even though it is wholly at variance with the existing state of our knowledge, he finds no difficulties that do not immediately vanish on the application of the new lights which he brings to bear upon them. The process is pretty much the same as in Maldonado's voyage. Thus, though De Fonté places his Rio dos Reyes in the 53d degree of latitude, 'I have thought it right,' says this intrepid geographer, 'to carry it to 58° 13', because there is an opening there, which Vancouver *probably* did not examine;' and because 'the copyists may have committed an error, or the figures may have been badly made.' But we shall give his own words, as a specimen of the compendious manner in which he settles trifles of this kind.

'Il est vrai que l'amiral place cette entrée au 53e degré de latitude, tandis que je la porte au 58e degré 13 minutes; mais si l'on fait attention que dans les diverses traductions qui ont été faites de cette relation, on trouve de semblables anomalies; que le Cap Abel, par exemple, est placé dans l'une à 20 degrés, tandis que dans une autre il est au 26e, on ne sera plus étonné de cette différence; d'ailleurs on conviendra que, dans une écriture mal formée ou altérée, un 8 peut facilement être pris pour un 3, un 6 pour un zéro, &c.'

With equal facility, and with a bold defiance of all that is contained in the minute and accurate survey of that most excellent navigator, Vancouver, he opens the canal of Lynn, in lat. 59° 13', for the great river Haro to discharge its waters into the Pacific, and to afford a navigable passage for the ship of the redoubtable Capt. Bernarda; coolly observing that a lieutenant of Vancouver had examined this canal, and ascertained, as he thought, that it was completely closed, so as to render all passage by it impossible. 'Yet,' says our geographer, 'there *might* be a river winding among the mountains, which was hid from his sight!'—but enough of such miserable trifling, which yet is kept in countenance by the chart fabricated for the illustration of this precious memoir. In this, the Rio dos Reyes runs to the eastward right through the Slave lake, whence the strait of Ronquillo continues in a broad open navigable channel into Ches-

terfield inlet, which half a century ago was ascertained to be completely closed. The river Haro, the scene of the memorable exploits of Captain Pedro Bernarda, is a geographical curiosity; it has neither source nor termination, but it has two ends,—one in the Pacific, the other in the Polar Sea, and yet it runs with a gentle current of *fresh* water. But Greenland is perhaps the greatest curiosity; in shape it resembles a whale,—the snout of which forms Cape Farewell, and the tip of its tail the entrance into Norton Sound, enclosing between its extended body and the northern coast of America, a fine open 'Mer Polaire' for Bernarda and Maldonado to sail upon without interruption; whilst to the northward of this huge monster lies the 'Océan Glacial.' This separation of the *polar* from the *icy* sea is a notable discovery, solely due to the Chevalier; but the whale-like Greenland is a mere imitation. He had no doubt heard that some German theorist had persuaded the Russians that Asia overlapped Behring's Strait, and was joined to America; and not willing to be outdone in geographical licence, he has actually overlaid the whole American continent, by stretching out old Greenland, so as to form the eastern side of Behring's Strait. The Chevalier *géographe*, however, has one argument still left to console himself with, and one not unusually employed by his countrymen,—that if the thing be not so, it ought to have been so: but Malte-Brun,—a plodding, sober-minded Dane,—must find some other excuse for admitting such fooleries into his respectable Journal.

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ART. XV.—1. *Second and Third Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider of the Means of Improving, and Maintaining the Foreign Trade of the Country.* Ordered to be printed, 18th May, and 19th July, 1821.

2. *Report (relative to the East Indies and China) from the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire into the Means of extending and securing the Foreign Trade of the Country.* 11th April, 1821.

3. *Report of a Committee of the Honourable House of Assembly of Jamaica, presented to the House, 10th December, 1817, relative to the Present State of the Island, with respect to its Population, Agriculture, and Commerce.*

IN our Number for January, 1821, we entered into an examination of the policy of applying the principle of unlimited free intercourse to foreign trade. At that time, we confined our argument to commerce as directly carried on between independent nations; omitting a collateral view of the subject, which, from its importance,

importance, in particular to the British empire, well deserves a place; we propose now therefore to present some reflections on the relation of a country with its colonies, and of colonies with other states. In the former Article, we were led to the conclusion that, in the actual constitution of the world, domestic manufacturing industry, commerce, and navigation, stand often in need of protective regulation as well for their maintenance as creation; and this will be found, we believe, still more to accord with national policy in respect to colonial possessions.

Before proceeding to the question of restraint, or freedom of intercourse, it may not be amiss to advert to some objections occasionally advanced against these dependencies altogether. It is sometimes insisted that colonies are burdens; and that the wealth and strength of a country would be increased by seeking the productions of detached states and settlements of other countries.

Among these arguments, it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the allegation that colonies are a source of depopulation, since the principle which regulates the increase of mankind is, at this day, so completely established. Were the colonies not possessed by us, we should not be more numerous. As emigration takes place, the numbers fill up so long as the means of support remain; in fact, with a new world risen, within a few generations, from our foreign settlements, the people of this country have, at the same time, greatly multiplied. The instance of Spain is commonly cited; but Uztariz, a writer of that country entitled to every degree of credit, remarks that Cantabria, Navarre, and the other northern provinces, had furnished, for centuries, nearly the whole of the emigrators to America; yet they suffered no diminution of numbers. From this conclusive appeal to experience, he proves the error of the popular opinion, that Spain was drained of people by the possession of her colonies. 'Those provinces,' he says, 'most abound with inhabitants, whence the greatest number of Spaniards have gone abroad. From the provinces of Toledo, La Mancha, and the neighbourhood, few go to the Indies, and yet these are the least populous parts of Spain.'

As mankind always presses on the extreme means of subsistence, it might rather be alleged of these foreign settlements that they provide an advantageous outlet to the overflowings of states. Society adapts itself in education and character to the probable pursuits of its members, and these establishments requiring enterprise and intelligence, their possession tends to elevate the pursuits of life. In distant regions, the adventurers remain subjects of the same community, assisting its production, attached to its interests, the support of their country in an important part of its



foreign relations; their beneficial industry removed, but not sacrificed.

It is urged against colonies that they occasion a drain of capital; in other words, an abstraction from the mother country of a main spring of its prosperity. It is this erroneous principle which pervades the arguments of Adam Smith against the colonial system. The fallacy of the reasoning has been exposed by Mr. Buchanan, and other commentators, by an appeal to facts. While our colonies have grown into important states, with incalculable resources, this country has risen contemporaneously to the highest pitch of industry and wealth. An ingenious French author, Ganilh, has entered into an estimate of the extraordinary progress of capital in America from European origin, the substance of which may be thus stated in British money.

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|---|----------------------|
| United States, value of cultivated lands, houses,<br>furniture, machinery, cattle, currency | - £456,000,000       |
| British and French possessions in America and<br>West Indies                                | - 366,000,000        |
| Productions and Mines of South America  | - 200,000,000        |
|   | <hr/> £1,022,000,000 |

The Europeans who have peopled the new world, he reckons at one million; and allowing each to have carried with him the value of £12, he considers this capital of twelve millions to have produced property exceeding in value one thousand millions.\* The same twelve millions employed in Europe during the space of two centuries, according to the general rate of increase, could not be calculated to have reached above ten-fold, or 120 millions.

But the fallacy of the argument that colonies are a drain of capital, might have been more conclusively derived from the nature of capital itself. All production being in a constant succession of consumption and renewal, that portion of the production which is employed in obtaining any subsequent renewal is the

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|---|-------------|
| * The revenue of New Spain (Mexico) in 1712, was, France, | 16,000,000  |
| 1802,   | 101,000,000 |

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Increase within a century 85,000,000

In the same interval (Depons, Voyage to Terra Firma) the plains in the neighbourhood of the Caracas have produced treble the number of animals which they formerly possessed.—*De Pradt on Colonies.*

In little more than a century, the European possessions in the West Indies have risen to the immense production of the present day, which may be estimated annually thus: sugar 200,000 ton; coffee 50,000; rum 80,000 tun; besides cotton, cocon, pimento, &c. many of which articles were either introduced within that period, or were previously wholly uncultivated.

capital.

capital. It consists of the food, materials, and implements which, through the medium of the labourer, raise the next production. Of the total production, a part is consumed unproductively, or without a return of material objects; a part productively, or with a return; the latter is the capital: dependent on production, capital rises and falls with it. In the New World, the production, in proportion to the means which created it, was large, and little of the excess was abstracted for unproductive consumption; but at every process of renewal more and more was contributed in addition to the previous capital to assist in the ensuing production: the fruits of nature sprung up faster than the population to consume them. In Europe, the occasional withdrawing of capital to America did not impair the customary production, but it served rather to increase the profit; and the habit of saving out of that profit replaced the capital withdrawn.

It has been said of colonies that they are a burden to a country on account of the expense of administration and protection.

If we knew precisely the extent of military and naval force stationed at foreign settlements, and the charge of civil administration there and at home occasioned by their possession, we could ascertain the actual annual expense of these dependencies to the country. In making up this account, something must be allowed for the naval force necessarily to be kept up in those remote quarters, although we had no colonies. The plantations themselves contribute. In the West Indies, some of the islands pay a duty of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; others, and more especially Jamaica, have sustained a great part of the expenses of their own government and defence. The British North American colonies and East India possessions, provide greatly or entirely for the expenditure, military and civil, appertaining to them. After determining the charge in its actual extent drawn from the taxes of this country for the maintenance of the colonies, it will remain to compare that pecuniary amount with the advantages resulting to its industry from their possession: on adverting to these the latter will be found greatly to preponderate.

From the ties of intercourse between protecting and dependent states, it must be obvious that they give rise to the formation of multifarious commodities on the part of an European country, to pay for the exotic productions necessarily flowing into it. If the articles produced equal the expense of the colonies, in this view alone, their possession is a source of wealth and enjoyment, and not a burden. An examination of the value of the colonial intercourse compared with that of independent nations must lead to a conviction that an amount of exports is made to the colonies exclusively originating in their demand, much exceeding the real expense.

expense. If a certain portion of the total exports be thus owing to these possessions, the labour of the producers of that excess must, without them, evidently determine and cease.

Even could we without the colonies rely on possessing the same extent of production, and consequently power to purchase of them or of other states, still the security and permanence of an intercourse under our control, is an important consideration. The certainty of a home trade is acquired. The whole of the produced wealth is the property of British subjects. It is not on one side that of foreigners; nor are we exposed to interruptions from caprice or policy, or the occurrence of hostilities between other powers. A foreign state may, by regulations, draw its supplies, even of the staples and manufactures in which this country is confessedly superior, from other sources. This acquired stability in our relations will repay even a large sacrifice.

If then production be created by a colonial connexion, on that production must depend its requisite capital, which without it must perish. This capital, though occupied on its specific production, will be partly applicable to the calls of the state, and strengthen the resources of government. It is wealth diffused through every part of society, which at the time of need, like a peaceful population in the hour of danger, may be drawn forth to meet the exigence of the occasion. In the abundant productions of colonies, transmitted to the parent state, an excess arises which is re-exported, and for which portion, and its returned value, that state becomes the medium. This gives birth to commercial capital, which like that of agriculture and manufactures is dependent on production, although in remoter quarters. Mercantile capital may even be possessed by a people who have neither husbandry nor manufactures, and it is peculiarly the offspring of regulation, and sometimes of accident. It is this capital which Dr. Smith has specified as 'employed in transporting either rude or manufactured produce from the places where it abounds, to those where it is wanted.' This capital is more available and disposable than that immediately assisting production; and, as we shall endeavour to show in the sequel, is especially at the command of countries possessing colonies.

The employment of seamen, attendant upon a colonial trade, is an object of primary importance. The productions of the tropics being to be procured in Europe only by means of navigation, the appropriation of a large portion of their conveyance has ever been accounted a source of strength and security. Without the possession of colonies, it is difficult to say how this can be attained, unless the sources of the produce were independent states, and would forego (what no state possessing shipping ever did forego) discriminating

discriminating duties and favour to its own vessels. It would be impertinent in us to observe further, how important a consideration a numerous mercantile marine is to this country.

Colonial possessions, scattered over all parts of the world, become secure marts from which commerce can be carried on with every quarter: without them, the intercourse with many places, in an imperfectly civilized or often disturbed state, would be precarious and hazardous. They confer, wherever situated, a local influence, upholding the character and interests of the country. It is thus Jamaica and other West India islands are the means of an extensive intercourse with South America, secure amid the troubles to which that quarter has been, and may yet be, subject. Thus, in the Mediterranean, Gibraltar and Malta, although not in themselves productive, become beneficial chains of communication with Barbary, and other parts in their vicinity. Our various East India possessions, besides the commerce actually held with them, are the means of conducting an intercourse with every shore of the Indian Ocean.

We might enlarge on the advantages resulting to nations from the possession of colonies, but, considering them as sufficiently manifest, and especially to states having maritime interests, we shall proceed to examine the policy by which their intercourse is regulated; and this investigation will tend more strongly to illustrate these advantages.

The zealous promoters of free trade have not only held it forth to practice in the intercourse of home territories, but they would extend its operation to every colonial dependence. This principle has not hitherto been adopted by the rulers of other countries possessing colonies, nor by any of the great statesmen of our own country. Their aim has rather been to establish the intercourse of foreign settlements on a footing, which, while it afforded protection to their interests, served to ensure the fullest advancement to the power, wealth, and resources, of the parent state.

Influenced perhaps by the opinions of the mercantile body, one view, in the minds of those who first formed these regulations, was to oblige, as far as possible, other countries to draw their supplies of the produce of the colonies from the country possessing them, and by that means to attract an influx of the precious metals, giving rise to what is called a favourable exchange, because it induces that influx, and an active circulation.

Erroneous as was the object—for we cannot assent to the great doctrine of the mercantile system, that wealth consists in the abundant supply of the precious metals,—yet we are disposed to believe, that the means employed to attain that end were often better adapted to arrive at real wealth,—the abundance

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of objects useful to life,—than the wholly unrestricted system, so eagerly pursued by the economists of the present day.

Our West India possessions are the most important instance of the exercise of the national monopoly prescribed by the colonial policy, and as this has been adhered to with steady perseverance, they furnish a fair contrast with the merits of opposite modes of government. If the test of facts and experience might be appealed to for the influence of these different schemes of administration upon public wealth, the instance of these colonies might be triumphantly brought forward by the advocates of a restricted intercourse.

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that, according to the strict colonial policy, it is laid down as the general rule, that all the produce of the colonies, destined for the European market, shall be brought to the mother country for consumption, or re-exportation; on the other hand, that the mother country shall furnish all the supplies required by the colonies; and that the conveyance of the produce shall be confined to the national shipping. From this great principle, deviations have been made; some exacted by temporary circumstances, others of a more permanent nature. With regard to the West India colonies, the chief exception has been the permission to draw provisions and lumber from the United States, giving in return rum and molasses.

At times, the intercourse of nations and their colonies has been more narrowly confined, than we have here explained. It has been often limited to an exclusive company; sometimes to one or more ports; and, in some cases, as in the Spanish galleons, to particular ships: it is not, however, our object to advert to measures having in view solely the advantage of a portion of the community, but such as affect the public interests in the aggregate. We desire to give the freest career to the activity of every individual in the empire; and contend for the expedience of international, and not internal distinctions.

The advocates for the removal of restrictions between countries argue upon a principle, correct in the abstract, but not applicable to the national divisions of mankind, nor always eligible when applicable. It may be thus shortly stated:—the wealth of a country consists in the productive labour of its inhabitants, and the command which the produce of that labour has over the productions of other countries. The general labour of the world is variously assisted by soils and climate. One day's labour in Hindostan or Jamaica will give far more sugar than a day's labour applied to its extraction from any vegetable substance in Europe. The freest access of a nation to all countries and climates must, therefore, yield the highest value to its labour. The quick perception  
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of interest will direct every individual to seek the best exchanges, and to obtain the most abundant returns for the produce of his industry. A man in Jamaica may thus find his day's labour command more manufactures and rude produce from France or Germany, or the United States, than from England. A man in England may find his day's labour procure more colonial produce from the Havannah, Brazils, or elsewhere, than from Jamaica : upon this view, therefore, the most open intercourse would appear the most beneficial.

These theories are, however, subject to numerous modifications, like all general rules which are concerned with the varying passions and interests of mankind, the policy and artifices of governments. It is amidst prohibitions, restrictions, and taxes, as existing in all countries, and which must, more or less, ever exist, that productions have to seek their best exchangeable value throughout the world. The sources of tropical productions, for instance, are either actually in the hands of European states, and the productions are forced through their medium to the supply of the consumers ; or the sources being independent, the productions are subject to heavy export duties.

The policy of states is continually varying ; and a change which may open a commercial intercourse one year, may close it the next. The British manufacturer, whose commodities must chiefly furnish the means of purchase from the sources which these chances might present, must one moment adapt his labours to the taste of the East, another, of the West Indies ; now trust to Africa, and now to America. Of this uncertainty he has already an ample proportion. If, on the other hand, Spain, Portugal, France, or Holland, are the channels of supply, they may not take at all, or only partially, the productions of this country. In the great changes and interruptions to which commerce becomes thus liable, industry is perplexed, labour in no certain employ, and serious or fatal loss to individuals is often occasioned. Now the manufacturer and other trading classes recur to our own plantations, with certainty of a steady vent, under complete protection, and exempt from every hazard of intercourse, except such as is beyond human control. Under the free system, their markets might be forestalled from every other European state ; in discharging debts which might leave little to support the industry of Britain.

Our West India and other colonies might seek cheaper manufactures elsewhere, and offer their produce to other countries : but many states have colonies, to the produce of which they give an exclusive preference. Our colonists might thus find no considerable market accessible to them, with advantage, but that of  
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this country, and must recur to it; yet, under the free system here, the market might easily prove preoccupied with rival produce.

If such, then, are the probable results of a free intercourse, the mutual restriction only confines the trade to its natural course, and gives stability to that which would otherwise be perplexed and variable. The connection of the parent state and colonies, on the open system, would have all the uncertainty of a foreign trade; on the restricted one, it has all the security of a home trade. Capital transmitted to a foreign state for the purposes of commerce, and, more or less, remaining there in credits and investments, becomes exposed to the changes and policy of that state: if employed in settlements belonging to the country, it will be removed from the chances attendant on foreign possession, and loss by other than our own measures.

Other countries are little likely to relax in their restrictions, and we do but retort on them their own policy. Each lives in a more independent situation, a further degree removed from the chances of events, from the evil of other wars than their own, and the disorders of revolutions, to which various parts of the world seem peculiarly exposed. A colonial intercourse with an European state is not an unnatural and forced one, but is founded on diversity of climate and productions, mutual wants and dependence; nor will regulation, therefore, appear superfluous and unnecessary, if it defend us in our natural position, and secure what would, otherwise, be exposed to destruction or change.

The interest of the trader, the unerring guide to which we are counselled to trust, is, compared with the principle which regulates the general intercourse of the different states of the world, but short sighted. The trader has one sole object—to obtain a larger numerical value in money for his commodity than it cost him. He does not always consider whether the money has the same intrinsic value, or an equal command of the necessities and conveniencies of life: so long as he is adding to the exchangeable value of his goods in money, he deems himself right, without regarding whether the goods themselves are proportionately increasing in quantity. If this be, as we believe, a just character of the trader's rule of conduct, we hardly think that his movements can or ought to be the only true and infallible guide in national interests. The experienced statesman, who takes an enlarged view, and is as competent as a trader to judge of the great mutual wants of societies, together with their political relations and interests, and which always affect their economical condition, is, with common discretion, more likely to regulate international communication on a safe, beneficial, and lasting basis. Unless intercourse is directed in a given track, individuals might diverge into  
such



such as is less eligible on public grounds. The road must be formed, and then it is sure to be used.

The question, in fine, is, whether that country is best situated which is secure of a given place where the products of its labour can be exchanged, or that which has to seek throughout the world for permission to exchange them? Whether the colonies are best circumstanced, in seeking all the markets of the continent, or in being sure of the certain great market of this country? Whether it is better, on both sides, to be subject to the caprices of nations, as well as the vicissitudes of seasons, or to be dependent only on the latter? Whether to give safety to the exchanges of labour, so far as in us lies, or to commit ourselves to all the chances and windings of other states? Let those who deal with independent countries answer how far their intercourse is secure and stable, and the nature and extent of their vent to be foreseen. Let the traders with Russia speak to the variations, not only arising from seasons but from altered tariffs, which every year brings forth, and tell us whether, at any period, it is possible to take measures certain to be adapted to the custom-house regulations of that empire, and their effect upon consumption.

Under a system of restrictive regulations many of our colonies have sprung up, and especially those of the West Indies. It was under a similar system that the West India colonies of France, and particularly St. Domingo previously to the revolution, rose to unrivalled prosperity, and were the great source of her formidable maritime strength.

In 1699, Colbert estimated the number of French vessels engaged in foreign trade at 600. Of these not more than 100 were supposed to be employed in the commerce of the West Indies. At the Revolution, France had not more than 1000 vessels engaged in distant voyages, or about 200,000 tons. Far the larger part of this very limited tonnage (compared with the great commerce of France) was owing to her West India colonies; for, from various reasons, her commerce with other parts was carried on in foreign shipping: that with her colonies, was wholly her own. The tonnage of her European trade was only 152,000 tons. So entirely did the strength of the French marine appear, at that time, to depend on the colonies, that one of the ministers, M. Arnould, to whom we are indebted for the statements we present, exclaims:—‘*Quelles ressources a donc la France pour entretenir une force publique maritime? Quels moyens lui restent pour élever, instruire, et multiplier la classe précieuse des matelots? Le commerce de l’Amérique,—ne l’oublions pas,—le commerce de l’Amérique.*’

The following table will show the rapid progress of the French  
West

West India colonies within the last century, and their importance to that country; together with the value of the produce re-exported, and of that which was consumed at home. It will be seen that the general export of colonial produce in the seven years average, ending 1783, was 50,630,000 livres. In the five years ending 1788 the average was 93,056,000 livres, being an increase of four-fifths in five years. In 1788 the annual import of sugar into France was about 2,600,000 cwt. She was supposed to export about 1,400,000 cwt.; that is, more than half the quantity imported.

| Period.        | Imports.                        | Exports.                        | Home Consumption.               |                    |
|----------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------|
|                | Value in Liv. Tour.<br>Average. | Value in Liv. Tour.<br>Average. | Value in Liv. Tour.<br>Average. |                    |
| 1716 to 1725 { | 11,155,000                      | 6,361,000                       | 4,794,000                       | Value at the time. |
|                | 17,211,000                      | 9,815,000                       | 7,396,000                       | Value in 1788.     |
| 1725 to 1732 { | 16,609,000                      | 14,814,000                      | 1,795,000                       | Value at the time. |
| Peace. {       | 18,131,000                      | 16,014,000                      | 2,117,000                       | Value in 1788.     |
| 1733 to 1735 { | 20,631,000                      | 15,028,000                      | 5,603,000                       | Value at the time. |
| War. {         | 21,845,000                      | 15,912,000                      | 5,933,000                       | Value in 1788.     |
| 1736 to 1739 { | 35,435,000                      | 20,619,000                      | 14,816,000                      | Value at the time. |
| Peace. {       | 37,519,000                      | 21,852,000                      | 15,687,000                      | Value in 1788.     |
| 1740 to 1748 { | 36,918,000                      | 25,152,000                      | 11,766,000                      | Value at the time. |
| War. {         | 39,090,000                      | 26,630,000                      | 12,460,000                      | Value in 1788.     |
| 1749 to 1755 { | 65,207,000                      | 35,226,000                      | 29,981,000                      | Value at the time. |
| Peace. {       | 69,043,000                      | 37,298,000                      | 31,745,000                      | Value in 1788.     |
| 1756 to 1763 { | 15,463,000                      | 12,196,000                      | 3,267,000                       | Value at the time. |
| War. {         | 16,373,000                      | 12,913,000                      | 3,460,000                       | Value in 1788.     |
| 1764 to 1776 { | 111,930,000                     | 37,696,000                      | 74,234,000                      | Value at the time. |
| Peace. {       | 116,605,000                     | 59,146,000                      | 77,459,000                      | Value in 1783.     |
| 1777 to 1783 { | 108,710,000                     | 50,630,000                      | 58,080,000                      | Value in 1788.     |
| War. {         |                                 |                                 |                                 |                    |
| 1784 to 1788 { | 193,250,000                     | 93,056,000                      | 100,194,000                     | Value in 1788.     |
| Peace. {       |                                 |                                 |                                 |                    |

France, on the late peace, was no sooner repossessed of colonies than her legislative body proceeded to establish her maritime commerce on a footing, the first feature of which is favour to them; in a similar spirit she has granted the highest encouragement to her fisheries: thus a few years have sufficed to re-animate a marine which was nearly extinct, and which might have remained in that listless state, had she permitted those nations already in possession of the navigation of the seas to become her carriers.

In referring to experience it will be found that such colonial dependencies as have not been confined to the metropolitan state, have rendered much less benefit than those where the colonial system has been established. The British West and East India possessions will present some points of comparison in this respect.

Our territorial acquisitions in the East Indies have not been subjected to the colonial regulations of commerce, and the opinion appears

appears to have always prevailed that they are not fitted for those restrictions. The late Lord Melville, in a letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, dated the 15th of April, 1793, says, 'It is not disputed that foreign nations are entitled to carry on trade with our Indian possessions; those countries never have been, nor ever can be, held upon the footing of colonial possessions.' The ports of British India are accordingly accessible to the flags of all nations. They import foreign produce and manufactures, and export those of the East Indies under duties very little higher than are paid on goods by British vessels.

So far as our Eastern possessions raise within themselves their revenues and are open to general commerce, they stand in the same situation as if they were independent. The administration being named by this country, and under its controul, they are merely an extent of dominion, with the usual appendage of a public debt and annual expense; and without many of the peculiar advantages to be derived from colonial possessions. Local residence, indeed, and occupation afford opportunities for knowledge of the resources of the country; from which enterprize and intelligence may create commerce. Interchanges of productions will hence arise; and the supply of other countries with eastern produce (as, in some degree, it actually is) by difference of duty, and possession, be poured through the channel of this country.

But such share of commerce is, at present, almost wholly committed to the result of chance; whereas, under the more strict colonial system, as prevailing in our West India possessions, the produce must pass through this country, must employ its shipping and seamen, and must give a livelihood to numerous British residents. Thus the whole stream of wealth and commerce flows this way; and the abundance of the productions, if exceeding the consumption of this country, passes through its medium to other countries, which repay the value in their products again pouring through our channel in their course to the original spot. Hence ship-owners, seamen, factors, and many other industrious classes, are employed and enriched. Hence, too, arises mercantile capital, which is capable of being directed and determined to a certain course, and depends, consequently, much upon legislative regulations. Without the intervention of this capital, concentrated in a third hand, the produce of one country would go directly and more cheaply to exchange against the produce of another country. Greater abundance might exist on both sides; but the intermediate capital would cease where it was heretofore possessed.

This intervention with possession of capital is often seen to arise from casual circumstances, and to its continuance or cessation may be traced the rise and fall of most of those countries

which, in time past, flourished by commerce. Thus in the middle ages, the Italian states were, by position, the medium of the supply of Europe with eastern productions. The passage of the Cape of Good Hope shifted the route, and with it the trade and consequent wealth of Italy gradually expired. This circumstance was one cause of the prosperous commerce of this country in the late war; during the course of which Great Britain became the medium of all the products from beyond sea, destined for the consumption of Europe. The effect of the change may be judged from the total imports and exports of the last three years of the war, compared with the three years just passed.

|             |             |             |
|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|             | 1811.       | 1819.       |
| Imports . . | £80,232,767 | —40,135,952 |
| Exports . . | 77,392,056  | —56,851,319 |
|             | 1812.       | 1820.       |
| Imports . . | £60,013,241 | —33,625,740 |
| Exports . . | 58,582,012  | —46,912,492 |
|             | 1813.       | 1821.       |
| Imports . . | £60,424,876 | —36,517,262 |
| Exports . . | 73,725,602  | —51,730,616 |

Such has been the extraordinary declension of our commerce, since this country has ceased to be necessarily the route for the conveyance of foreign productions to continental Europe.\* It was impossible to perpetuate such a route, (incident to the perturbed state of the world,) but it was possible to direct in this course the products of our own colonies.

The following statement of shipping will exhibit the tonnage clearing outwards to the principal colonial possessions, during the year ending the 5th of January, 1821; and will, likewise, furnish a contrast with the shipping engaged in the intercourse with the more important independent states. It will show, too, how large a portion of our foreign intercourse is carried on by the shipping of other countries; and how considerable a share of our navigation owes its existence to the strict colonial system.

|   | British Tonnage. | Foreign Tonnage. |
|---|------------------|------------------|
| British North American Colonies . . . . . | 300,695          |                  |
| British West India Colonies . . . . .     | 217,744          |                  |
| East Indies . . . . .                     | 76,833           |                  |
| France . . . . .                          | 80,361           | — 50,954         |
| United States . . . . .                   | 44,589           | — 133,516        |
| Holland . . . . .                         | 53,828           | — 37,222         |
| Germany . . . . .                         | 107,601          | — 19,680         |
| Russia . . . . .                          | 111,290          | — 14,995         |
| Sweden and Norway . . . . .               | 15,641           | — 51,102         |

\* The effects of the restraints during the war were almost universally miscalculated. The British shipping, says Colquhoun, 'which amounted in 1801 to 1,725,949 tons had increased to 2,163,094 tons in 1813. Had the (continental) trade been open, this increase would probably have now been double the present amount.'

The official value of exports to the colonies will show that they take as much British produce as the greater part of Europe; while again the colonial produce imported for re-exportation, forms a large portion of the exports to Europe.

|                                       | British<br>Produce. | Foreign and<br>Colonial. | Total.     |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|------------|
| British North American Colonies       | £1,548,181          | £452,852                 | £2,001,033 |
| British West India Colonies . . . . . | 4,197,975           | 292,033                  | 4,490,008  |
| East Indies . . . . .                 | 2,039,507           | 382,256                  | 2,421,763  |
| France . . . . .                      | 246,144             | 734,677                  | 980,821    |
| Holland . . . . .                     | 1,158,120           | 1,129,555                | 2,287,675  |
| Germany . . . . .                     | 5,581,856           | 2,827,114                | 8,408,970  |
| Russia . . . . .                      | 1,630,047           | 406,016                  | 2,036,063  |
| United States . . . . .               | 4,229,767           | 71,928                   | 4,301,695  |

It may not be unuseful to trace some of the consequences likely to ensue from removing all restrictions regarding foreign settlements, and loosening the ties which now unite Great Britain and her colonial establishments. This country will draw her supplies of sugar, rum, coffee, cocoa, from the Brazils, Havanna, St. Domingo, and St. Thomas, Java, and China, or any other place, friendly or hostile, as accident or design may effect.

The colonies will furnish themselves with manufactures from France, Germany, and ere long, perhaps, from the United States. The colonies in the West Indies will thence derive, at once, rude produce; and provisions from South America.

Under these circumstances of relaxation, what advantages may result from their possession adequate to the attendant charge, may be doubtful; and the ulterior step expedient to take, may be to release them wholly from a connexion held together by the most slender interests.

In this wide search after precarious benefits, what is to become of the certain employment now possessed by our shipping? In what navigation, with what freights are 220,000 tons and 16,000 seamen, now secure in the West India trade, to be maintained? In what the 300,000 tons and 22,000 seamen in the trade with the North American colonies? If other countries establish, as France, discriminating duties or positive prohibitions, where is to be found the opportunity to replace what is ceded to foreign navigation?

Ireland must cease to supply the West Indies with her salt provisions, beef, pork, butter, various kinds of grain, and her linens. Scotland, with her manufactures, linen, and, possibly, cotton; and may fear even for her herring fishery. The agriculture, the manufactures, the fisheries, and the mines of the United Kingdom, must undergo great and important changes upon such entire innovation in this leading branch of the national commerce.

Could the colonies explore the world for a market, the proprietor and merchant would be full as likely to take up their residence in France, Germany, or America, as here: were the latter, who has invested his property in plantations, to remain in England, while the produce was forwarded in direct voyages to the continent, his interests would become wound up in those of every other country but his own. It has been often observed that the merchant is, from the nature of his calling, less interested in his local residence than any other class of the community.

It may be said that these arguments would tend to keep up an exclusive intercourse between this country and her colonies, though their sugars or other produce should cost fifty per cent. dearer than foreign; and though the productions of this country should come fifty per cent. higher to the colonies than could be procured elsewhere; and to the great pressure of both sides. But, it is to be recollected, the advantages have their measure; they consist in securing a steadiness of market, security of capital, and policy of intimate connexion; and these may be exceeded by the evils of extreme constraint. The commerce must be placed upon a natural as well as regulated footing. It is not any extreme forced system of which we are the advocates. Mr. Malthus has justly stated\* that it is by proportions we must estimate the propriety of proceeding, and act in national measures. The art of a practical political economy is to ascertain, and judge of these proportions.

If the produce raised in the colonies should be unequal to the consumption of the country, then the price might rise exorbitantly under the exclusion of foreign.—This effect is remediable by a discriminating duty. The degree of advance which the country can be brought to pay would be thus limited by her own act; and the price once rising above the ratio of preference, the supplies will be sought from a neighbouring market or foreign source. If, however, the produce of the colonies exceed the consumption of the country, as is our case in tropical productions, they must become lower than elsewhere, until the price cause the export to foreign markets to meet on a footing with similar produce from other settlements. The extent and variety of our West India colonies always furnish this excess. It is but due to the planter, who is obliged to come first to this country, to give every facility to the

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\* It will be found, I believe, true, that all the great results in political economy, respecting wealth, depend upon proportions; and it is from overlooking this most important truth that so many errors have prevailed in the prediction of consequences; that nations have sometimes been enriched when it was expected that they would be impoverished, and impoverished when it was expected that they would be enriched.—*Malthus's Political Economy*, chap. vii. sec. 7.

re-exportation of the excessive supply, by exemption from transit duties, port charges, and the like burdens to the utmost degree possible. If the colonies now get a higher value than other sources of like produce, under a system of freedom, the price must fall to them; but if the colonies get a lower, which it is probable is the general case, then the country cannot change for the better, but would lose by admitting other states to an intercourse with the colonies, and participation of the advantages.

It is unjust to oblige the colonies to receive their supplies from this country, and yet refuse to them the admission of their produce here, at the same time restraining them from sending it elsewhere. Yet this is, in some respects, our system with respect to the British North American settlements. 'This is the only country in Europe,' said Mr. Fox, 'in which the colonies are permitted to sell their crops; surely then, by every principle of reason and natural justice, they should also have an exclusive access to our markets; a monopoly subsisting on one side, necessarily implying a monopoly also on the other.'

Whatever restrictions fall upon the consumption of the labourers or slaves of the colonies, or directly on the formation of the produce, tend to raise its price; but whatever fall upon the articles used by the planter and the easier orders of the community, may operate as a tax allowable in favour of the protecting country.

In conformity with these views of the relation of the metropolitan state and the colonies, that is to place them in such a situation as to raise their produce with the same advantage as independent states, or, if possible, with greater, but always to preserve their connexion with the mother-country and its dependencies in preference to one with foreign nations; it is often matter of difficulty to regulate the intercourse of settlements with other countries, in the way that circumstances will often render in part indispensable, in part advisable. Our West India colonies stand in this peculiar situation with regard to the United States of America.

The vicinity of these states renders them the readiest resort for the supply of provisions and lumber, while, on the other hand, their population offers a considerable vent for the produce of the colonies. Previously to the separation of the United States from Great Britain, the most free intercourse was allowed between them and the West India possessions in all articles, whether those called enumerated (or otherwise confined to the mother-country) or non-enumerated. This intercourse ceased under the operation of the navigation laws, when the North American provinces became an independent state. The provisions and lumber of America were, however, found indispensable to our colonies, and the



governors in the West Indies gave, from time to time, permission for their importation, trusting to parliament for an indemnity. A law was passed in 1806 to render this intercourse legal. This, with slight variations, was the policy pursued for many years, subject only to interruption from the occurrence of war. But by a legislative act of the 3d of March, 1815, the American states resolved no longer to permit the importation of our rum and molasses, or to furnish provisions and lumber, unless a system of unrestricted intercourse were conceded without distinction or exclusion of American vessels.

Besides this declared necessity of the provisions and lumber, it is stated that the American market offers a great and ready vent for rum, a part of the produce of the West India estates, the quantity of which cannot be reduced consistently with undiminished cultivation, and which, without this vent, is accompanied with serious loss; and it is now accumulated in this country to an enormous extent and under great depreciation. Provisions can now be obtained in considerable abundance from the countries in South America recently become independent. Lumber is also procured from Canada.

It is a question of much difficulty; and among other considerations is the loss of employment for our shipping. The supplies from the neighbouring continent would necessarily be carried on by American shipping, notwithstanding the equal admission of our vessels in the trade. At present the whole navigation between the British North American and West India settlements is carried on by British shipping. In 1809, it was a consideration whether a limited export of sugar and coffee should be allowed, but this degree of concession would not now satisfy the American legislature; their declared aim is a free intercourse without any reserve.

The articles of lumber and provisions are component parts of the cost of sugar, and any burdensome mode of procuring them must raise the price of sugar beyond the level prevailing in those countries which have access to cheaper supplies. Holding, as we do, that colonies should be placed as near as possible upon a footing of free trade, and especially that whatever enters immediately into the cost of their produce should be within their reach on the best terms, it is on such grounds alone, that this intercourse appears to us justifiable; and under this view, it seems incumbent on the colonists to make out a real case of necessity.

The abolition of the slave-trade in our possessions places us in a condition which ought to conciliate every state professing freedom, and be a motive to facilitate our intercourse with both the new and the older American governments. This traffic is still pursued without restraint by the other European nations holding transatlantic

lantic possessions, while our colonies rest upon their existing population. Whatever opposition might once be given by the West India interest to the measure of abolition, since the legislature has adopted it, those interests have faithfully carried it into effect, and have become the firm allies and supporters of the abolitionists.

To repeat the sum of our argument. We cannot approve the system which imposes forced and unnatural limitations on the intercourse of colonies with the parent state; neither can we go into the opposite extreme of removing all regulations, commit ourselves to the accidents of life, or be insensibly led into the channels of production and intercourse the most dependent and least accordant with our permanent interests. The legislator will never forget the paramount necessity of binding all parts of the empire in ties of communication and dependence, and of keeping a general view on the course of production and commerce, in order to apply a direction gentle but sufficient to turn them into the channel of this country. We have deemed it useful to draw attention to some effects of these changes, the more especially now that every session of parliament gives birth to some important regulation of foreign and domestic commerce. Alterations in our system of policy succeed each other with imperceptible rapidity; imperceptible, because though under the observation of the classes immediately interested, the public take no special cognizance of them; yet are the remotest ramifications of society affected, and extensive variations occasioned in the nature of productive industry, the distribution of the wealth of the country.

Our ancestors were imperfectly grounded in some economical principles, yet in matters of general policy they had a correct view of the objects to be attained. In the preamble of a principal act regarding the plantations, it is expressed that—they being peopled by subjects of this kingdom—the intention proposed is to maintain a greater correspondence and kindness between them, to keep them in a firmer dependence, to render them more beneficial and advantageous, to make the navigation to and from the same more safe and cheap, and, that which comprehends all the rest, ‘it being the usage of other nations to keep their plantations trade to themselves,’ ‘to make this kingdom a staple, not only of the commodities of those plantations, but also of the commodities of other countries and places for the supplying of them.’

The colonial possessions of this country, scattered over the whole world, are not to be considered only as resources of inexhaustible wealth and power; but as affording the opportunity, and imposing the duty, of meliorating the condition of humanity.

Having abolished the slave-trade, and standing as yet single in the discontinuance of it; Great Britain has made regions, which heretofore served as an arena where European nations carried on their contests, the scene for the civilization of a long despised but interesting portion of mankind. It yet remains to be seen how far a steady perseverance in this system of benevolence may shame other nations into following our example; and we may be assured that the ruin, or even the decay, of our West India colonies would (in addition to the other incalculable evils which it would bring upon the mother-country) be hailed by those nations who have obstinately refused to come into the policy of the abolition, as the undoubted consequences of a rash experiment, and would be a signal and encouragement for the indefinite extension of the slave-trade.

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